David Brock's Other Anita Hill

U.S. $2.95
CANADA $3.45

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

MAY 1993

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
APR 18 1993
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Health Nuts

by Fred Barnes

00442
********** 5-DIGIT 37203
110701 TASLR1 940201
VANDERBILT UNIV LIBRARY
419 21ST AVE SOUTH
NASHVILLE TN 37203

Brit Hume, Richard Carlson: Night Watch

Blind-Side Economics • Asia Calls

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

05
73361 64590 6

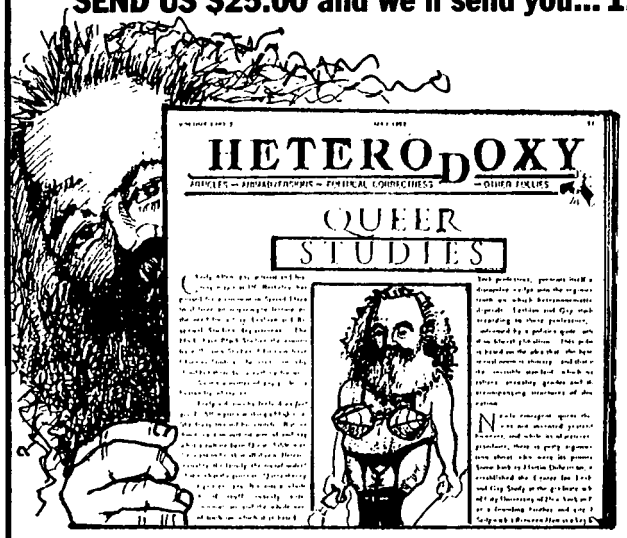
THE MAGAZINE EVERYONES TALKING ABOUT!

The Cultural Equivalent of a Drive-By Shooting

HETERODOXY

ARTICLES AND ANIMADVERSIONS ON POLITICAL CORRECTNESS AND OTHER FOLLIES

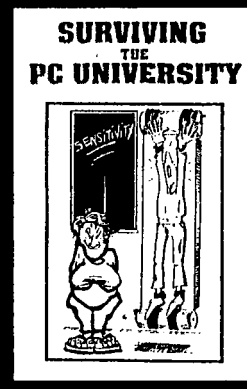
SEND US $25.00 and we'll send you... 12 ISSUES OF HETERODOXY AND ...



DON'T FORGET YOUR LIMITED EDITION T-SHIRTS!
$15.00 FOR ONE OR $25.00 FOR TWO!

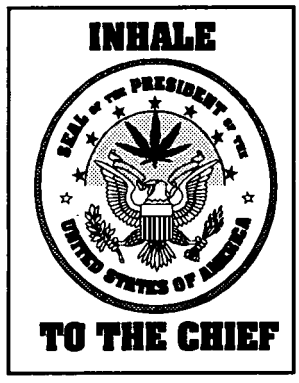
If you act now you can get

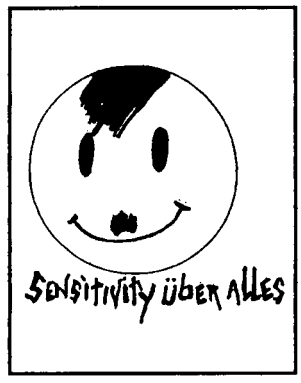
SURVIVING THE PC UNIVERSITY



A 368 PAGE BOOK CONTAINING THE BEST OF THE FIRST SIX ISSUES OF HETERODOXY FOR THE LOW PRICE OF $10.00!

(A $15.95 Value)





USE YOUR CREDIT CARD! OR CALL (800) 752-6562

Make Checks payable to:

CENTER FOR THE STUDY OF POPULAR CULTURE

12400 VENTURA BOULEVARD, SUITE 304,
STUDIO CITY CALIFORNIA 91604

POLITICAL CORRECTNESS MAKES ME PUKE. SIGN ME UP!

ITEMS AMOUNT

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY,STATE,ZIP _____

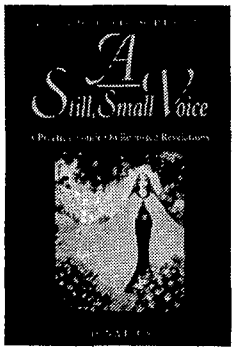
CREDIT CARD #NO. _____

VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ EXPIR DATE _____

TOTAL

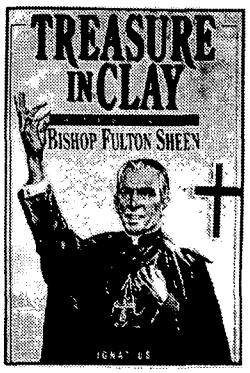
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPRING HIGHLIGHTS FROM IGNATIUS

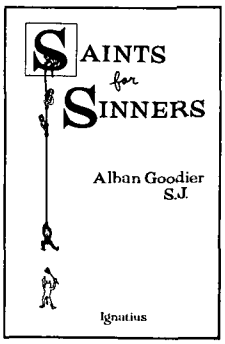


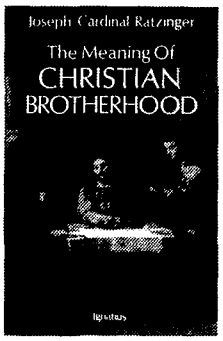
A Still Small Voice
A Practical Guide on Reported Revelations
Fr. Benedict Groeschel, C.F.R.
Groeschel provides a comprehensive, practical guide on private revelations, the reports of visions and other extraordinary religious phenomena so widespread in these times. He summarizes the Church's perennial wisdom on this topic, and offers an alternative path to holiness called "religious experience"—the action of grace operating in the context of our daily lives through prayer, Scripture, the sacraments and love of neighbor.
0-89870-436-7, Sewn Softcover, $9.95

Treasure in Clay
The Autobiography of Fulton J. Sheen
The autobiography of the eloquent and dynamic Fulton J. Sheen: extraordinary priest and bishop, author of sixty books, pastor of a radio and television congregation numbering thirty million, and the most loved Catholic prelate of the century. Sheen provides wonderful reflections, anecdotes and stories on his whole life from childhood through celebrated bishop. Complete with sixty-five photos that capture Sheen's illustrious life.
0-89870-420-0, Sewn Softcover, $14.95



Saints for Sinners
Alban Goodier, S.J.
This classic collection of short biographies of nine saints combines the inspiring facts of the saints' lives with Goodier's unique style and keen insights to make truly enjoyable stories. In their struggle to become saints, Goodier shows that they, too, had failings, and that "virtue is made perfect in weakness." Saints include Augustine, Joseph of Cupertino, Claude de la Colombiere, Margaret of Cortona, John of the Cross, and more. 0-89870-463-4, Sewn Softcover, $9.95

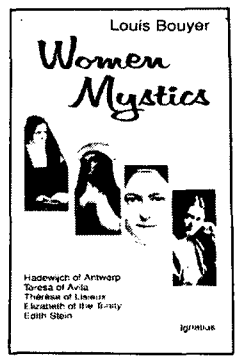




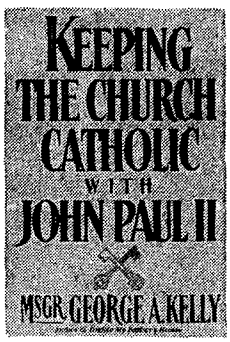
The Meaning of Christian Brotherhood
Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger
Cardinal Ratzinger's profound treatise on the true meaning of Christian brotherhood emphasizes the biblical grounds for cooperation among Christians. Showing that the fullest meaning of brotherhood is found in the person of Christ, Ratzinger uses Scripture to reveal how fraternal charity can only be perfected through God's fatherhood, Christ's divine sonship and our brotherhood in Christ.
0-89870-446-4, Sewn Softcover, $9.95

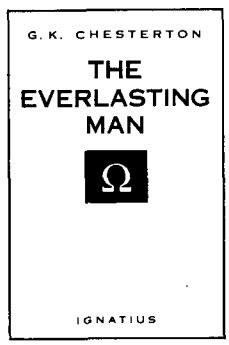
From Cottage to Work Station
Allan Carlson
A fresh interpretation of American social history, emphasizing the vital role of the family and household autonomy, and the joint threats to the family imposed by industrial organization and the state. Examining various strategies for restoring family life, Carlson stresses that family survival depends on the creation of meaningful, "pre-modern" household economies where men and women can relearn the deeper meaning of the ancient words, husbandry and housewifery.
0-89870-429-4, Sewn Softcover, $12.95

Women Mystics
Louis Bouyer, C.O.
Bouyer offers penetrating insights on the lives and writings of five women mystics who have played a critical role in the Church. Focusing on Hadewijch of Antwerp, Teresa of Avila, Thérèse of Lisieux, Elizabeth of the Trinity, and Edith Stein, he shows the striking, creative continuity from one to the other, portraying how each woman has led modern Christians to a deep experience of prayer.
0-89870-434-0, Sewn Softcover, $13.95

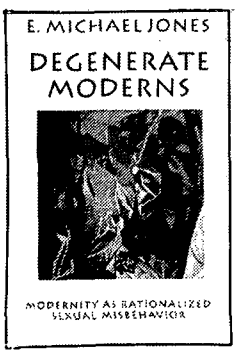


Keeping the Church Catholic with John Paul II
Msgr. George Kelly
Kelly offers an incisive, hard-hitting look at the issues and controversies dividing American Catholics and the disastrous implications for the U.S. Catholic Church. He gives revealing insights into the relationship between the Vatican and American Bishops in dealing with these religious and social difficulties and gives clear, strong solutions to renew the U.S. Church. 0-89870-413-8, Sewn Softcover, $12.95



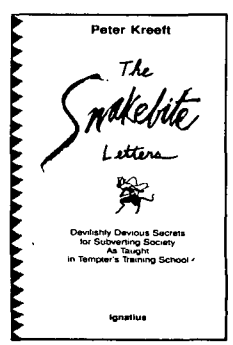


The Everlasting Man
G. K. Chesterton
Possibly Chesterton's greatest masterpiece, this is his whole view of world history as informed by the Incarnation. Beginning with the origin of man and the various religious attitudes throughout history, Chesterton shows how the fulfillment of man's desires takes place in the person of Christ and in Christ's Church. Chesterton inspires a sense of wonder and awe at the universe, God and man. 0-89870-444-8, Sewn Softcover, $11.95



Degenerate Moderns
E. Michael Jones
A groundbreaking book on how some major leaders of modern thought rationalized their own immoral sexual behavior and projected it into their field of "expertise." Studying biographies of such major moderns as Kinsey, Keynes, Picasso, Mead, Freud and others, Jones reveals the remarkable similarity between their lives and thought—at the root of many of the most influential books and theories lies the sexual problems of their authors. 0-89870-447-2, Sewn Softcover, $16.95

The Snakebite Letters
Peter Kreeft
A series of spicy letters between Satan's agents that expose Hell's secret plans for subverting modern society. Combining satire, humor and devilish insights, these letters focus on the crucial areas of sex, media, liturgy and theology, revealing the inroads that Satan has made in destroying American culture. A wonderfully, wicked (forked-) tongue in cheek look at the way the Lowerarchy thinks. 0-89870-449-9, Sewn Softcover, $7.95


Peter Kreeft
The Snakebite Letters
Devilishly Devious Secrets for Subverting Society As Taught in Tempter's Training School
Ignatius

ignatius press 15 Oakland Ave., Harrison, NY 10528 Shipping & Handling ($1.50 per book)
(Please enclose payment with order)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You deserve a factual look at...

Myths about Israel and the Middle East (1)

Do the media feed us fiction, instead of facts?

We all know that, by dint of constant repitition, white can be made to appear black, good can get transformed into evil, and myth may take the place of reality. Israel, with roughly one-thousandth of the world's population and with a similar fraction of the territory of this planet, seems to engage the totally disproportionate attention of the print and broadcast media. Unfortunately, much of what the media tell us—in reporting, editorializing, and in analysis—are endlessly repeated myths.

What are the facts?

Myth: The "Palestinians" are a nation and therefore deserving of a homeland.
Reality: The concept of Palestinian nationhood is a new one and had not been heard of until after the Six-Day War, when Israel, by its victory, came into the administration of the territories of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza strip. The so-called "Palestinians" are no more different from the Arabs in the neighboring countries of Lebanon, Syria, and Jordan, than Wisconsinites are from Iowans.
Myth: Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank"), and the Gaza Strip are "occupied Arab territory."
Reality: All of "Palestine"—east and west of the Jordan River—was part of the League of Nations mandate. Under the Balfour Declaration all of it was to be the "national home for the Jewish people." In violation of this mandate, Great Britain severed the entire area east of the Jordan—about 75% of Palestine, and gave it to the Arabs, who created on it the kingdom of Transjordan. When Israel declared its independence in 1948, four Arab armies invaded the new country in order to destroy it at its very birth. They were defeated by the Israelis. The Transjordanians, however, remained in occupation of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and East Jerusalem. They proceeded to drive all Jews from those territories and to systematically destroy all Jewish houses of worship and other institutions. The Transjordanians, now renamed "Jordanians" were the occupiers. Israel regained these territories following its victory in the Six-Day War and has administered them ever since. They have not been annexed. Their final status will be decided if and when peace with the Arabs is finally attained.
Myth: Jewish settlements in Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") are the "greatest obstacle to peace."
Reality: This is a totally new formulation, which was put forward by James Baker, our former Secretary of State. He and former President Bush seemed obsessed by it. Fewer than 100,000 Jews are settled in these territories, living among about 1.4 million Arabs. How can Jews living there be an obstacle to peace? Why *shouldn't* they live there? About 700,000 Arabs live in Israel proper. They are not an obstacle to peace and nobody (including the Israelis), consider them as such.
Myth: Israel is unwilling to yield "land for peace."
Reality: The concept that to the loser, rather than to the victor, belong the spoils is a radically new one, never before thought of in world history. Israel has emerged victorious in the five wars imposed on it by the Arabs. In order to make peace, it has returned over 90% of the territory occupied by it, specifically the vast Sinai Peninsula, to Egypt. That territory contained some of the most advanced military installations in the world, prosperous cities and settlements, and oil fields developed entirely by Israel that made it independent of petroleum imports. In the Camp David Accords (1978), Israel agreed to autonomy for Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank"), with the permanent status to be determined after three years. But, until today, it has been "all or nothing" for the Arabs, and they have been unwilling to consider or to discuss autonomy.

The greatest myth of all is that Israel's administration of the Gaza Strip and of Judea/Samaria is the root cause of the conflict between Arabs and Jews. But that is nonsense and flies in the face of historical reality. The Arab desire to obliterate the Jewish presence in Palestine, and since 1948 the Jewish state, long predates that territorial administration. The root cause of the conflict is the total unwillingness of the Arabs to tolerate any "non-believers" to be in control of even one inch of what they consider "sacred Arab soil." And they don't just mean Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza strip. They mean Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, the whole state of Israel. No change in the Arabs' attitude seems to be in the offing. But until there is such a change, no peace can possibly come to this troubled area.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of
$ _____ AS/36A

❑ My contribution is in the amount of $50 or more. Please send me your booklet containing 24 of the ads that you have published in national media over the last few years.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to FLAME P.O. Box 590359 San Francisco, CA 94159

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic about the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco,CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit 501(c)(3)organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and for related direct mail.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Volume 26 Number 5, May 1993
Copyright *The American Spectator* 1993

Editor-in-Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher: Ronald E. Burr
Managing Editor: Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Assistant Managing Editor: Christopher Caldwell
Investigative Writers: David Brock, Daniel Wattenberg
Editorial Intern: Sandy Hume
Proofreader-at-Large: Jenny Woodward
Executive Assistant: Eulonda B. Rewis
Assistant to the Publisher: Shannon Thompson
Advertising Manager: John Funk
Production Manager: Thomas G. Neubert
Business Manager: Catherine A. Campbell
Circulation Director: Vanessa A. Bergh
Circulation Manager: Rex C. Vardeman
Fulfullment Manager: Ingrid Hirthe
Subscription Manager: Joseph W. De Bolt, Jr.
Circulation Assistants: Cara Lisa Buford, Jacki L. Clifton
Customer Service Manager: Eric M. Reckner
Customer Service Representative: Wendy Fritts
Circulation Intern: Trinh Dao
Staff Assistants: Stephen Rodosky, Jennifer Boedges, and Kim Le

Senior Editors: Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker
Washington Correspondent: Tom Bethell
New York Correspondent: William Tucker
National Correspondent: Victor Gold
Roving Correspondent: Micah Morrison
New York Editor: Whit Stillman
Indiana Editor: Kent Owen
Rocky Mountain Editor: Dave Shiflett
Movie Critic: James Bowman
Kapellmeister: Baron von Kannon
Chief Saloon Correspondent: Joe Mysak

Contributors:
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Richard Brookhiser, John R. Dunlap, Andrew Ferguson, George Sim Johnston, Thomas Mallon, William McGurn, William H. Nolte, Franz M. Oppenheimer, John Podhoretz, Joe Queenan, Jeremy Rabkin, Francis X. Rocca, Andy Stark, George Szamuely, Terry Teachout, Cathy Young

Editorial Board:
Fred Barnes, Maurice Cranston, Midge Decter, Terry Eastland, George Gilder, Victor Gold, Paul Johnson, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Michael Ledeen, Kenneth S. Lynn, Robert D. Novak, P. J. O'Rourke, Benjamin J. Stein, James Q. Wilson, Tom Wolfe, Peregrine Worsthorne

Legal Counsel:
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

The American Spectator (ISSN 0148-8414 is published monthly at 2020 N. 14th Street, Suite 750, Arlington, Virginia 22216. Printed in U.S.A. Second class postage paid at Arlington, Virginia, and additional mailing offices. One-year subscription is $35. Vol. 26, No. 5. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, Virginia 22216-0549.

The Audit Bureau Member

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABOUT THIS MONTH

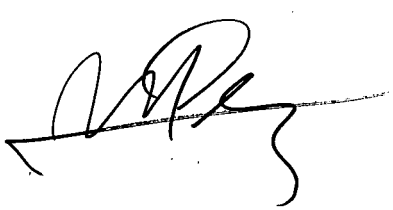
by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

THE OTHER DAY a very close friend of this magazine told me about a chance meeting he'd had with a prominent political commentator who is normally thought of as your standard-issue ne plus ultra liberal. To our friend's delight, the fellow spoke with anger and earnestness about the decline of morality and family values; he heaped praise on one of our writers for his many farsighted contributions to the culture wars; I later discovered that he is in fact very much pro-life. Great, I asked myself rhetorically, but why haven't I ever heard him talk this way in public?

THE *WASHINGTON POST*'S David Broder, by contrast, has long been respected as a straight-shooter, and he didn't hesitate to go on record this spring to hail William Bennett and the Heritage Foundation's release of an "Index of Leading Cultural Indicators" detailing three decades of social degeneration in the United States. Particularly concerned about families and children, Broder also lauded the *Atlantic*'s April cover story, which boldly proclaims "Dan Quayle Was Right" about the damage that the "dissolution of two-parent families" is causing American children and society. Evidently "The Great Relearning"—as Tom Wolfe labeled it in these pages more than five years ago—continues apace, with individual liberals to their horror rediscovering fundamental truths that once united all Americans but by the late 1960s became the uncontested property of a movement derisively dubbed conservative.

THE PROBLEM FOR CONSERVATIVES, alas, is not so much that Relearners aren't usually eager to show them gratitude for their custodial heroics, as the simple fact that Relearners remain few and far between (one exemplary new Democrat is Joel Kotkin, whose bold new book *Tribes* is essayed by Christopher Caldwell on page 62). And so at every turn the liberal norm comprises conformity, willful ignorance, and blind intolerance. As Fred Barnes demonstrates in our cover story (page 20), rather than take responsibility for the social pathologies his policies have underwritten, the liberal blames the health-care system, which he won't hesitate to destroy even if it is the world's finest. As David Brock shows in his new blockbuster of a book on Anita Hill (previewed on page 34), the liberal continues to vilify one of the most decent men in American public life in a never-ending Big Lie. As Paul Craig Roberts writes about Clintonomics (page 42), the liberal persists in imposing deficit reduction schemes that time and again have only increased the national debt and slowed economic progress. It's enough to make you want to croon that weepy liberal refrain, "When will they ever learn?"



New on Audio Cassettes

"...brilliant and witty..."
Richard Grenier *The Washington Times*

A Nation of Victims
The Decay of the American Character
by Charles J. Sykes

An often hilarious chronicle of how America has changed from a self-reliant, responsible society to a self-indulgent, therapeutic society.

NOW AVAILABLE AS AN UNABRIDGED AUDIO BOOK

Full Set Only $37.50
(Ask about rental)

To order Call: **1-800-729-5900**
or Fax (312) 271-7964

Spoken Books, Ltd.
P.O. Box 18020
Chicago, IL 60618-9998
(312) 769-5900

New on Audio Cassettes

Want to brush up on a foreign language?

With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign-language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses — most developed for the U.S. State Department — we offer foreign-language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a new language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Arabic, Korean, and others. 230 courses in 79 languages. Our 21st year.

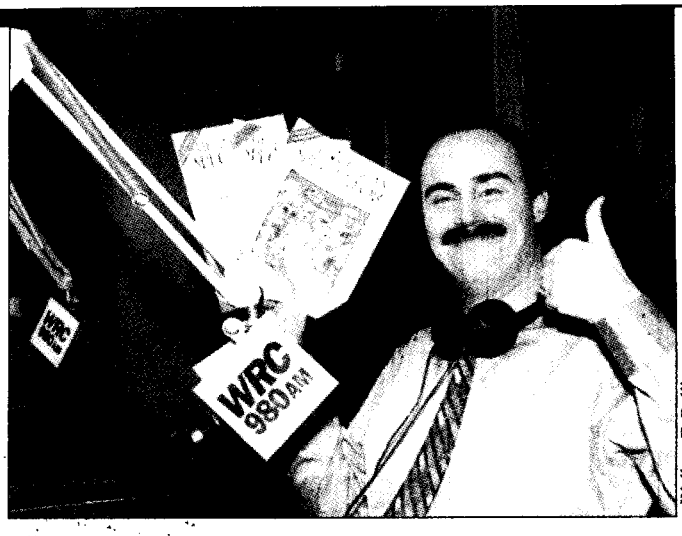
For FREE 52-page catalog call 1-800-662-5180 or write:

AUDIO-FORUM®
Room K525, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Spectators . . . more than observers.

Charlton Heston
Elliott Abrams
Brock Yates
Richard W. Rahn
Victor Gold
Peter R. Kann
Shane O'Neil
Suzanne Garment
Hon. Newt Gingrich
A.M. Rosenthal
Jeff MacNelly
David Packard
Michael S. Joyce
James B. Taylor
Carson L. Moss, Jr.



Wallace F. Rollins

Mark Davis, talk show host, WRC Radio, Washington, D.C.

Alfred S. Regnery
Hon. Philip M. Crane
Tony Grampsas
William H. Bowen
Hon. John Sununu
Midge Decter
Leslie Lenkowsky
Richard Gilder
Dean Henry Manne
Susan Dickson
John Updike
Ron Phillips
Gen. Wm. Westmoreland
Jerry O'Rourke
Eric Breindel
Frank Shakespeare
Paul Kaminski
Hon. Richard K. Armey
William M. Hammett, III
Robert Shafer
Paul Gigot
William Schulz

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR® **thinks** *you* **can be one of us. The few, the proud . . . the literate. To subscribe, call us at 800 783-6707 (business hours, eastern time), and we will send you twelve issues for only $35.**

Dave Henderson
Thomas J. McIntosh
T. Kenneth Cribb, Jr.
Don Lipsett
Robert Bartley
Morton M. Kondracke
Philip Alexander
Paul McCracken
Lee W. MacGregor
Bruce Bartlett
Sen. Richard Lugar
James L. Buckley
Donald J. Devine
Mona Charen
Gerardo Joffe
Jeffrey Hart
Karlyn Keene
Glenn E. Johnson
Rick Centner
Hon. Richard M. Nixon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS

The American Spectator Vol. 26, No. 5 May 1993

Departments:

The Continuing Crisis 8

Correspondence 10

Editorials / *The Worst Book of the Year / You Can't Look It Up*, by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 12

Capitol Ideas / *Dole Drums*, by Tom Bethell 16

Clinton's America / *How to Grow the Deficit*, by Paul Craig Roberts 42

Politics / *Making Crime Pay*, by Grover G. Norquist 44

Ben Stein's Diary / *Ring, Ring, Ring*, by Benjamin J. Stein 46

Spectator's Journal / *Heading South*, by Michael Ledeen 50

The Nation's Pulse / *The Permissive Right*, by Herbert London 52

Presswatch / *Keep On Truckin'*, by Terry Eastland 54

The Great American Saloon Series / *Cincinnati on the Vltava*, by Jon Newberry 57

The Talkies / *Friends of Bill*, by James Bowman 58

Current Wisdom, by Assorted Jackasses 76

The Georgetown Spectator / *Boom Town*, by Brit Hume 78

Book Reviews:

My Life as Author and Editor (H.L. Mencken), reviewed by William H. Nolte 60

Tribes (Joel Kotkin), reviewed by Christopher Caldwell 62

At the Highest Levels (Michael R. Beschloss and Strobe Talbott), reviewed by Arch Puddington 64

Inside American Education (Thomas Sowell), reviewed by Rita Kramer 66

Lord Beaverbrook (Anne Chisholm and Michael Davie), reviewed by Richard Lamb 68

Promise and Power (Deborah Shapley), reviewed by Franz M. Oppenheimer 70

Features:

Page 34

What Health-Care Crisis? by Fred Barnes 20
America's medical care is second to none—and available to all.

I Hear Asia Calling, by William McGurn 24
The most populous and industrious part of the world can't face the future without American leadership. Is anyone in Washington listening?

Nureyev-Fonteyn, RIP, by Richard W. Carlson 29
A remembrance from the Summer of Love.

The Other Anita Hill, by David Brock 34
Introducing Angela Wright, the pugilistic bureaucrat whose flaky stories became the Thomas haters' last hope.

Cover illustration by David Turner. Interior art by Jake Tapper.

An *American Spectator* one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $35; outside the United States, $41. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. Toll free subscription number 800-783-6707. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, Virginia 22216-0549. (703)243-3733. In accordance with the rights granted by the First Amendment and as a matter of policy, the opinions expressed in the magazine are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the board of directors of *The American Spectator*. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributor, Inc. 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio 44870. Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• March again gave proof that President Bill hasn't been entirely straight with us. Back on January 20, he said in his Inaugural, "This ceremony is held in the depth of winter. But, by the words we speak and the faces we show the world, we force the spring." Where does he get off? If his words forced anything this winter it was even deeper winter, as in the Great Blizzard of '93, which pounded, buried, and blanketed the east from Florida to Maine and kept Bill holed up in the White House playing national weatherman and trying to get through to FEMA. On Blizzard Sunday, March 14, he did show his face to the world as he and the missus trundled across the Arctic freeze to church; Hillary, though, kept her face buried in her coat, much to the relief of most American men, not to mention Warren Christopher, who'd been hoping for a gesture that would improve relations with Iran. The Rev. David Koresh, another cult figure, remained holed up in Waco, Texas, evidently unaware that the Republican convention ended some time ago. He could spare his flock much grief by consulting with Mr. Al Carpenter of Alhambra, California, who for $9.95 provides blueprints for build-it-yourself coffins to clients willing to supply labor and materials.

• In the great state of Russia, where winter never responds to force, President Boris Yeltsin schemed to avoid the fates of Aleksandr Kerensky and Richard Nixon. Peter the Great (the czar, not the ABC anchor) was chosen in a recent poll as Russia's greatest ruler ever, far ahead of Lenin, Stalin, and McHale Gorbachev. Hoping to improve his position in future polls, Mr. Gorbachev on March 21 declared his willingness to replace Mr. Yeltsin and on the following day called on President Clinton and the U.S. Congress to extend funding for Radio Liberty. Nervous East Europeans wondered why he did not include Radio Free Europe in his remarks. In Warsaw, Poland, retired Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski expressed remorse of sorts for having imposed martial law on the country in late 1981, and though no longer a card-carrying Communist he confessed that he still adheres to "the values of the left." Whose policies would he subscribe to today? "Actually, in Clinton's program I see elements I like a lot," he told the *New York Times*—thus confirming Tuscaloosa, Alabama resident Doris Hunter in her suspicions. "I think he's a big joke," she told the *Birmingham Post-Herald* when asked about Clinton. ". . . We're moving toward socialism. We're becoming a U.S.S.A."

• The Clinton boom ended before it sounded for Sarah Phillips, the intrepid designer of Hillary's Inaugural gown who saw her financial backer pull out just as she was to launch her fall collection, leaving her fledgling business a few million dollars short. For some people, universal health care is arriving a little late, and at great cost to society. According to Fritz Redlich of the UCLA School of Medicine, Mr. Adolf Hitler suffered from an arterial disease that reduced blood flow to his brain. Cortisone could have made a difference, had it been available. In Atmore, Alabama, the electric chair at the Holman Correctional Facility, heretofore known as "Yellow Mama," is to be repainted and the nickname discarded. "In my opinion, you don't connect motherhood or womanhood to something as awesome as this machine," said Warden Charlie Jones, who wants the chair to be called just that and nothing else. In other news on the progressive front, California Rep. Ronald Dellums is ready to mount the barricades to keep the Alameda Naval Air Station and other facilities in his militarized district from closing. Not so the governor of Guam, Joseph Ada, who was "shocked and disappointed" that the naval air station on his island *wasn't* on the Pentagon's list of base closures. But, then, they don't call it the Pacific for nothing. In Honolulu, Hawaii, the state house of representatives passed a bill requiring stores to place warning labels on war toys on the grounds that such playthings increase "anger and violence" in children. The discussion in the house reminded participants of Webster-Calhoun. "We got into a philosophical debate about why we are the kind of people we are in terms of violence," the bill's sponsor, Rep. Robert Bunda, explained.

• Reinventing government remains a noble goal. In Tokyo, the premium that Japan places on a high savings rate was driven home when investigators seized $50 million in cash and securities and hundreds of pounds of gold from the home and office of the Hon. Shin Kanemaru, 78, the Clark Clifford of the Liberal Democratic Party now luxuriating in a seven-by-seven cell in the Tokyo Detention Center. A Soviet spending program from the 1960s underscored the importance of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

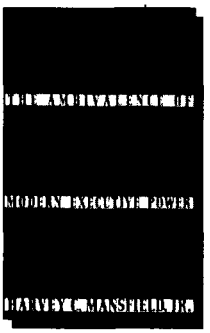
infrastructure investment when French officials found $200,000 that had been buried under a highway near Grenoble by KGB officials, for use in the event of WWIII. An Indiana Office of Air Management van was observed belching oily, blue-black smoke by a vigilant citizen in Hammond, who may now be overqualified to perform national service. In Santa Monica, California, Judge Edward Davenport, who helped author the state's drunk-driving law, pleaded guilty to a lesser charge after his DWI arrest.

• But there is much left to be done. According to the International Labor Organization, slavery continues to be a worldwide problem, with millions still living and working in bondage. Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders offered confirmation of her own, likening an unaborted welfare baby to a "healthy slave" that in turn keeps poor people enslaved. Even in blizzard and avalanche conditions slavery can flourish. One week after their February 24 rescue, one of the five skiers lost for four days in the Aspen Rockies accused her male companion of treating her like a slave during the ordeal, though oddly enough he did so only after she proved too weak to carry her pack. Go figure. As punishment, her tormentor may be required to wear one of those white anti-harassment ribbons that fraternity boys nationwide were being urged to sport as they left for spring break.

• Hollywood could do its part, too. Miss Kim Basinger, the actress, is under fire for backing out of her starring role in *Boxing Helena*. The reason: the film would require "graphic" as opposed to "artistic" sex scenes. In the film, Helena is rescued from a car crash by a doctor who amputates her injured legs and healthy arms and keeps her as a hostage in a box, hoping she will fall in love with him. Oscar Night came and went, dispensing honors to stars and starlets of all artistic and graphic stripes, but forgetting to recognize the screen's smallest creatures. One such is Sassy, the Siamese cat currently appearing in *Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey*. At least her working conditions would meet ILO standards. Water scenes that appear dangerous in the movie were actually filmed in a heated pool, with a Jacuzzi creating the illusion of fast water. The cat was never in water for more than eight seconds at a time, and always in the company of five safety officers. For truly dangerous scenes, a stuffed cat would serve as Sassy's stunt double. An even more moving performance was given by the star of *Snail's Pace*, a four-minute short from New Zealand that follows a snail making its way toward a case of lettuce. Ignored by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, the snail saga was shown at a recent festival at San Francisco's Palace of Fine Arts.

• In some more good news from the Bay Area, the San Francisco International Airport has opened two rooms for smokers, one in the international terminal and the other in the north terminal. Smoking anywhere else on the premises carries an automatic $100 fine, and in the case of handicapped parking zones the penalty may be even higher. Illegal parking alone in such spots in San Francisco proper costs $275. None dare call it extortion! —*WP*

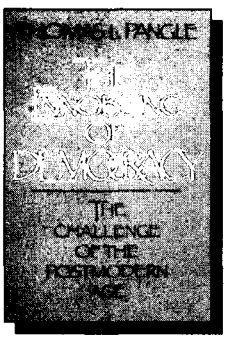
Republican Ideals



"A powerful antidote to democratic delusions, old and new."—*American Spectator*

"A dazzling and essential book. Mansfield brings the excitement and tension of a mystery story to his investigation of the executive—the most important and at the same times the most banal notion of modern politics."—Allan Bloom

$16.95 paperback

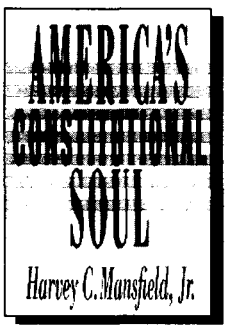


"A book to be commended both for its seriousness and its lucidity; a strong and responsible articulation of an important point of view."—Stanley Fish

"Begins its urgent task of deconstructing deconstructionism, and in the process greatly enriches our understanding of the threats to contemporary democracy."—Francis Fukuyama

The Johns Hopkins Series in Constitutional Thought: Sotirios A. Barber and Jeffrey K. Tulis, Series Editors

$13.95 paperback



"Mansfield suggests that conservatives have grown too fond of basing their political calculations on interest, to the virtual exclusion of human-spiritedness and pride. ...[He] argues that American conservatives must justify their desire for realignment on constitutional grounds: they must ask what it means to be an American, and defend the requisite qualities."—*American Spectator*

The Johns Hopkins Series in Constitutional Thought: Sotirios A. Barber and Jeffrey K. Tulis, Series Editors

$13.95 paperback

Available at your bookstore or call 1-800-537-5487.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS

Hampden Station, Baltimore, Maryland 21211

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Slick Willy

Re Jeffrey Gedmin's review of *My Life in Politics*, by Willy Brandt (*TAS*, January 1993): Has anyone looked into the possibility that Willy Brandt was a KGB mole? There can be no doubt that his words and actions were consistent with the role. —*R. Ogmundson*
Victoria, British Columbia

Jeffrey Gedmin replies:
It is one thing to have been vehemently at odds with Willy Brandt's coddling of East German and other Communists—and I was. It is entirely another matter to suggest that he may have been a traitor. I am not aware of any evidence that could lead one to conclude that Brandt was a KGB mole.

The Soviets didn't *need* to corrupt Brandt. Consider the declaration by Markus Wolf, the former head of East Germany's espionage service, some six months after the Berlin Wall fell. Regarding the unmasking of master spy Günter Guillaume in 1974—the scandal that forced Brandt's resignation—Wolf told a German interviewer, "It was not a part of our plan to topple Brandt . . . on the contrary, the policy of détente begun by him was in line with our ideas."

The same applies to Germany's former foreign minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher. Stasi files reveal early considerations to manipulate—or if necessary even discredit—Genscher as a secret police collaborator. Genscher was born in Halle and left the GDR in 1952, but during his career regularly visited friends in his old hometown. Plans were scrapped, though, in the early 1980s, when it was determined that Genscher did not pursue goals that ran counter to GDR interests. When the unrepentant dove heard about this, he "did not look happy at all," a counterintelligence expert told *Der Spiegel*.

Whose Wake?

I was absolutely astounded at John Meroney's courageous, and perhaps foolhardy, publication of "The Real Maya Angelou" (*TAS*, March 1993), describing the questionable employment of Ms. Angelou by Wake Forest University. His willingness to have this article appear in your pages over his signature, despite his status as a senior at Wake Forest, should be applauded as an act of consummate heroism. Please keep us advised as to how many days after your publication date Mr. Meroney remained as a student at Wake Forest before his expulsion. We will also be interested to learn whether any other university will be willing to accept Mr. Meroney as a transfer student to complete his degree requirements, despite his obvious political incorrectness. —*Leonard W. Fromm, Jr.*
Margate, Florida

I just received my first issue . . . and wanted to tell you that reading John Meroney's "The Real Maya Angelou" was worth the price of the whole year's subscription.

Her life is, indeed, as shallow as her poetry. It's refreshing to know, too, that a senior from any university even knows who Robert Frost is, let alone that JFK featured him at his inaugural. If there are people like John Meroney attending America's colleges and universities, there's some hope for us after all.
—*Guy Bowman*
Glendale, Colorado

Steve's Wonder

Thank you for bringing to light—finally—the unvarnished truth about Gary Sick and the so-called October Surprise conspiracy theory ("Gary Sick's Bald-Faced Lies" by Steven Emerson, *TAS*, March 1993). The crux of the case, as Emerson notes, is that Sick parlayed the veneer of credibility he gained as a run-of-the-mill Carter NSC staffer into "effectively accusing" distinguished public servants like Bill Casey, George Bush, Dick Allen—and, by extension, Ronald Reagan—of "treason."

This of course prompted another colossal waste of taxpayers' money on congressional investigations to disprove the negative. Thankfully (and only after a large investment of time and effort by the accused), the truth emerged. Steve Emerson's contributions to the case in the form of genuine, persistent, and thorough investigative research (as opposed to Sick's shoddy, casual, and willful manipulation of the facts) are laudable. And I very much appreciate *The American Spectator*'s continuing willingness to expose the truth on important political issues of the day.
—*Julie Cave Altman*
Arlington, Virginia

Justice Is Served

I read with interest Terry Eastland's *speculation* ("The Tempting of Justice Kennedy," *TAS*, February 1993) about what occurred with respect to Justice Anthony Kennedy inside the Supreme Court in the abortion case of *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey*. However, I found the essay more polemical than enlightening.

The article takes a pointed dig at *New York Times* reporter Linda Greenhouse. The dig is for failing to identify her sources for a story that disputed the theory of columnists Evans and Novak that Justice Kennedy changed his mind at the last minute in *Casey* and voted to reaffirm the 1973 abortion decision, *Roe* v. *Wade*.

That this is a cheap shot at Greenhouse is self-evident from Eastland's article. The next line after the dig says, "But my own sources advise. . . ." Where, one might ask, is the identification of Eastland's sources? Their names are nowhere to be found. Moreover, the original report by Evans and Novak named no sources, as is the custom of the two columnists.

There is a larger complaint with the article, besides the cheap shot. There is ample evidence that the Anthony Kennedy who sits today on the Supreme Court is the same person he has always been. The problem is not that the news media and Washington establishment have changed him; the problem is that he is not the Supreme Court justice that Eastland and others wanted.

Eastland is unwilling to come to grips with the fact that after Robert Bork was defeated, the Justice Department of which Eastland was a part engaged in a nearly irrational search for a nominee who would pass muster on pro-life and other grounds. Anthony Kennedy, then a federal circuit judge, was knocked out of contention because some Reagan administration aides feared that he might favor constitutional recognition of a right

(continued on page 71)

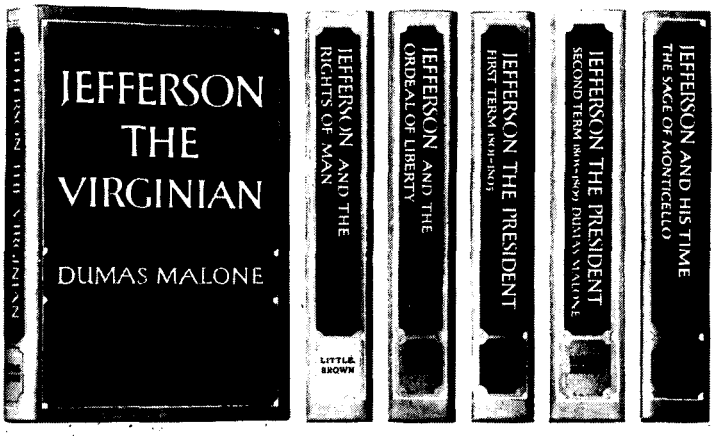
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

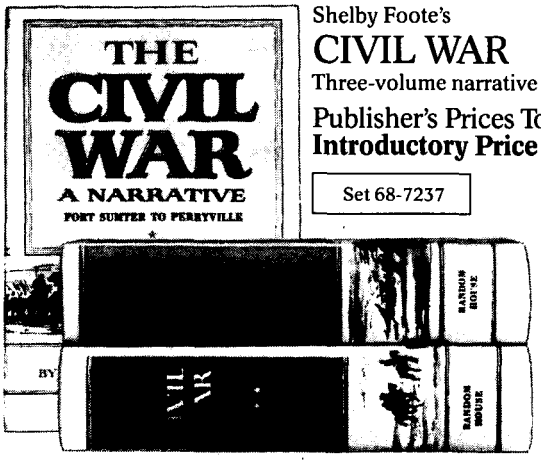
Priceless collections. Big savings.

With no risk, no commitment.

Dumas Malone's
JEFFERSON
Six-volume biography
Publisher's Prices Total $165
Introductory Price $14

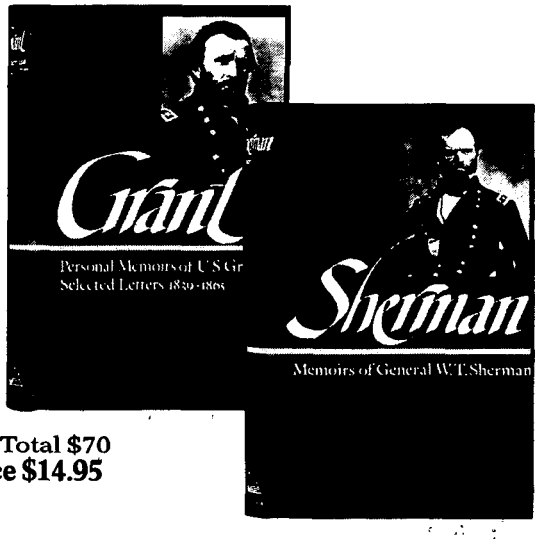
Set 38-8078





Shelby Foote's
CIVIL WAR
Three-volume narrative
Publisher's Prices Total $105
Introductory Price $15

Set 68-7237



GRANT/ SHERMAN
Two-volume memoirs set
Publisher's Prices Total $70
Introductory Price $14.95

Set 28-0433

Landmark works. Hailed by readers, historians and critics alike.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know offers greater savings–as much as 25% off publishers' list prices.

Your commitment? There is none. Through this special Introductory Offer, you can try History Book Club with no risk, no commitment. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Save as much as 25% with low Members' Prices. You'll enjoy significant savings off the publisher's price on each selection you make from the 150-200 volumes featured in the History Book Club *Review*, along with the new main title, the "Editors' Choice." History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

How the Club works. You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had fewer than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

Try History Book Club–and save! Return the attached coupon today.

History Book Club,® Camp Hill, PA 17012-0001

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the multivolume set whose number I have entered in the space below. Bill me at the low Introductory Price, plus shipping and handling.

Set Selection [–] 3-66

H487-5-0

Name

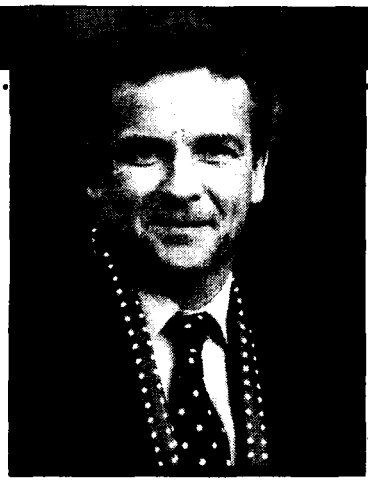
Address Apt. #

City State Zip #053

To help us serve you, please tell us what you like to read.	STRONGLY DISLIKE	SOMEWHAT DISLIKE	NO OPINION	SOMEWHAT LIKE	STRONGLY LIKE
A. Civil War	1	2	3	4	5
B. Ancient History	1	2	3	4	5
C. Military History	1	2	3	4	5
D. American History	1	2	3	4	5
E. British History	1	2	3	4	5
F. Russia, Asia, the Middle East	1	2	3	4	5
G. European History	1	2	3	4	5
H. Current Affairs	1	2	3	4	5
I. Social/Intellectual History	1	2	3	4	5

© 1993 History Book Club, Inc. All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Worst Book of the Year

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Alas, the citizenry of this great Republic has arrived at that cloying season when its eminences in the arts and communications display the full hugeness of their self-love. It is "awards time"; hold your stomach. "A" pats "B" on the back, and "B" pats "A." At the Oscar orgies, Hollywood insiders rave over the heroism, artistry, and simple humanity of other Hollywood insiders, who happen to be rogues, mediocrities, and people one would not trust to walk the dog. The Grammy awards are equally meretricious, and the awards for the arts and journalism are the worst.

Pulitzer Prizes have been given to authors who are proven plagiarists and humbugs, for instance, Alex Haley, whose 1977 Pulitzer for *Roots* was never withdrawn, even after Haley was forced in 1978 to make a $650,000 out-of-court settlement on charges he had lifted some eighty passages from Harold Courlander's slave novel, *The African*, and after later evidence revealed that he simply fabricated much of his family's genealogy. Pulitzers have been given to books that were ghostwritten, for instance John F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage*. And Pulitzers have been given to journalists who have made preposterous claims, for instance, Janet Cooke in 1981. In this instance the Pulitzer Committee did yank the award when the story was exposed, but it then gave it to another story that also turned out to be faked. The Committee stuck by the second fake.

The problem with these awards is that they are all so useful. They are a source of riches and influence. Hence, vast lobbying efforts go into acquiring them. Alliances are entered. Reciprocal award arrangements are quietly agreed upon. Moreover, that which is true of journalism's so-called "ethical standards" is true of the so-called "standards of excellence" in the arts and communications—there are none. What intelligent reader actually believes that Garry Wills's *Lincoln at Gettysburg: The Words That Remade America* is such a meritorious essay into "criticism" as the National Book Critics Circle claimed the other day? Wills is a writer whose work is riddled with sophistry and contradiction. In reviewing it, the indefatigable Professor Kenneth Lynn discovered that Wills's present praise for Lincoln is "at odds with the preface to Wills's controversial study of the Declaration of Independence, *Inventing America* (1978), into which he packed an explosive 10-page assault on the author of the Gettysburg Address." Perhaps now Mr. Wills is older and wiser, but in a world of serious "standards," he would have acknowledged and explained this contradiction. This he has yet to do.

Today the only literary award of genuine worth and integrity is the J. Gordon Coogler Award. No one lobbies for it or shows up at the awards ceremony to blubber and brag. In fact, no Coogler laureate has ever even attended the charming and highly dignified ceremony, now held here in our nation's capital. The J. Gordon Coogler Award is conferred upon the year's worst books. Imaginative as our publishers and authors are, none has ever figured out how to exploit a Coogler, though this year's winner may. She is Madonna. She is a lady who has made much from little. Her book, *Sex*, was only modestly successful at the bookstores, but do not be surprised if she takes her Coogler and turns it into an avenue to literary influence and still greater wealth. →

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by Creators Syndicate.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW MORE THAN EVER

Conservative Students Need To Be Prepared To Defend Their Beliefs On Campus

Jesse Helms greets student

YOUNG AMERICA'S FOUNDATION
presents the

15th Annual National Conservative Student Conference

WASHINGTON, DC
July 25-31, 1993

Jack Kemp addresses students

1992 CONFERENCE SPEAKERS

JACK KEMP
DINESH D'SOUZA
CONG. ROBERT DORNAN
JEFFREY HART
EDWIN MEESE
RUSSELL KIRK
PHIL GRAMM

ALSO:
A PRIVATE WHITE HOUSE BRIEFING
CONGRESSIONAL BRIEFING

The National Conservative Student Conference brings college students to Washington, D.C. to explore conservative ideas, public policy issues, and strategies for surviving on campus. Students meet with congressmen, leaders of the conservative movement, and also get to know other right-minded students from across the country. The conference equips students to return to their campuses with articulate and effective defenses of conservative beliefs.

YOUNG AMERICA'S FOUNDATION

F. M. Kirby Freedom Center
110 Elden Street, Herndon, Virginia 22070
1-800-292-9231

SPECIAL 15th ANNIVERSARY BANQUET
open to conference alumni and the public, call Young America's Foundation for reservations

For further information about the conference and an application, clip and mail to Young America's Foundation, or call our toll free number 1-800-292-9231.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Usually, in the past, the Coogler Prize Committee (composed of such distinguished litterateurs as the *Washington Times*'s Wes Pruden and *Commentary*'s Norman Podhoretz) has given Cooglers in two categories, fiction and non-fiction, but this book is so ambitious in scope—at once a sex manual, at once a series of prurient tales—and so bad that it wins in both categories. As my colleague on the Coogler Prize Committee, John O'Sullivan, editor of *National Review*, summed up: "I have not read this book; nor indeed has anyone else. But I have not even looked at the pictures. I know it is a bad book on the same principle that I know Australia exists: responsible and intelligent people tell me so." He left it to me to look at the pictures.

They are badly done, garish, hampered by faulty composition, and frequently not up to the standards of *Hustler*. From all I can tell from them and from the paragraph or two of infantile prose that I could bear to read, sex, as postulated by Madonna, is not very pleasant stuff. In fact, it comes off as nothing so much as hard work. Groups of unattractive people have to be invited over. Apparatuses not readily available in the home, the back seat of the car, or in a lovely outdoor setting have to be requisitioned. All this and more must be assembled, and still sexual climax is not assured before one tosses one's cookies. It is a view of sex once propounded by the now deceased Nazi air marshal Hermann Goering. I mean no offense to Mr. Goering's memory, but sex with Madonna is not fun. ❐

You Can't Look It Up

How does one explain the gloomy grey clouds of stupidity that hang over Washington? Why is it that so much of what our politicians and public figures declaim as true is so frequently false and so quickly forgiven?

Consider this: Last fall the Democrats and their noble presidential aspirant were telling us the American economy was in recession. Many Republicans seemed ruefully to agree. From the sidelines conscientious economists said pishposh, but the campaigning politicos persisted. Candidate Bill Clinton even spoke of "Depression." Actually, as even the Democrats and the Republicans now recognize, the economy was then growing at 4.8 percent, its friskiest rate since the fourth quarter of 1987.

Or, consider this: President Clinton is now telling us that this growth will be enhanced by an increase in government spending and that tax increases—he vows—will add to economic growth (though never in history have they). There is no economic theory to support this plan. And economic history suggests President Clinton will return America to the miseries of low economic growth and high inflation that wrecked the economy in the 1970s. Again, how do we explain such stupidity? Just four years ago America was flush, experiencing its longest period of peacetime growth as a consequence of slowed government expansion and lower marginal tax rates.

The explanation resides in the unhappy fact that America's political culture is thoroughly polluted with the partisan ideas and bugaboos of America's infantile left. The intellectual and political atmosphere in which we speak is beset with a thick smog of left politics. It is *Kultursmog*, in which even words are tainted with false connotations and rendered unreliable vehicles of meaning. For instance, even to call the left "left" is tricky. In the *Kultursmog*, the left often denies it is left and categorizes the word a cruel slur. Equally symptomatic of the polluting effect of the *Kultursmog* by the left is the aura it confers on historic figures and events. For instance, Iran-contra—an arms-for-hostages stratagem not wholly dissimilar to one attempted in 1980 by President Carter—is held to be shocking and President Ronald Reagan, the most successful president since Franklin Roosevelt, is passed off as a dope.

The sources contributing to the *Kultursmog*'s vast clouds of stupidity are various. There are the politicians themselves, some of whom are very creative in polluting our discourse. (Think of President Clinton's insistence that pork-barrel is "investment.") But more important than the politicians are the other sources of culture: books, university faculties, the media. Adam Meyerson, the distinguished editor of *Policy Review*, has recently demonstrated how the *Kultursmog* is manufactured and spread. In our culture, *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* is the most popular reference book for preserving a public figure's oratory. Ronald Reagan was an extremely effective orator. Yet, readers searching for memorable quotations from Ronald Reagan's three decades of public life and eight years in the presidency will find in the new edition of *Bartlett's* just three, the same number as for Zachary Taylor and Gerald Ford. Moreover, all three are fatuous. Jimmy Carter is credited with six sonorities, George Bush with four, and there are twenty-eight attributed to both FDR and JFK, though President Kennedy died in his first term.

With *Bartlett's* preserving the oratory of Ronald Reagan, all his lines describing the momentous clash between Communism and the West will be forgotten. Researchers will have to look elsewhere for his 1981 prediction of Communism's demise as a "bizarre chapter in human history whose last pages are even now being written." Ordinary Americans might never encounter Reagan's later predictions of Communism's collapse, his brave justification of force on Normandy Beach in 1984, or his 1987 plea in Berlin: "Mr. Gorbachev, open this gate! Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall!" Forgotten, too, will be his many eloquent renderings of America's role in history and government's role in America. Nor will *Bartlett's* preserve Reagan's ability to summon his wit even with a bullet in his chest. "Honey, I forgot to duck."

Instead readers will find in the polluted pages of *Bartlett's* Ronald Reagan sounding like Harding or Coolidge. That is precisely how the *Kultursmog* is preserving him for partisan reasons. As the editor of *Bartlett's* baldly declared to the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, "I am a Democrat. I despise Ronald Reagan." These are the sentiments of a stupid man and a polluted source. ❐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy all your favorite columns – every week!

James Kilpatrick

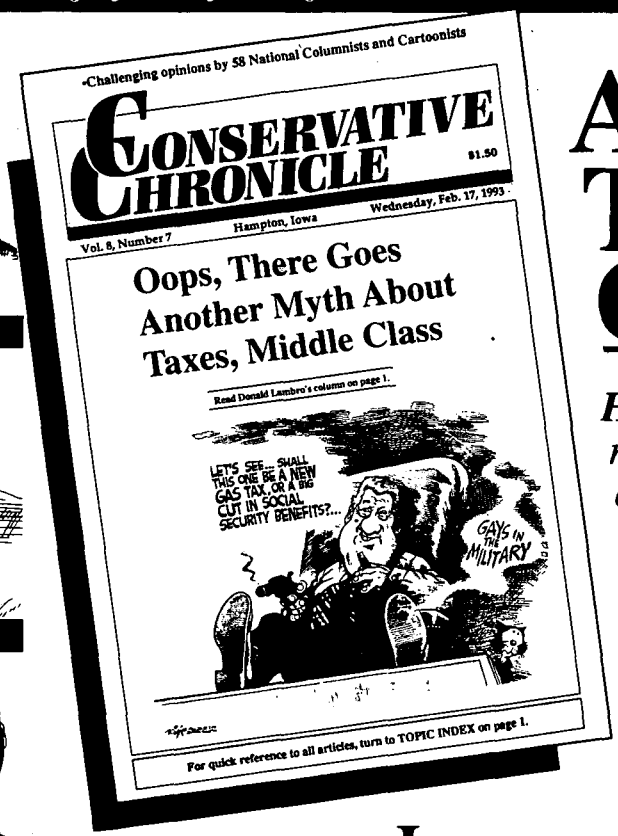
William Safire

William Buckley

George Will

Jeane Kirkpatrick

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.


Challenging opinions by 58 National Columnists and Cartoonists
CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE
$1.50
Vol. 8, Number 7
Hampton, Iowa
Wednesday, Feb. 17, 1993
Oops, There Goes Another Myth About Taxes, Middle Class
Read Donald Lambro's column on page 1.
LET'S SEE... SHALL THIS ONE BE A NEW GAS TAX, OR A BIG CUT IN SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS?...
GAYS IN THE MILITARY
For quick reference to all articles, turn to TOPIC INDEX on page 1.

At Last There is One Source

A Great Gift Idea!

How can you get *<u>all</u> of the nation's top conservative columnists and your favorite cartoonists every week?*

You could buy *over a dozen metro newspapers, <u>or</u> subscribe to the publication that has them all – the* ***Conservative Chronicle.***

If you want to know what <u>all</u> the nation's finest conservative minds are saying about the Middle East crisis, terrorism, the Supreme Court, defense spending, obscenity issues, educational reform and individual rights ... now there is **<u>one</u>** convenient source – the ***Conservative Chronicle***!

Every week, read the distinguished columnists shown plus Oliver North, Mona Charen, Thomas Sowell, Paul Harvey, Edward Grimsley, William Rusher, Suzanne Fields, Evans & Novak, Andy Seamans, Walter Williams, Charley Reese – more than **28** nationally-respected columnists and **26** cartoonists with conservative appeal.

And it's all in an easy-to-handle format! You'll also enjoy the wit and humor of the ***Conservative Chronicle's*** featured cartoonists, including Jeff McNelly, Dick Wright, Steve Kelly, Mike Shelton, Jerry Barnett, Bill DeOre and Henry Payne.

All 52 issues are yours for only $39.00! Cancel at any time – for any reason – and get a full refund on unmailed copies. Get the complete story. Don't miss this great line-up of conservative thinkers. Call **toll-free 1-800-888-3039** or mail our coupon and take advantage of this exceptional value!

Conservative Chronicle

Box 11297-AS, Des Moines, IA 50340-1297

Yes, *I accept your subscription offer of 1 year (52 issues) for $39.00 (add $25.00 for foreign postage). I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.*

Payment: ☐ Check ☐ Bill me ☐ VISA ☐ MC

Card # _____ Exp. date _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dole Drums

by Tom Bethell

It was a little unusual to receive a phone call from Senator Bob Dole's office. Invitation to a breakfast meeting at his office in the Capitol Building, room S230. Hmmm, what could that be all about? I set my alarm.

You thread your way through metal detectors on Capitol Hill these days and, if the hour is early, announce your precise destination. The guard picked up a phone. "Does Dole have a breakfast?" (Guardedly.) It reminded me of flying El Al. But eventually I was admitted, and I began to meet other journalists. Mostly conservative, they were milling about beneath the mosaics, marble busts, and oil paintings. Then Bob Dole appeared and he commenced his familiar raucous badinage, pencil gripped in right hand, handshake with left (soft, unlike voice). In a few months he will be 70, but he looked remarkably fit and even happy, as several people commented. One of those present said later that the breakfast may not have been unrelated to a possible 1996 presidential run by Dole. What cynics journalists are!

Shortly before 8:30 we were shown into an inner office, large enough for four circular tables set for breakfast. At the end of the room was a desk with papers piled on it—a "working desk" (presumably Dole's). Several other senators began to appear: Gramm of Texas; both Simpson and Wallop of Wyoming; Domenici of New Mexico, and Nickles of Oklahoma. Packwood of Oregon arrived looking a little wan and hollowed out. One could not help feeling sorry for the man—chased about wherever he goes by these organized packs of feminists.

There were place cards at the table settings, which was a little unexpected. Tom Wolfe would have noticed the cutlery, but I'm afraid I didn't. I was seated next to Senator Simpson, my old friend. He was very quiet and placid—dutifully present and correct, I sensed. Dole obviously had asked these senators to come. I asked Simpson if he has to go to many of these events. He said he tells his staff and schedulers that if he drops dead, they're all out of a job. When I mentioned the metal detectors on the way in he said the guards pick up several guns a week from people coming into the building (but from law-abiding citizens, he stressed). There was no cooked breakfast; cereal, fruit juice, bowls of strawberries and sliced bananas. Simpson opened his cereal package American-style—plunging a knife into its heart and spilling out the contents. Again, he drank water. He said he drank enough coffee in the army to last him a lifetime. Robert Novak leaned over and asked him what was going on in Wyoming.

Bob Dole stood up and named the senators who would be speaking to us. Topic: the administration's budget package and the Republican response. I was trying to hold off using that word, budget, because people won't read about it, and probably you don't want to either. That's why I gave you bananas and strawberries first—the way the Clinton plan gave Democrats a "stimulus package" (more government spending) before they have to vote on tax increases.

There are issues that the people broadly understand, and those they don't. Gays in the military was and remains dangerous for President Clinton, because people understand it. The federal budget, on the other hand, is very elusive. To most Americans, a budget is the limited amount that you have to spend for a specific purpose. In Washington, the budget is an obscure spending total that expands every year, without political resistance. "The deficit" is the difference between two unspecified numbers and hardly anyone knows what it is. In all the thousands of newspaper stories about "the deficit" in recent months, I have not seen one that mentioned the actual outlay and revenue totals for the most recent (or any other) fiscal year. In the first two months of the Clinton administration, I am prepared to assert, no such numbers appeared in any "budget deficit" story in the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, or the *Washington Post*.

"Deficit reduction" is a phrase that reliably hoodwinks the public, which is why it is so popular in Washington. It seems to promise less government in the future. In fact, it means billing taxpayers for money already spent: tax increases.

One wonders if Ross Perot knows what's going on. Has he been taken in by rhetoric that dresses up the expansion of federal power in the language of thrift ("deficit cuts")? Or is he hoodwinking his own followers who think that "deficit cuts" are spending cuts, not tax increases? Hard to say. But one thing is certain: if Perot started to demand spending cuts and rejected tax increases, the news media would stop giving him a free ride. And he probably has figured that out.

But the people generally do not understand what's going on when schemes to expand government have been deliberately, consciously, and misleadingly represented as "reductions." Clinton undoubtedly knows the American people don't understand it, and the other senators in the room knew it. Dole was right to dismiss the polls taken shortly after Clinton's speech to Congress, allegedly showing that two-thirds of the voters approved the economic plan. As Dole said, people reacted as though they had been asked whether Clinton had given a good speech.

"A lot of people don't want to know

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

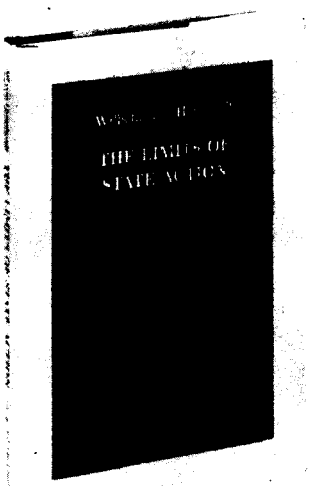
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Modern editions of classic works for today's readers.

THE LIMITS OF STATE ACTION

NEW

By Wilhelm von Humboldt
Edited by J. W. Burrow



Nearly two hundred years after its origination, ***The Limits of State Action*** *remains an unsurpassed statement of the case for classical liberalism.*
—Hillel Steiner, University of Manchester

Written in 1792 by "Germany's greatest philosopher of freedom," as F. A. Hayek called him, this clear and direct discussion of freedom and individual responsibility argues against state promotion of citizen welfare and state interference with private acts.

162 + lxii pages. Editor's introduction, select bibliography, index.

Hardcover	$25.00	0-86597-108-0
Paperback	$ 7.50	0-86597-109-9

ALSO AVAILABLE

THE PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS

In Two Volumes
By Herbert Spencer
Introduction by Tibor R. Machan

"The study of Spencer's ethics can shed needed light on some of the intricacies of what is demonstrably the best perspective on the ethical and political aspects of human life, namely the morality of rational self-interest and the politics of the free society." —Tibor Machan, in his Introduction

Hardcover	$35.00 the set	0-913966-33-9
Paperback	$15.00 the set	0-913966-34-7

UNION AND LIBERTY: THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN C. CALHOUN

Edited by Ross M. Lence

"This volume is most welcome. At long last the complete texts of Calhoun's *Discourse* and *Disquisition*, along with his major addresses, are readily available for students of American political thought." —George W. Carey, Georgetown University

Hardcover	$35.00	0-86597-102-1
Paperback	$ 9.50	0-86597-103-X

Please send me the following titles:

☐ Enclosed is my check.
☐ Please send me a catalogue.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Quantity	Title	HC/PB	Amount
		Subtotal	
		Indiana residents add 5% sales tax	
		Total	

To order by phone, call 800-955-8335; fax 317-577-9067. Prepayment by check, VISA, or MasterCard is required on all orders not for resale. We pay book rate postage on orders prepaid by check. Please allow approximately four weeks for delivery.

LIBERTY FUND

8335 Allison Pointe Trail, Dept. Q318, Indianapolis, IN 46250-1687

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the details," Senator Gramm told me. "People went through this period of denial after Clinton was elected, and now there's this feeling, let's give him a chance and don't confuse me with the facts."

The Republican leadership was frustrated over its inability to "get its message across." That was where we journalists came in, then. The big newspapers and magazines are staffed by people who believe in unlimited government, so they will not be raising any objections; and no peep of criticism will be heard from our government-licensed, government-friendly TV networks. That left us—a motley crew munching our cornflakes one Thursday morning, along with half a dozen senators. At the table behind me I could hear that familiar rasping senatorial voice. Which voice? You know it, I know it, the American people know it.

I found myself thinking that Republicans could get their message across—if they had one. But, as one of the better known journalists present told me, they have lost all credibility on economic issues. For a dozen years they wanted to be team players; wanted to increase spending; wanted to reduce the deficit; wanted to be loved; wanted to help businessmen; wanted to be part of the process; wanted to support the president. Now they are in the minority across the board and the new president can afford to ignore them.

It's hard to believe, but after twelve years the GOP found itself completely outmaneuvered by Democrats whose policy positions were generally not popular with the voters. As a result, the Republicans have now been forced into opposition, whether they like it or not (and many of them don't; they would rather go on being team players). The Republicans are now making legitimate complaints, of course. This year, for example, the House and Senate voted on budget resolutions before Clinton's Office of Management and Budget had even submitted a budget to Congress. And this is the administration that promises no more smoke and mirrors. But how many Americans understand these things? Or could care less?

What about spending cuts? Pete Domenici, ranking member of the Budget Committee, told us that in the years ahead all of the spending cuts will be coming from Defense. All of them. I dutifully scribbled his numbers into my notebook, knowing as I did so that my voice would make no difference. Then there's the $16 billion "stimulus package"—more spending on welfare programs and the like. What a farce this is. According to Keynesian economic theory, deficit spending *is* stimulative. If it's true that a big deficit is dangerous to economic health, then calling for a little bit *more* spending is like prescribing a couple of aspirin for a patient who has swallowed a bottle of aspirin. What this hunger for economic "stimulus" suggests is that Democrats (and liberals in general) never did think of deficit spending as doing any harm. But they realized that Republicans, perennially beset by deficit anxiety, probably could (with the aid of a little propaganda) be persuaded to support tax increases, thereby breaking their most conspicuous campaign promise. If so, it worked like a charm.

Phil Gramm, who is on the Budget Committee, pointed out that domestic spending "cuts" in the Clinton plan are purely notional. They take the form of assumed "savings" in future years, all the way out to 1998, when with any luck Clinton will no longer be in office. ("He won't be," Gramm said later.)

"The problem is that there is no enforcement mechanism in 1995-1998 for the spending control measures to be implemented," Gramm said. One Congress cannot bind the next. In 1995 the "cuts"—by then not even implemented—will be quietly restored by the Budget and Appropriations Committees, and hardly anyone in the country will be aware of what has happened. By that time, however, the tax increases will no doubt have been locked in place.

It's not certain yet that Clinton's tax-increase package will pass. At least, those at the breakfast seemed to think that the energy tax can be defeated in the Senate. We heard from Malcolm Wallop, who mentioned in passing that the energy tax was "mostly drafted" by Katie McGinty, "who wrote Al Gore's book." When Clinton and Gore had lunch with Republicans on Capitol Hill recently, Wallop told me, he asked Clinton a question about the energy tax and it was wholly answered by Gore (for whom McGinty still works). The tax won't protect the environment, as it is supposed to, Wallop said, because it was structured in such a way as to "take care of Robert Byrd's high-sulphur, high-ash West Virginia coal." And hydropower was taxed heavily, "in order to prevent the Pacific Northwest from becoming the region of choice." So it's politics as usual beneath a veneer of environmentalism.

The energy tax will hurt farmers, transportation in general and airlines in particular, Wallop concluded. "It can be beaten and must be beaten. That is the principal goal of Republicans." Incidentally, officers of General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler have offered to support the tax in exchange for fixed limits to Japan's share of the U.S. automobile market.

Bob Packwood took the floor and pointed out that with the 11-9 party split on the Senate Finance Committee, Republicans only have to win over one Democrat to stop a particular tax. Republican senators would oppose the energy tax unanimously, he said, but in response to a question from Robert Novak, Packwood conceded that a handful of Republicans will be willing to vote for the increased tax rate on upper income taxpayers.

The irony is that if the Republicans do succeed in blocking new taxes, or some of them, Clinton may be the unexpected beneficiary. New taxes are harmful to economic growth, and the massive tax increase that Clinton really does seem to want—revealing the ideological bias that he managed to conceal in the 1992 campaign—is likely to stall the economic recovery, ensuring that he is a one-term president.

Jeffrey Bell, president of Lehrman Bell Mueller Cannon, a market forecasting firm, told me later that he doesn't think the tax increases will stop the recovery, but pointed out that the Clinton plan is the mirror image of Reagan's. In 1981 we had tight money and prospective tax cuts. Today we have monetary ease in the pipeline and prospective tax increases. This year and perhaps next there will be strong growth, but Bell foresees slowly rising inflation and a recession late in Clinton's term. "Late term recessions have defeated three out of the last four presidents," he said.

One or two of the senators left early, but by 9:30 sharp the breakfast came to an end, and at that point everyone rushed off to important engagements. Another day, another . . . what? Five billion dollars to spend? ❐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do Intelligent People Worry About Hell?

Mark Twain said he didn't believe in Hell but was afraid he'd go there. Isn't that a problem with atheism and all those godless "isms" — Freudianism, hedonism, Marxism, etc. — that have fascinated apparently intelligent people? You just can't be sure there isn't a God, a Judgment, a Devil, and a Hell.

But isn't all that Heaven-and-Hell stuff a crutch for wimps and neurotics, an insult to one's intelligence?

Actually, there's a revival of interest in religion going on among the intelligentsia. And why not? Intellectuals have bought into every panacea and quack remedy to come down the pike, and are running out of substitutes for the Real Thing. Ostensibly bright people have pooh-poohed Hell, liberated themselves from morality, turned themselves into pooh-bahs, and created a Hell on earth for everyone else. Perhaps it's true that the Devil's cleverest wile is to convince us he doesn't exist.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with the Ultimate Questions. Among other things, we scrutinize the religious dimensions of the great events and issues of the past and present, and probe the wisdom offered not only by the Bible and Church fathers, but also by such giants as St. Francis, Aquinas, Kierkegaard, Newman, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Barth, Niebuhr, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Waugh, Chesterton, Hopkins, Dawson, Silone, Maritain, Mauriac, Bernanos, Solzhenitsyn, Muggeridge, Schumacher, von Balthasar, de Lubac, Thomas More, Dorothy Day, Flannery O'Connor, Mother Teresa, Archbishop Romero, and Pope John Paul II. Not to mention Dante and C.S. Lewis.

An ecumenical monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by George Will as "splendid," by *Newsweek* as "cheeky" (it takes cheek to mention Hell!), by *National Review* as "first-rate," by *Library Journal* as "brilliant," by the eminent evangelical theologian Carl F.H. Henry as "exceedingly well done," and by Christopher Derrick, England's foremost Catholic apologist and a pupil and long-time friend of C.S. Lewis, as "by far the best Catholic magazine in the English-speaking world." Frankly, we're "influential," to quote the *Los Angeles Times*.

We publish Protestants, Catholics, Anglicans, Eastern Orthodox, Jews, and an occasional nonbeliever. Writers who've appeared in our pages include such diversely penetrating intellects as Walker Percy, Robert Bellah, Christopher Lasch, Thomas Molnar, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Daniel Bell, L. Brent Bozell, Robert Coles, John Lukacs, Richard Mouw, Avery Dulles, Sheldon Vanauken, Peter Kreeft, and John Warwick Montgomery. We cover a wide range of issues, including the quest for a more just and humane world, but refuse to subordinate the faith to political ideology.

Whether or not you're Catholic, if you're too smart to dismiss old Screwtape and the Lowerarchy, give us a try!

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription. . . . . .$14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription . . . . . .$12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription . . . . .$23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription . . . . US$17 (regularly $22) Payment must be drawn in US Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. $3.50

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 617
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Health-Care Crisis?

America's medical care is second to none—and available to all.

by Fred Barnes

Bill and Hillary Clinton have contributed heavily to a national myth. Mrs. Clinton, as boss of the administration task force plotting to overhaul America's health-care system, refers routinely to "the health-care crisis." Her husband uses the same phrase ("Our government will never again be fully solvent until we tackle the health-care crisis," Clinton declared in his State of the Union address on February 17). And he goes one step further. "A lot of Americans don't have health insurance," he told a group of schoolkids February 20 during a nationally televised children's town meeting at the White House. "You know that, don't you? A lot of Americans don't have health care."

The press also trumpets the crisis theme. *Parade*, the popular Sunday supplement, emblazoned its February 28 cover with this headline: "THE GROWING CRISIS IN HEALTH CARE." The result is that the American people, despite their personal experience, now believe there actually is a health-care crisis. Most opinion polls show roughly three-quarters of Americans are satisfied with the availability and quality of the health care they receive. Yet, in most polls, 60 to 70 percent feel the health-care system is failing and needs significant, if not radical, reform.

There is no health-care crisis. It's a myth. If millions of seriously ill Americans were being denied medical care, that *would* be a crisis. But that's not happening. Everyone gets health care in this country—the poor, the uninsured, everyone. No, our health-care system isn't perfect. There isn't enough primary care—regular doctor's visits—for many Americans. Emergency rooms are often swamped. The way hospitals and doctors are financed is sometimes bizarre. Health care may (or may not) be too costly. But it's the best health care system in the world—not arguably the

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

best, but the best. Its shortcomings can be remedied by tinkering, or at least by less-than-comprehensive changes. An overhaul of the sort Hillary Clinton envisions is not only unnecessary, it's certain to reduce, not expand, the amount of health care Americans receive (price controls always lead to less of the controlled commodity). Then we really will have a health-care crisis.

You don't have to take my word that there's no crisis now and that health care here is the world's best. There's solid evidence. Let's examine four key aspects of the health care debate: access, false measures of quality health care, true measures, and how America's system compares with those of other industrialized democracies (Canada, Germany, Japan, Great Britain).

Access

Will someone please tell Bill Clinton that having no health insurance is not the same as having no health care? The uninsured get health care, only less of it than the insured. Being uninsured means "one is more likely to use emergency-room care and less likely to use office, clinic, or regular inpatient care," said Richard Darman, President Bush's budget director, in congressional testimony in 1991. "This is not to suggest that this is desirable. It is not." But it *is* high-quality health care.

An overhaul of the sort Hillary Clinton envisions is not only unnecessary, it's certain to reduce, not expand, the amount of health care Americans receive. Then we really will have a health-care crisis.

Doctors in emergency rooms are specialists. In fact, they have a professional organization, the American College of Emergency Physicians. Its motto is: "Our specialty is devoted to treating everyone in need, no questions asked." Turning away patients isn't an option. Federal law (section 9121 of the Consolidated Omnibus Budget Reconciliation Act of 1985) requires medical screening of everyone requesting care at a hospital emergency room. If treatment is needed, it must be provided. What this adds up to is "universal access" to health care in America, as one head of a hospital board told me.

It's no secret how much health care the uninsured get. The American Hospital Association estimated in 1991 that hospitals provide $10 billion in uncompensated care annually. Another study found that the 16.6 percent of the non-elderly population who are uninsured—36.3 million people—accounted for 11 percent of the nation's personal health-care expenditures in 1988. They had 37 percent fewer sessions with doctors and 69 percent fewer days in the hospital. There's a reason the uninsured get less health care, beyond the fact most work in low-paying jobs without health insurance. The uninsured tend to be young, thus healthy. According to a new poll by Frederick/Schneiders, 39 percent are 18-29 years of age and another 25 percent are 30-39. By the way, the elderly (65 and up), who require more medical care, are covered. Ninety-nine percent are eligible for Medicare.

To make sure we really have universal access, I checked on how victims of the most recent epidemic, AIDS, are treated. These are the folks doctors are supposed to be leery of dealing with.

What if a penniless AIDS patient shows up at, say, the Whitman-Walker Clinic in Washington, D.C.? That patient, even if indigent, gets treatment. When the time comes (T-cell count below 500), the patient is started on AZT, which costs about $5,000 a year. Later, the patient gets expensive, experimental drugs: DDI, DDC, D-4T. The drugs are paid for mostly by federal funds. There's also doctor care, painkillers, laboratory work. To prevent infections or complications, the patient is treated with prophylaxis.

A friend of mine volunteered to help an indigent, bedridden AIDS patient. He was amazed at the level of care. "It was an endless supply of extremely sophisticated drugs, an elaborate IV system [to feed the patient], and eventually a five-day-a-week home help nurse," my friend said. "Sometimes we had so much medicine, we had to throw it away. There was never a sense we'd be left in the lurch." The patient had no insurance. He lived with a boyfriend, but the boyfriend was not required to pay for any of the care. The federal and city governments—the taxpayers—footed the bill. The American Medical Association says "lifetime medical care" for a single AIDS patient costs $102,000.

False Tests

Judging by the two most common measures of health, life expectancy at birth and the infant mortality rate, health care in the United States is not the best or even among the best. In 1990, life expectancy in America was 72 years for males, 78.8 for women. This put the U.S. behind Canada, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, and Great Britain, among others. On infant mortality, the U.S. fared still worse, ranking nineteenth in 1989 with a rate of 9.7. (The infant mortality rate is the number of deaths of children under one year of age, divided by the number of births in a given year, multiplied by 1,000.) Finland, Spain, Ireland, East Germany, and Italy finished higher.

What's wrong with these measures? Just this: they're a reflection of health, not the health-care system. Life expectancy is determined by much more than the quality of a nation's health care. Social factors affect life expectancy, and this is where the U.S. runs into trouble. "Exacerbated social problems . . . adversely affect U.S. health outcomes," noted three Department of Health and Human Services officials in the fall 1992 issue of *Health Care Financing*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Review. "The 20,000 annual U.S. homicides result in per capita homicide rates 10 times those of Great Britain and 4 times those of Canada. There are 100 assaults reported by U.S. emergency rooms for every homicide. About 25 percent of spinal cord injuries result from assaults." And so on. The incidence of AIDS is even more telling. Through June 1992, there were 230,179 reported AIDS cases here, two-thirds of whom have died. Japan, where life expectancy is four years longer for men than in the U.S. and three years longer for women, has had fewer than 300 AIDS cases. Once social factors have played out, the U.S. ranks at the top in life expectancy. At age 80, when most people are highly dependent on the health-care system, Americans have the longest life expectancy (7.1 years for men, 9.0 for women) in the world.

The infant mortality rate (IMR) is also "reflective of health and socioeconomic status and not just health care," wrote four Urban Institute scholars in the summer 1992 issue of *Health Care Financing Review*. And there are measurement problems. Many countries make no effort to save very-low-birth-weight infants. They aren't recorded as "live born" and aren't counted in infant mortality statistics. In contrast, American hospitals make heroic efforts in neonatal intensive care, saving some infants, losing others, and driving up the IMR. "The more resources a country's health-care system places on saving high-risk newborns, the more likely its registration will report a higher IMR," according to the Urban Institute scholars.

Social factors probably have a bigger impact. A poverty rate twice Canada's and Germany's, a rash of drug-exposed babies, a high incidence of unmarried teenage pregnancy—all lead to low-birth-weight infants and affect the IMR. "Infant mortality rates of babies born to unmarried mothers are about two times higher than the rates of babies born to married mothers," the scholars write. The point is not that America's high IMR is excusable, but that it's grown to abnormal levels in large part because of factors unrelated to the quality of health care.

Not only that. The entire medical system bears the brunt of social and behavioral problems that are far worse in the U.S. than in other industrialized democracies. "We have a large number of people who indulge in high-risk behavior," says Leroy L. Schwartz, M.D., of Health Policy International, a non-profit research group in Princeton, New Jersey. Behavioral problems become health problems: AIDS, drug abuse, assaults and violence, sexually transmitted diseases, etc. "The problem is not the health-care system," says Dr. Schwartz. "The problem is the people. Every year the pool of pathology in this country is getting bigger and bigger. We think we can take care of everything by calling it a health problem." But we can't.

Real Tests

While primary and preventive care are important, the best measure of a health-care system is how well it treats the seriously ill. What if you've got an enlarged prostate? Your chances of survival are better if you're treated here. The U.S. death rate from prostate trouble is one-seventh the rate in Sweden, one-fourth that in Great Britain, one-third that in Germany. Sweden, Great Britain, and Germany may have higher incidences of prostate illness, but not high enough to account for the wide disparity in death rates.

An ulcer of the stomach or intestine? The death rate per 100,000 persons is 2.7 in the U.S., compared to 2.8 in the Netherlands, 3.1 in Canada, 4.9 in Germany, 7.6 in Sweden, and 8 in Great Britain. A hernia or intestinal obstruction? The American death rate is 1.7. It's 2 in Canada, 2.7 in Germany, 3 in the Netherlands, 3.1 in Great Britain, and 3.2 in Sweden. Can these be attributed solely to varying incidences of ulcers and obstructions? Nope.

I could go on, and I will. The overall death rate from cancer is slightly higher in America than in Sweden or Germany, but lower than in Canada, the Netherlands, and Great Britain. But for specific cancers, the U.S. has the lowest death rate: stomach cancer, cervical cancer, uterine cancer. Only Sweden has a lower death rate from breast cancer. The U.S. also has the second lowest death rate from heart attack. No matter what the disease—epilepsy, hypertension, stroke, bronchitis—the U.S. compares well. For a country with a heterogeneous population and large pockets of pathology, this is remarkable. Life expectancy for American males at 65 is 14.7 years, only a tad less than Canada (15), Sweden (14.9), and Switzerland (14.9), more homogeneous countries with fewer social problems. (I'm grateful to Dr. Schwartz for all these figures.)

Another measure that's important is the proliferation of new technology. "Major medical technology has had a profound impact on modern medicine and promises even greater impact in the future," wrote Dale A. Rublee, an expert in cross-national health policy comparisons for the AMA's Center for Health Policy Research, in *Health Affairs*. He compared the availability of six technologies—open-heart surgery, cardiac catheterization, organ transplantation, radiation therapy, extracorporeal shock wave lithotripsy, and magnetic resonance imaging—in the U.S., Canada, and Germany in 1987. "Canada and Germany were selected because their overall health-care resources are fairly comparable to the United States," Rublee wrote. The U.S. came out ahead in every category, way ahead in several. In MRI's, the U.S. had 3.69 per one million people, Germany 0.94, Canada 0.46. For open-heart surgery, the U.S. had 3.26, Canada 1.23, Germany 0.74. For radiation therapy, the U.S. had 3.97, Germany 3.13, Canada 0.54. Small wonder that, as Rublee put it, "American physicians, with a universe of modern technology at their fingertips, are the envy of the world's physicians."

Rival Systems

Canadian politicians get special health care privileges, moving to the head of waiting lists or getting treatment at the elite National Defence Medical Centre. But that wasn't sufficient for Robert Bourassa, the premier of Quebec. He came to the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, for diagnosis, then returned to the U.S. for surgery, all at his own expense.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Canadian health-care system has many nice attributes, but speedy treatment isn't one of them. Ian R. Munro, M.D., a Canadian doctor who emigrated to the U.S., wrote in *Reader's Digest* last September of a young boy in Canada who needed open-heart surgery to free the blood flow to his lungs. He was put on a waiting list. He got a surgery date only after news reports embarrassed health officials. After waiting two months, he died four hours before surgery. This was an extreme case, but waiting is common in the Canadian system, in which the government pays all costs, including set fees for private doctors. A study by the Fraser Institute in 1992 found that 250,000 people are awaiting medical care at any given time. "It is not uncommon for patients to wait months or even years for treatments such as cataract operations, hip replacements, tonsillectomies, gallbladder surgery, hysterectomies, heart operations, and major oral surgery," according to Edmund F. Haislmaier, the Heritage Foundation's health-care expert. Canada has other problems: health costs are rising faster than in the U.S., hospital beds and surgical rooms are dwindling, and doctors are fleeing (8,263 were practicing in the U.S. in 1990).

Will someone please tell Bill Clinton that having no health insurance is not the same as having no health care?

The Japanese model isn't any better. When Louis Sullivan, M.D., President Bush's secretary of health and human services, visited Japan, he was surprised to find medical care matched that of the U.S.—the U.S. of the 1950s. Japan has universal access and emphasizes primary care at clinics, financed mostly through quasi-public insurance companies. The problem is price controls. "Providers seek to maximize their revenue by seeing more patients," wrote Naoki Ikegami, professor of health at Keio University in Tokyo. "This dilutes the services provided."

Patients receive assembly-line treatment. "In outpatient care, a clinic physician sees an average of 49 patients per day [and] 13 percent see more than 100," Ikegami said. For the elderly, a survey found, the average number of doctor's visits for a six-month period was 17.3 (3.6 here) and the length of visits was 12 minutes (30 in the U.S.). Like Canada's queues, this is an extraordinarily inefficient way to dispense care. Patients return repeatedly to get the same care that in the U.S. is given in a single visit.

Japanese doctors also prescribe and sell drugs. Not surprisingly, they sell plenty. Thirty percent of the country's health expenditures are for drugs (7 percent in the U.S.). In Japan, wrote Ikegami, "no real incentives exist to maintain quality." The one exception is specialists at Japan's teaching hospitals. To avoid queues, patients pay bribes of $1,000 to $3,000 to be admitted to a private room and treated by a senior specialist.

Germany also has strict fees for doctors, with predictable results. Annual doctor's visits per capita are 11.5 (5.3 here), a figure exceeded only by Japan (12.9). In other words, price controls are as inefficient in Germany as in Japan. Hospitals face perverse incentives, too. The government pays a fixed rate per day, regardless of the patient's illness or length of stay. So hospitals pad their billings by keeping patients for unnecessarily long recuperations, which compensates for the losses they incur taking care of critically ill patients.

Then there's Great Britain, home of the National Health Service. Officials take great pride in having reduced the number of patients waiting more than two years for medical attention. In 1986, the number was 90,000; in 1991, 50,000. In April 1992, it was down to 1,600. Sounds great, but there's a catch. The number of patients waiting six months or less grew by 10 percent. The overall drop in waiting lists was only three percent. And this was achieved, a survey by the National Association of Health Authorities and Trusts found, chiefly because of a 13 percent hike in NHS spending in 1991, not increased efficiency. The good news in Great Britain is that private insurance is allowed and 6.6 million Brits have it. Insurance firms encourage beneficiaries to have an operation or other treatment in a private hospital. Sure, the company pays, but it knows that once a patient has experienced care in a private hospital, he'll never go back to the socialized medicine of NHS. And he'll keep buying health insurance. Private hospitals, anxious to fill empty beds, have their own come-on. At Christmas, they offer discount prices for operations.

In truth, the U.S. has little but painful lessons to learn from the health-care experience of other countries. There's practically nothing to emulate. On the contrary, foreign health officials, Germans especially, now look at the incentives in the American medical system as a way to remedy problems in their health care systems. Hillary Clinton and health policy wonks should stop apologizing for our system.

They won't. The existence of a few health care problems, chiefly the lack of proper primary care for several million Americans, allows them to declare a crisis and go on wartime footing. Liberals love this. Hillary's task force meets in private, keeps the names of its members secret, obsesses over leaks, spurns the advice of outsiders (doctors, Republicans). The program that emerges is sure to dwarf the problem. If enacted, it will make the problem worse. This is a common phenomenon in Washington. Some people never learn.

In 1991, an American official addressed Russian health experts in Moscow. He bemoaned that many Americans get care at emergency rooms and occasionally wait six or eight hours. To the American's shock, the Russians erupted in laughter. In Russia, with twice as many doctors per capita as the U.S., a wait of six to eight hours represented unusually fast service. ❐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William McGurn

I Hear Asia Calling

The most populous and industrious part of the world can't face the future without American leadership. Is anyone in Washington listening?

As dawn creeps up on the main gate of Subic Bay Naval Station, 62-year-old Dominga do Lopo is already here waiting, chatting away with a group of friends. A hundred yards down the road, members of a Manila high-school marching band alight from their bus. Dozens of other townfolk, many in their Sunday best, are giving the street vendors brisk business despite the early hour.

They are all here to see a bit of history. Until recently, Subic was home to America's largest base in Asia. Today it looks like a ghost town. Vast expanses of parking lots once jammed with cars lie empty; roadsides are bereft of the usual Marines jogging by; the base McDonald's stands closed and shuttered. In a few short hours the last 500 or so American sailors and Marines will ship out on the USS *Belleau Wood*, ending an American military presence that began almost a century ago and a foreign presence that dates to Magellan. The Manila papers have been treating it as a day of emancipation.

Most of the Filipinos here, however, have more regret than pride. "I am feeling very lonely for the Americans," says Mrs. do Lopo, who spent years as a base worker. The others nod in agreement. Even after months of evacuation, people here just can't believe that the Americans are really going—this time with no promise to return.

The rest of Asia watched with similar anxiety. Although the pullout from Subic threatened no vital American commitments, Asians wonder whether the closing of America's premier base might soon prove a metaphor for a lessening commitment to the region. Not so, says Washington, but it's hard not to notice that the U.S. withdrawal from Subic and scaling down of American forces comes at a time when an increasingly belligerent Peking is shopping for all sorts of new military hardware, North Korea has opted out of the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, and the Japanese (whose defense budget is the third largest in the world) are talking about revoking, or at least modifying, their pacifist constitution.

Without doubt the disintegration of the USSR has lessened the security threat both to America and its allies in the region. But the shift in Moscow notwithstanding, America's vital interests in Asia have not so much diminished as changed. In sight today is a world characterized by open markets and international institutions such as the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade and the United Nations. From the Asian perspective, the benefits of an American-led Pacific order are obvious: a security umbrel-

William McGurn is a senior editor of the Far Eastern Economic Review.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

la that will allow the region's economic boom to continue and its fledgling political systems to mature naturally. Although the benefits to America are less direct—the shift from checking Soviet ambitions to guaranteeing the freedom of international commerce—they are no less compelling. As the Bush administration noted in a 1992 report to Congress, "U.S. interests in Asia, have been remarkably consistent over the past two centuries: commercial access to the region; freedom of navigation; and the prevention of the rise of any hegemonic power or coalition."

The pursuit of these interests, moreover, ranks among the least-appreciated success stories in history. The end of the Cold War in Asia entailed far more than the simple collapse of the Soviet Union; it meant too the transformation by American might, influence, and markets of almost the entire region. Although the debacle in Vietnam was a glaring exception, America's effort was not entirely in vain. Among other things, it brought home to Vietnam's neighbors the urgency of dealing with their own insurgencies to save themselves from the same fate. The prosperity and security that most of these peoples now enjoy was purchased in no small part by the sacrifices of the Vietnamese people who held out as long as they did, the Americans who fought for them, and especially the 55,000 U.S. soldiers who never made it home. If the other dominoes never fell it was largely because the long, drawn-out Vietnam war bought them time.

A little history suggests the magnitude of that achievement. At the beginning of the 1960s Asia was as unpromising a region as any: a belligerent Mao had brutally subdued Tibet and started shelling the Nationalist strongholds in Quemoy and Matsu; tiny Hong Kong had been flooded with a million refugees in less than a decade; an uneasy ceasefire held in Korea after a civil war that wrought incalculable physical destruction and left more than a million dead, a peace all the more unsteady for South Korea's habit of lurching from coup to coup; Malaysia was keeping Singapore at arm's distance because of fears the latter would prove a Communist Trojan Horse (old copies of the *Far Eastern Economic Review* refer to Singapore's "left-wing" leader, Lee Kuan Yew); General Ne Win had seized power in Burma and was about to take it from one of the richest nations in Asia to the poorest; and most of the rest of Southeast Asia was characterized by shaky dictatorships plagued by Communist insurgencies of various degrees of strength. America did not look to be on the winning side of history.

Today the picture has reversed itself. The three remaining Communist powers find themselves isolated and, with the exception of North Korea, begging for foreign capitalists to come in and exploit them. Even Mongolia has gone democratic, and the prosperity and reform of South Korea and Taiwan amply demonstrate the validity of the Reagan administration's judgment that putting markets before politics in the long run best serves both. With the exception of the Philippines—itself a laboratory for a failed liberal experiment in aid-generated development—the history of Asia over the last four decades has seen those closest to America (Taiwan, South Korea, Singapore, Hong Kong, Thailand) prosper while those most distant (Vietnam, North Korea, Burma, etc.) decayed. Although there are enough exceptions that we cannot draw a straight line from prosperity to democracy (Singapore, Hong Kong, Malaysia), the broad outlines are clear. All in all, the postwar history of Asia marks a triumph of American ideas, most eloquently confirmed on Tiananmen Square in 1989, when for five glorious weeks the Chinese people showed where they stood and raised a Statue of Liberty to show where they wanted to go.

Trade is a two-way street, and in helping to construct a more prosperous Asia, America has expanded rather than contracted its interests in an area that is home to more than three-fifths of the world's people.

But if Asia is no longer under military threat, its developing economies and infant systems of representative government remain vulnerable to pressures of history, geography, and culture. For most, the U.S. remains the largest market for exports. But trade is a two-way street, and in helping to construct a more prosperous Asia, America has expanded rather than contracted its interests in an area that is home to more than three-fifths of the world's people. When Ronald Reagan took office in 1981, trade with Western Europe about equalled trade with Asia. A decade later, two-way trade across the Pacific topped $310 billion, nearly a third larger than trade with Europe. America exports more to Japan than to Germany, France, and Italy combined; more to Indonesia than to all of Central and Eastern Europe; more to Singapore (population 2.8 million) than to Spain or Italy. One-third of the revenues from American companies that make up Standard and Poor's 500-stock index come from foreign sales.

Fortunately, one of the two things that unite Asia is an understanding that a dominant America is in its interest (the other is a distrust of Japan). Leaders in other parts of the world may secretly feel the same, but in Asia this desire is expressed publicly. Lee Kuan Yew, among the most consistent advocates for American supremacy, predicts that with the shift of trade to the Pacific the relationship between the U.S., Japan, and China will be to the twenty-first century what the U.S.-Europe-Russia relationship was to the twentieth. Opening Asian markets to American goods, he says, "is the quid pro quo for the stabilizing role we hope America will continue to provide over the next 20 years." →

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Echoes of support run across the Asian political spectrum. In Bangkok, Japanese Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa put forth proposals for a greater Japanese role in the region but again emphasized the American security guarantee without which any increased role for Japan would be impossible. The Association of Southeast Asian Nations likewise stressed the American component at its recent meeting of foreign ministers, which included the hitherto reluctant holdouts Indonesia and Malaysia. Even the leader of the Korean *opposition*, Kim Dae-Jung, emphasizes that "the continued security cooperation of the United States" is essential for South Korean stability. And Vietnam itself hints that normalization of relations might open the way for a U.S. return to Cam Ranh Bay.

The bedrock of all such arrangements is, of course, the U.S.-Japan relationship. Not only does the U.S. presence relieve Japan of worries for its own security, it reassures the rest of Asia about Japanese intentions. Indeed, even though China right now appears to be more intent on developing power projection capabilities and a blue-water navy—witness recent leaks that China has approached both Russia and Ukraine in search of an aircraft carrier—within the region both China and South Korea are far more worried about a Japanese buildup than the Koreans and Japanese are worried about the Chinese. Should Japan's security relationship with the U.S. falter, it would spread panic and uncertainty across the entire region and probably bring about a renewed arms race.

From the Asian perspective, the benefits of an American-led Pacific order are obvious: a security umbrella that will allow the region's economic boom to continue and its fledgling political systems to mature naturally.

There are myriad other threats, now minor, potentially major. Nuclear proliferation on the subcontinent remains a concern, and America's almost exclusive focus on Pakistan's nuclear program has had detrimental effects, not least for letting India completely off the hook. North Korea now rejects the non-proliferation treaties it has signed, and most of Kim Il-Sung's 1.5-million-man army is massed along the edge of the demilitarized zone that runs across the country. Clearly worried about China's military buildup, Taiwan has been beefing up its own military, not only with F-16s sold by the Bush administration last year but also with a contract for submarines from the Dutch. Cambodia remains a mess; the unwillingness of the United Nations to exclude the Khmer Rouge from a process it is actively subverting has unwittingly strengthened the one force in Cambodia the 1991 peace accord was meant to diminish.

The economic front, too, betrays its weak spots and potential flash points. For all their dynamism, Taiwan and Singapore remain heavily dependent upon a Japan that still appears to see the world as a Greater East-Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. Although the mainland will likely not resort to force to retake Taiwan, a simple blockade would do considerable damage to Taipei's economy, just as Peking's public bullying of Hong Kong has already sent the colony's stock market reeling. America's activity in the Gulf has not gone over well in Muslim countries such as Malaysia and Indonesia. China, Vietnam, Taiwan, Malaysia, Brunei, and the Philippines continue to lay claim to the Spratly Islands, rumored to have oil, and all save Brunei have backed up their claim with a military presence. In some quarters, the North American Free Trade Agreement is depicted as threatening Asia with a trade bloc along with the European Community, and Malaysia has responded by proposing an East Asia Economic Caucus that would exclude the U.S.

Noting these competing claims, Australian prime minister Paul Keating put it on the line. The Clinton administration, he said, "faces a quite fundamental decision on where and how it wishes to place itself in the emerging economic alignment of the Pacific." Keating too plumped for progress on opening some of Asia's closed markets but again stressed that the "where" and "how" of U.S. policy will determine whether there is expanded trade or simply "accumulat[ed] resentment and resistance."

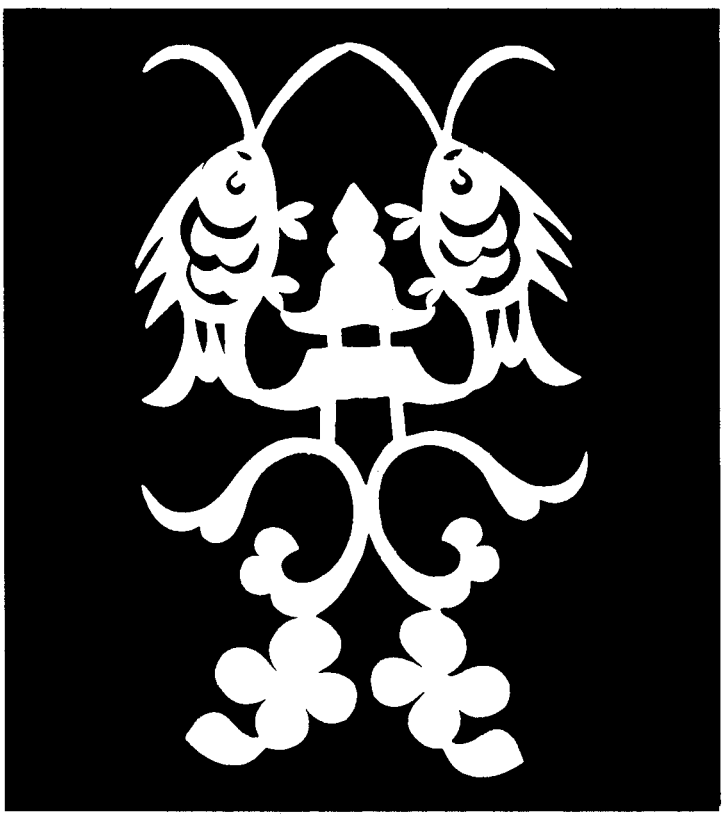
This where and how has begun to emerge, and it has done nothing to dispel Asian anxieties. Already the administration has slapped heavy anti-dumping duties on Japanese steel, Korean steel, and semiconductors; has commissioned the U.S. ambassador to Tokyo to announce that there will be no invitation for Prime Minister Miyazawa to come to Washington until Japan has some concrete trade concessions to make; has threatened to revive the Super 301 (to target specific countries for retaliation) and in general raised hope for a U.S. protectionist wish list that includes everything from capping the market share of Japanese cars and taxing oil imports to a $5-per-ton duty on foreign steel, whose proceeds would then be used to underwrite the health-care and other costs of mostly unionized domestic steelworkers. Clintonites such as John A. Rollwagon, deputy commerce secretary, enjoy speaking of trade in "war" metaphors, increasing the likelihood we will have one. Still to come is delivery on the president's campaign vow to tie trade with China to human rights. The ghost of Jimmy Carter haunts Asian capitals from Tokyo to Phnom Penh.

The temptation, ever American, is to confuse engagement with meddling; witness the White House effort to transform NAFTA from a free-trade association to the last frontier of its regulatory apparatus. The irony of a new world order is that America's strength depends on ensuring a minimal role, much the way the island of Britain man-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aged to preserve a reasonable sense of law and order over one-quarter of the land surface of the earth in the last century.

The two narrow areas where America might assert its leadership are those areas most important to American interests: trade and security, requiring in turn commitments to an open U.S. market and a strong navy. Regarding the latter, although there are any number of Asian flashpoints, the resolution of disputes—over, say, the Spratly Islands—would not necessarily demand American involvement. Of course, the hope of an American security commitment to Asia would be to prevent most of these conflicts from flaring up in the first place. But the basic outlines are pretty clear. It means keeping fears of Japan down by maintaining a strong presence in Japan and keeping Japan in the American web. It means too a commitment to South Korea as it faces the threat of a nuclear North. It means keeping sea lines of communication open. In the post-Subic, post–Cold War era, it means doing this with leaner, meaner forces with access to an increasing number of ports.



This is not to say that there are not areas where America might seek greater advantages or ways to ease the burden. In Korea, our 37,000 remaining troops are moving to a secondary rather than primary role, and by 1995 the Seoul government is expected to cover a third of the *won*-based costs. (Korea was the first country to respond to Desert Storm.) By 1995 Japan will be paying an estimated 73 percent of the costs of troops on its soil. Singapore, concerned about the withdrawal from Subic, allowed the U.S. to relocate a small staff of roughly 100 people there.

The other great pillar of U.S. interest is trade. Trade is Asia's lifeline, not only for the dragons such as Taiwan (America's sixth-largest trading partner) but for Japan as well, which depends on the U.S. alone for more than a quarter of all its exports. Right now this trade is threatened by a host of actions, from Japan's continued reluctance to open its markets, the rise of a Fortress Europe, and the not-unrelated failure to complete the latest round of GATT, to the aforementioned trade frictions with America and various Asian proposals to respond to the rise of a protectionist EC and exclusive NAFTA with a bloc of its own.

The American approach, under Presidents Bush and Reagan no less than Bill Clinton, has been to use a carrot and stick in granting foreign access to our markets. In this regard American negotiators like to have some protectionist chips of their own, to trade off their opposite numbers. In some areas, such as last year's up-to-the-last-minute browbeating of China on a list of items, the Section 301 club—threatening partners with a hit list of goods to be slapped with punitive sanctions—is said to have worked. Indeed it did. But it only has to fail once to be catastrophic.

The president's preference for the human-rights card is fraught with more peril. Nobody endorses child labor, slave labor, or dumping environmental waste, but those arguing to inject "human rights" into the trade debate want more than disapproval of these abuses. What they want is to force America to police violators overseas; where U.S. enforcement agencies cannot fulfill the policeman's role they wish to force American business into doing it. The immediate effect, of course, would be to taint all American businessmen as spies and make these countries less likely to permit Americans in or enter into joint ventures with us. As was the case in South Africa, the end result would be not so much a dent in these abuses as the substitution of, say, Japanese for American investment in these countries, with natural implications for American influence.

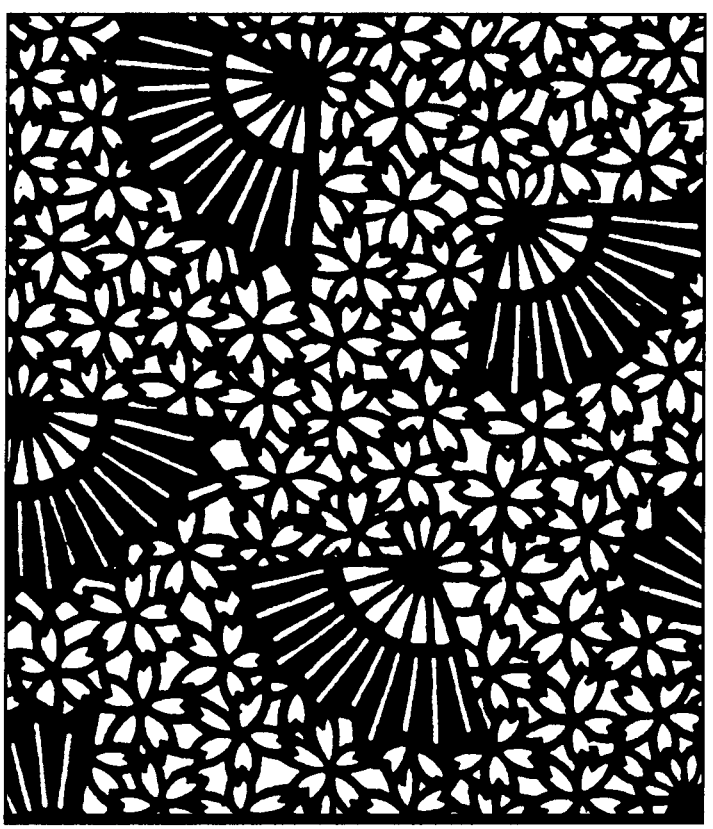
Still, American business ought not to cede the human rights issue. The natural evolution of trade is to create middle classes that agitate for (and can finally afford) these reforms themselves. Korea, Taiwan, and Hong Kong are today mostly over the horrible Third World abuses of labor and are busy tackling pollution. Even China's repression has been lessened by the decision to open its markets, which may come to be depicted in history books as the death knell for the Communist Party. By contrast, I cannot think of a single example of an undeveloped economy that successfully dealt with labor rights and the environment without first having opened up its markets. Surely it cannot have escaped notice that all of the remaining Communist states, with the exception of China, happen to be the same states upon which the U.S. has imposed a trade embargo: Cuba, Vietnam, North Korea.

The far better approach would be to adopt the nineteenth-century British position: unilateral free trade. Naturally, a number of American manufacturers, especially the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

auto industry, would scream. But American consumers would profit immensely, not to mention the producers who would benefit from the lower costs of imports. Certainly it would prove far more effective than the tedious, knock-down negotiations we have today, which usually result in making protectionism less transparent: moving from tariff to non-tariff barriers, stepped-up anti-dumping actions, "voluntary" export caps, etc. Hong Kong, for example, benefits immensely from unilateral free trade. The only practical argument against it is that Hong Kong can do so because it doesn't have large domestic industries demanding protection. But that only confirms whence the impetus for the status quo comes.

Although the Hong Kong Chinese—like the Swiss and Lichtensteiners—happily prosper from their own unilateral free trade policies, their small size reduces their impact on the world. As the world's largest economy, however, an America practicing unilateral free trade would exert almost irresistible pressures on the rest of the world to open up or be left behind themselves. Were this commitment expanded across the board, into services and farm goods, the GATT would instantly revive, catching up with free trade developments rather than vainly trying to cajole others into accepting them.



Trade agreements might serve as the thin end of the wedge to unfettered commerce. Bill Clinton has come out for NAFTA, but with so many conditions that they may rule out NAFTA's benefits. Moreover, NAFTA is not without its contradictions. The test of a trade agreement should be whether it is exclusive, and since NAFTA theoretically is open for membership it passes muster. But we hear no talk from Ron Brown, Laura Tyson, or Mickey Kantor about expanding NAFTA to, say, Eastern Europe or Taiwan. The best of all possible worlds is multilateral free trade where no one discriminates against anyone else. But the next best is a unilateral free-trader who seeks to enter into bilateral pacts with anyone who wishes, in the process surrounding would-be blocs with free trade and thereby raising the costs of their protectionism to prohibitive levels. In short, America must be strong, but modest.

The Pax Britannica struck that balance about right, and in guaranteeing world commerce ended the slave trade and brought unprecedented benefits to millions. Today the U.S. might reap much the same benefits without, however, the irritants of colonial occupation. Although this would imply greater real roles for our allies, even collective security operations (perhaps especially collective security operations) require undisputed leadership, and the quagmires in Yugoslavia and Cambodia ought to dispel once and for all the idea that institutions such as the U.N. can function absent this American leadership. Essentially this would be projected at maintaining sufficient respect for law to guarantee international trade. The alternative to shaping the world as we would like is to find it shaped for us, and probably not to our advantage.

The obstacles to such a role do not come from Asia. They are homegrown. As Singapore defense minister Yeo Ning Hong put it in a recent speech, "Ultimately, U.S. leaders must convince the American people that a weak U.S. presence in Asia and the Pacific is not in the national interest." This will be all the more difficult to do if, given the president's stated commitment to slash the defense budget by $60 billion, he finds he has become hostage to a budget-driven strategy rather than a strategy-driven budget. It will become impossible if he dilutes these limited resources even further by turning the new world order into a mandate for a supra-national nanny state.

Fortunately for Clinton, the ejection from our comfortable perch in Subic has freed us to begin the twenty-first century with arrangements based more on interest and less entangled by nostalgia. Of course, the price of such leadership is putting up with more or less constant criticism, some of it valid, much of it unfair, like the anti-American taunts from the Philippine elite that accompanied the final pullout from Subic.

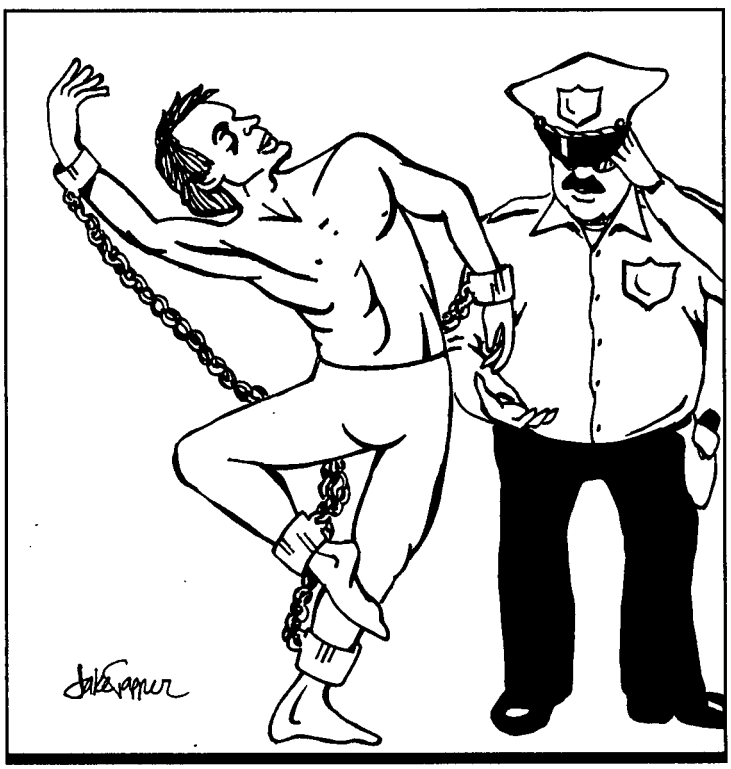
In fact, the lowering of the Stars and Stripes at Subic occasioned a remarkable outpouring of public regret. Although cynics would undoubtedly attribute it to the financial dependence of a base city upon American military dollars, the tear-streaked Filipinas in their floppy T-shirts who rushed up to embrace departing base commander Rear Adm. Thomas Mercer bespoke something more than pecuniary interest. America has always wanted the love of other nations, and perhaps it was our special tragedy to find in the Filipinos a people more than willing to provide it. ❐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richard W. Carlson

Nureyev-Fonteyn, RIP

A remembrance from the Summer of Love.



The first time I met Rudolf Nureyev and Margot Fonteyn they were hiding behind a chimney on a tenement roof in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. Nureyev was kneeling in the gravel facing the chimney, his body pressed against the bricks. Fonteyn was lying next to him wrapped in a full-length ermine coat. She was on her back and when I stared down at her she smiled broadly, and quite incongruously. Let me back up a half hour.

It was about 3 a.m., July 11, 1967. It was cool and foggy in San Francisco. I was sitting on a bench in the dingy squad room of Park Police Station on the rim of Haight-Ashbury. Lance Brisson and I had been filming a documentary on runaway teenagers. We had become partners after working together at the *L.A. Times* a few years before. We had teamed up in 1965 to make a documentary film on hoboes, shooting on trains, on skid rows, and in the hobo jungles remaining from the thirties. Now we were working full-time for ABC-TV.

We had just completed an awkward session with a man from Connecticut who had been reunited with his daughter. She was living in a crash pad with a dozen other pasty-faced kids and was not happy with being dragged home. She was nasty and sullen and made faces during the interview I did with her father. She'd been brought in by police because her father had put up a reward of $500 to anyone who found her. She was considered quite a prize among the underpaid Park Station police, who devoted considerable energy to finding her. She was away from her new friends and locked in a holding tank as quick as you could say Timothy Leary. Lance and I filmed the stilted reunion. At the time, I was too young to feel sorry for the father. I watched him bundle the kid off to a cab heading for the airport.

We were packing up and gossiping with a friendly young black patrolman named Artie Fobbs. He and his partner Bill Delaney had just brought in a prisoner and had booked him. The deskman answered a ringing phone nearby and yelled at Fobbs. "This is the third call about a loud party on Belvedere Street," he said. Would Fobbs and Delaney drive over and tell them to knock it off? They would.

Shortly after, as Lance and I drove towards downtown we heard Fobbs's voice over our police radio. He was at the Belvedere address. He sounded excited. He was calling for an ambulance. A woman had fallen from a fourth-floor balcony and was badly injured. →

Richard W. Carlson is president and chief executive officer of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A police car was parked in front of 42 Belvedere, a four-story wood frame apartment building with its front door open and lights in the upper windows. An ambulance came down the street behind us. Lance carried a hand-held newsreel camera and I carried a floodlight.

We found Art Fobbs on the back porch of the fourth-floor flat. He was looking down at a woman who was lying on her back in an alley moaning. Delaney was kneeling next to her. No one else seemed to be around. Fobbs said, "She ran right over the railing. I think her back is broken." (It was.)

"We could hear the music a block away when we drove up," Fobbs continued. "As I walked up the stairs, people were running through the apartment like a herd of buffalo, yelling and screaming. The last one was the girl who went over the rail. I think the rest climbed the back fence."

Lance and I wandered back in the apartment. It was typical of the time and place. A railroad, or shotgun flat. Victorian construction, semi-circular living room over the street, fireplace boarded for safety. Neo-hip decor: Indian bedspreads, and Country Joe and the Fish at Winterland posters for wallpaper. The place was a mess: clothes all over the place, beer cans, booze bottles. An 8mm projector was set up on a coffee table. A sheet was tacked in the doorway to the dining room as a screen. We flicked the movie on. I had seen it before. It was very old. It was called "Model T Hitchhiker." It featured a fellow and two women having sex in and around a Model-T Ford. The women were partly dressed, the man wore only his socks, his hat, and a moustache. Maybe you've seen it, too. It is a classic.

The herd was crushed together—seventeen of them in all, mostly behind the chimney. Some lying, some standing, some sitting on each other. Only one was female and lay on her back in a white ermine coat, her eyes closed tightly.

Was it guilt from watching this lewd but laughable old film that drove Fobbs's herd of buffalo from the apartment? Did they think their parents were coming home?

Doubtful. I could smell marijuana. Lance picked up a Marlboro hard pack on the table with the film. It was filled with a dozen "bombers," little fat marijuana cigarettes.

I held the light as Lance filmed the girl with the broken back being carried to the ambulance in a litter. Fobbs and his partner went back to lock up the flat, and Lance and I decided to leave.

"Excuse me," said a man in a bathrobe from the doorway of the house next door. "Will you tell those cops there's a herd of people on my roof?"

"Oh, *that* herd. Sure will."

We found Fobbs and Delaney in the apartment, rummaging around for more dope. The four of us trudged to the roof. Only about three feet separated us from the next roof, which had a small square structure and a large chimney in its middle. We jumped over and I shined the light. The herd was crushed together—seventeen of them in all, mostly behind the chimney. Some lying, some standing, some sitting on each other. Only one was female and she lay on her back in a white ermine coat, her eyes closed tightly. Everyone else seemed to be trying to look nonchalant as if there was a logical reason for this rooftop gathering at 3:30 a.m. in the damp fog. Charades? A fraternity meeting?

Artie Fobbs took charge, barking and giving orders like it was an everyday event. He told everyone to line up in single file, jump back across, and follow him down into the kitchen through which they had collectively thundered. A small man in a pea coat, tight white trousers and slippers was first in line. He had a face like a Tartar. Behind him was the woman. Fobbs hopped across and turned to the man. "You can do it," said Fobbs encouragingly. The Tartar was sandy-haired and arrogant looking. He sneered at Fobbs and sprang over the chasm like a gazelle. He turned on a toe in the gravel and extended his right arm, long slim fingers fluttering at the woman. She twined her fingers with his and gracefully leaped across, leaning into him as they waited for the others. I shined the light on the pair.

"Artie," I said. "I know who these people are. This is Nureyev and Fonteyn." I had seen their photo in that morning's *Chronicle*. They had opened the San Francisco ballet season the night before in *Paradise Lost*. They were the greatest dancers in the world. "The Reigning Monarchs" was a typical press description of them. Nureyev supposedly was the greatest male dancer since Nijinsky, or something like that. Artie Fobbs looked at me like I was speaking Polish. The Russian Defector and the British Dame might just as well have been two burglars from the Tenderloin.

Back in the apartment nobody was talking, though the place was small and now filled with people. Nureyev strutted back and forth in front of the cheesy kitchen sink piled high with dishes and trash and kept pinching his lips with thumb and forefinger when Fobbs asked him questions. Dame Margot just smiled, a broad glistening smile that seemed permanently affixed. Bits of roof detritus clung to the hairs of her white coat. At one point Delaney became irritated with her, demanding to know what she found so funny.

Nureyev intervened with his fingers clamped on his lips, standing close to Delaney and mocking him. Delaney's face was red, and a vein throbbed in his neck. Not knowing what else to do, Fobbs called for a paddy wagon and had everyone hauled to Park Station. We filmed the crowd as they packed into the old blue van. The other men seemed sub-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dued and worried, although there was a lot of nervous giggling. But Nureyev was ever commanding. He leaped to the step, gripped a long vertical handhold, curved his back into a deep arch, and leaned back waving to an imaginary crowd. Delaney ended the moment by pushing him into the van and slamming the door and padlocking it.

At the precinct station all seventeen lined up on a wooden bench as their fate was debated. The Sergeant had never heard of the two people Fobbs described as celebrities. He called the Lieutenant in from the field, and then they all called the Captain at home and woke him up. The problem clearly was Lance and me. Though nobody knew who these people were, it was evident *we* thought they were important, and hence they must *be* important. Important people mean trouble. Among the hairdressers and waiters sitting on the bench was another personage, of sorts, the Assistant Director of the Seattle Symphony.

The general feeling among the cops was that it would be a lot less hassle just to let everyone go, smart-alecky attitudes or not. For one thing the Mayor was a loudmouth, and was always throwing his weight around with the police. He wouldn't be happy if celebrities were arrested.

Lance and I entered the debate about this time. Our thesis was pretty simple: You guys are free to do what you want. Just because you arrest hippies everyday on a whole lot less evidence and send them to state prison is no reason you shouldn't let a couple of world-famous, rich people skate away free.

They put the Captain on the phone. "Why don't you be a good fellow and forget this whole thing," said El Capitán.

"Oh, I'm afraid we can't do that," I said.

"Are you going to run a story about this if we let them all go?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," I said.

Getting to the point, the Captain said, "Well, f--k 'em, tell Fobbs to book them all!" And so they did. Another lesson in my young life about how the world makes its important decisions.

After so many years, the reality of that night is reflected more in my notes of the time and in the memory of the film we shot. We used our old Auricon sound camera and a couple of things stand out in my mind.

The first is the guy from the Seattle Symphony. He is standing in front of a long booking desk. A sergeant is sitting behind with an old standard typewriter filling out forms and asking questions. Mr. Symphony is emptying his pockets as we film. He is placing their contents on the table and the Sergeant is describing them aloud as he logs them.

"One set of keys. One money clip. Sixteen dollars in bills, 35 cents in change. A pen knife. A marijuana cigarette. A marijuana cigarette? Is this yours?" says the Sergeant incredulously.

"Well, yes, it is," says the symphony person with a kind of sluggish honesty. →

You heard it here. First.

In 1991, when George Bush was the toast of the Western World, *The Capitalist's Companion* was explaining why he would have re-election troubles. When the health care stocks were hitting all-time highs in January, the *Companion* was explaining why the stocks would soon fall. And this spring, when Wall Street expected the technology stocks to rise forever, we were noting which stocks were vulnerable, and why.

We were right on all counts, even though at the time the consensus said that we were nuts.

We weren't nuts. We were thoughtfully ahead of the pack, and we made our readers money in the process.

That's our job. We give you political and financial insights that you won't get from your broker, or from the financial weeklies. We help keep you ahead of the crowd.

Give us a try. Dial the toll-free number (or clip the coupon) for a cancel-anytime trial subscription. If you do, you'll be getting unconventional political and investment thinking. And you'll be getting at the time when it will do you the most good: *early.*

1-800-966-6567

24 hours a day; 7 days a week

( ) I'd like a 5-issue trial for $19. TAS5
( ) I'd like a year (17 issues) for $120.
( ) Payment enclosed. ( ) Bill me.

Name _____
Company _____
Address _____
City _____ State ___ Zip ____

The Capitalist's Companion

JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND THE FINANCIAL MARKETS
175 Fifth Avenue Suite 2503 New York, N.Y. 10010

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Look, stupid," says the cop. "You're being booked for being in a place where dope was used. That's not that big a deal. How about turning off that camera for a minute?" he said to us.

We obliged.

"Listen you," he said with supreme contempt, "if you tell me this is your joint then I'm going to charge you with a serious felony. Do you get it? That's 'possession,' understand? Now let me ask you again. And think hard. Is this yours?" And he held up the brown bomber between thumb and forefinger about three inches from the balletomane's nose.

"Ah, no. I don't think it is," he said weakly.

"Lucky for you buster," said the Sergeant and threw it into a wastebasket.

When it came Nureyev's turn to be booked the dancer stood in front of the Sergeant smirking and tossing his shaggy blonde-red hair as he spelled his first name slowly and gave his age as 29. The Sergeant pecked out the answers with two fingers. The typewriter seemed as old as he was, and the scene went like this:

SERGEANT, *poised at the machine*: "Now Rudi, tell me your last name."

RN, *gathered to full height, speaking with a kind of aggressive femininity*: "Nureyev."

SERGEANT, *not typing*: "You want to spell that for me?"

RN: "Nurrr. Ayyy. Evvv."

SERGEANT: "I said spell it, buddy, don't just say it."

RN, *doing a slow pirouette*: "Ennn . . ."

SERGEANT, *typing*: N . . .

RN *(another slow pirouette the other direction)*: "Yuuu . . ."

The Tartar was sandy-haired and arrogant looking. He sneered at Fobbs and sprang over the chasm like a gazelle. He turned on a toe in the gravel and extended his right arm, long, slim fingers fluttering at the woman.

It went on like that. Later when I made a copy of the booking documents I noticed that the Sergeant had spelled it "Noureev" which is how it is listed in the records of the SFPD. Nureyev had told him his birth place was Ufa. (Capital of Bashkir, USSR.) The Sergeant had typed "Omaha."

As Nureyev walked back to his place on the bench he suddenly said to the Sergeant, "You know, if we were somewhere else you would have to pay a lot of money to see me." Lance snorted at that line and Nureyev popped a gum ball out of his mouth and winged it across the room at Lance. It missed and hit the wall.

The Sergeant had suffered through ten minutes of the spelling dance and was running short of patience. He leaped to his feet and snapped, "Listen, a--hole, you're not that big a name. I never heard of you. So knock it off or I'll lock you up right now." Nureyev looked insolent but he sat down and was silent.

Lance and I were nervous that we wouldn't be able to keep this story to ourselves, that the competition would move in on us. We knew we would have an exclusive as soon as the seventeen were brought downtown to the City Prison and locked up where the press couldn't get to them and where TV cameras weren't allowed. The one problem was the reporters on the police beat at the Hall of Justice. Usually they covered for each other so there was only one to worry about at a time. Also, they were often drunk and asleep. As luck would have it, "the one to worry about" called just a few minutes before the herd was to be loaded in the wagon for the run downtown. The police deskman called to me and Lance.

"It's Billy Wimbush from the *Chronicle*," he said, holding his hand over the phone. "He wants to know if anything is going on out here. What do I tell him?" Billy was a sad lush. He carried a pistol in his cowboy boots and was known to pull it out in the press room when he was in his cups, which was often. He wasn't popular with the cops and he wasn't popular with his confrères, like Lance and me.

"Tell Billy it couldn't be quieter," I said. "Tell him the most exciting thing that happened all night was a bunch of people got caught smoking dope and watching a dirty movie." The deskman told him that, then hung up.

"Billy laughed," he said, "He couldn't be less interested." Then he laughed, too.

Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolph Nureyev and their fifteen friends were bailed out about noon that day. The story made front pages everywhere. The *New York Times* headline said "Fonteyn and Nureyev Are Seized Fleeing Hippie Raid." Our film was in great demand. ABC went to the extraordinary length of feeding it live to London on the Early Bird Satellite, one of the first times news film had been transmitted that way. (Peter Jennings was the anchorman that night in New York. If you think he looks young now, picture him twenty-six years ago.) It was all quite a big deal.

That evening, the pair performed to a packed audience at the gilded Opera House. The critics said they were brilliant. I didn't go. I was happy to remember them leaping from roof to roof.

We did show up at the Opera House to see The Exit, however. The stories that day had brought reporters and camera crews and interested citizens from out of the woodwork. Hundreds were gathered along a roped-off red carpet that led from the side of the Opera House to a waiting limousine.

Lance and I stationed ourselves at the very end, near the car. This was not so easy. A half dozen hippies were crowded near the end of the carpet. Two were playing gui-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tars, and one fellow was reading a poem written on behalf of "Sgt. Sunshine," a San Francisco cop who had smoked a marijuana cigarette in front of reporters and cameras on the steps of the Hall of Justice. This gesture of solidarity with oppressed dope smokers had caused him to be now sitting in prison. The poet was shouting about a connection with this event and the day's travail for Nureyev and Fonteyn. I decided he was giving new meaning to the phrase "blank verse."

Tolerance was my middle name in those days, but I said, "You boys are going to have to move your act over *there*, to the side, because we are two newsreel madcaps who need this space right here."

I tried to state this reasonably but I couldn't seem to get the tone right. The poet and I ended up arguing and shouldering each other back and forth. He was a big guy, rather bison-like, with a great deal of hair. We were still shoving when the door at the other end of the rug opened. People cheered as Nureyev and Fonteyn came out of the building. She was wearing both her ermine coat and the dazzling smile. He was dressed all in white. They were each carrying an armful of red roses. As they came down the walk arm in arm towards us I saw a flicker in her eyes as she recognized us. The smile wavered for a moment and her lips formed a slight frown. She said something to Nureyev. He looked at me and smiled even more broadly.

Lance was trying to film. The poet was blocking him. I gave the poet a solid shove. Nureyev stopped in front of us. With a flourish, he bowed and as his head lowered his arm came up with the roses and he switched them back and forth like a whisk broom across my face. The petals were damp. I couldn't back up, my hip was against the car. People crushed in. Nureyev stopped and held the flowers out. The guys with the guitars were pushing. A woman next to me grabbed the bouquet and crushed it to her chest.

Nureyev and Fonteyn disappeared into the limousine. ❐

RIGHT SIDE Out™
THE OFFICIAL WEAR TO COME OUT RIGHT 1-800-377-4448
DECENT, HARDWORKING AMERICANS HAVE ALLOWED NOISY SPECIAL INTEREST GROUPS TO DROWN OUT COMMON SENSE. IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE.
RIGHT SIDE Out™ PRESENTS TOP QUALITY ACTIVEWEAR FOR CONSERVATIVES WHO WANT TO VOICE THEIR OPINIONS.
DON'T BE AFRAID TO SPEAK OUT, YOU'RE RIGHT!
Why be POLITICALLY CORRECT... When you can be RIGHT
Why Be P.C.
CLINTON'S AMERIKA
Clinton's Amerika
LARGE, FULL COLOR RIGHT SIDE Out LOGO APPEARS ON THE BACK OF EACH SHIRT
AIR FORCE ONE
Air Force One
munch munch munch
Munch!
Munch, Munch
ADDITIONAL DESIGNS AVAILABLE
All T- Shirts are Top Quality 100% Cotton. Avaliable in S,M,L,XL,XXL.
(Larger sizes are also avaliable upon request at extra charge.)
$16.95 ea.
To order
Call: 1-800-377-4448
RIGHT SIDE Out and THE OFFICIAL WEAR TO COME OUT RIGHT
are trademarks of Winner's Circle Graphics
1527 19th St. Suite 414, Bakersfield CA 93301

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David Brock

The Other Anita Hill

Introducing Angela Wright, the pugilistic bureaucrat whose flaky stories became the Thomas haters' last hope.

Anita Hill's inability to show a pattern of harassing behavior by Clarence Thomas was one of the many atypical aspects of her case. If Hill was telling the truth, Thomas had chosen to sexually harass her—and only her—among the dozens of women who had worked for him over the years. As columnist Stephen Chapman wrote in the *Chicago Tribune* at the time of the hearings: ". . . to believe Hill, we have to believe that someone who had been the soul of probity suddenly, on her arrival, became a sexual thug—and then, the moment she left, wholly reverted to his saintly self, never to transgress again."

The heightened awareness of sexual harassment, a valued legacy of the Thomas-Hill scandal, set the stage for harassment accusations lodged against three U.S. senators—Democrats Brock Adams and Daniel Inouye and Republican Bob Packwood—in 1992. Ironically enough, each of those cases was far stronger—and more typical—than Hill's, principally because in each instance more than a half-dozen women came forward, some under a veil of anonymity, and made allegations that, if true, constituted an undeniable pattern of abusive behavior by the senators. Eight women made allegations against Adams, nine against Inouye, and more than a dozen against Packwood. Anita Hill, however, remains Thomas's lone accuser.

That was a significant factor in the Senate's decision to confirm Thomas. As Democratic Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia put it in a speech on the Senate floor, "A responsible, credible citizen presents information about a nominee on a matter of personal behavior, on which there are no direct witnesses and little direct corroborating evidence. . . . In such a case, I look closely at the individual's background and the FBI files to determine whether there are patterns or habits of behavior that would make it more or less likely that the individual behaved in the offending manner." In Thomas's case, the evidence showed no such pattern.

Hill herself, who has taught in the area of civil rights law, stated at a press conference after her charges were leaked to the media, "One of the things that I will say about sexual harassment generally, and I suspect that it's true in this case too, in fact I've heard rumors to that effect, but I cannot substantiate any of those. I will say, however, that harassment usually isn't an individual issue. It's not an

David Brock, investigative writer for The American Spectator, *is author of the new book* The Real Anita Hill: The Untold Story *(The Free Press), from which this article is excerpted with permission.* *Copyright © 1993 by David Brock.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

issue with one person. It is behavior that people engage in. So I don't think that this was something that was directed at me personally." When asked about the absence of a pattern by NBC's Tom Brokaw, feminist theoretician and Hill adviser Catharine MacKinnon also seemed to acknowledge that sexual harassers tend to be repeat offenders. "Well, I hate to put it this way, but he's not dead yet," MacKinnon replied.

More than anything else, then, "another woman" with a credible charge would have so enhanced the plausibility of Hill's case that the Thomas nomination would likely have been defeated. Shortly after Hill's allegations made the papers, major headlines appeared that another woman might come forward with sexual harassment allegations against Clarence Thomas. On the morning Hill was to testify, a lead story in the *New York Times* reported: "Conflict Emerges Over A 2nd Witness: Thomas Panel To Hear Woman—White House Protests." The reports of a second witness sent a shudder through the pro-Thomas camp, which feared that now that Hill's charge was in the public domain, it would be open season on Thomas for anyone with a motive to seek revenge against him. Like any chief executive of a large organization, Thomas had taken a series of adverse personnel actions over the years.

Amazingly, only one such person—Angela Wright—surfaced before the committee. Wright never testified, but in a late-night deal struck with the phantom witness, her interview with Senate Judiciary Committee lawyers was entered into the official record (unlike the other staff interviews), and made publicly available. At the time, however, even scandal-hungry reporters wouldn't touch Wright's statement. Her credibility within a few days after her name first surfaced in the press collapsed in both Democratic and Republican circles, for reasons that will soon become evident.

At the time of the hearings, therefore, little was known publicly about the Wright story after the initial flurry of headlines. In a demonstration of how the history of the Thomas-Hill hearings was rewritten after Thomas was confirmed, the Wright statement began to take on a second life when it was discovered belatedly by the satirical magazine *Spy*, in the spring of 1992. *Spy* reprinted sections of Wright's committee statement in an effort to show that the testimony of this "other woman" had been suppressed by the Judiciary Committee. Soon thereafter, the cartoonist Garry Trudeau picked up portions of the transcript, too. *Doonesbury*'s fictional Rep. Lacey Davenport "readmitted the testimony" of Wright: "Ms. Wright, whose experience with Thomas was remarkably similar to Ms. Hill's, was blocked from publicly testifying. Instead, her statement was quietly slipped into the record. Few people have seen it . . . until now, dear hearts."

Other Anitaphiles began invoking Wright's name throughout the spring and summer of 1992. In a March speech at Stanford University, NPR's Nina Totenberg said:

> Now there are some things that happened during those hearings that nobody knows about, and maybe in the next few months or years we will find out about the deals and counter-deals that were made behind the scenes as those hearings ground on for twelve, fourteen, sixteen, twenty hours sometimes at a clip, but we do know a few things. And one of the things that we do know is, I think, somewhat indicative. And that is the story of Angela Wright. Angela Wright was the so-called "other woman" who made allegations of sexual harassment against Clarence Thomas. . . . Angela Wright, in a sworn deposition, said that Clarence Thomas had sexually harassed her . . .

Totenberg was wrong on both counts: the Wright statement was not *sworn, and—one good reason why it warranted little attention during the hearings—it did* not *charge Thomas with sexual harassment.*

Totenberg was wrong on both counts: the Wright statement was *not* sworn, and—one good reason why it warranted little attention during the hearings—it did *not* charge Thomas with sexual harassment.

The campaign to rehabilitate and publicize the unsubstantiated comments of a woman who never came forward, and never charged Thomas with sexual harassment, continued in Timothy M. Phelps and Helen Winternitz's book, *Capitol Games: Clarence Thomas, Anita Hill, and the Story of a Supreme Court Nomination.* "The decision about Wright's testifying was probably the most important of the whole hearings," the authors asserted:

> The question of whether more than one alleged victim of Thomas' sexual harassment existed was absolutely critical in many senators' minds. . . . The result would be that Wright was no longer a factor in the outcome of the hearings. Written testimony was far less dramatic, or convincing, than live testimony. The Democrats had allowed themselves to be intimidated [by the Thomas camp], sidelined at a crucial point in the game.

The revisionist tilt in favor of Hill and against Thomas was completed on the first anniversary of the hearings, when Angela Wright's story was transformed from a subject of deep skepticism even among Democrats on the committee, to a subject for political satire, and then one of suppressed evidence that would have reversed the outcome of the Thomas confirmation vote. An October 1992 cover story in *U.S. News & World Report* quoted Illinois Senator Paul Simon as saying that if senators had known more about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wright and an alleged corroborating witness for her, it "could have toppled Thomas."[1]

Ordinarily, one would not credit such baseless, unsworn statements as Wright's by publicizing them further. But because they have been continually cited by defenders of Hill like Simon, who quoted extensively (and credulously) from the Wright statement in his book *Advice and Consent,* her story has taken on a new prominence, and therefore must be seriously examined. Wright's story is also interesting for its several parallels with Hill's—casting further light on the operations of anti-Thomas Senate staffers.

The parallels begin with the way each prospective witness first came to the attention of the Senate Judiciary Committee. In both cases, Senate staffers sought out the alleged victims as part of anti-Thomas dirt-digging expeditions, and solicited the stories. Neither Hill nor Wright had contacted the committee of her own volition, and neither evinced any enthusiasm for talking when first approached. But the staffers would not take no for an answer.

Now an assistant metropolitan editor at the *Charlotte Observer* in North Carolina, Wright wrote a draft column about Hill's allegations—not her own experiences—after they became public. Someone at the newspaper apparently tipped off Senator Joseph Biden's Judiciary Committee staff to the unpublished column as soon as it became a subject of discussion within the paper. Wright had hopes of becoming a columnist for the paper, and had been casting around for something compelling to write a sample column about. Since she had worked for Thomas at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, Hill's charges seemed a tailor-made topic. What Wright wrote in the unpublished column is not known, and she refused to release it to the Judiciary Committee. Presumably, she took the position that Hill's charges were credible based on her own impressions of Thomas.

Wright was asked about the circumstances of her "coming forward" in an interview with Senate lawyers. Her hostile responses and pointed refusal to make any charge against Thomas underscored the fact that Wright was an unwilling participant in the proceedings:

Q. . . . Can you tell us why you chose to wait until now to come forward?

A. Well, I think a more appropriate explanation of what is going on here is I'm answering questions that are just now being asked. But I must say that I was perfectly willing to keep my opinions to myself, except, of course, when asked about the Clarence Thomas nomination. I did not feel that it was a good thing, until I saw Anita Hill on television Monday night and my conscience started bothering me because I knew I felt from my experience with Clarence Thomas that he was quite capable of doing what she said. And it became a very moral struggle with me at that point.

I was struggling with trying to determine, trying to decide whether to say something, when I got a call from the Senate Judiciary Committee and that question became no longer a question.

Q. All right, now you say that you got a call from the committee when you decided you were going to come forward, did you call somebody or did somebody first call you?

A. Somebody first called me.

Q. Can you tell us who that was?

A. It was Mark Schwartz. [A Biden staffer.]

Q. And so he first called you?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you have any idea as to how he got your name?

A. He said that he had gotten information that I worked for Clarence Thomas. He knew of a column that I had written that was going to be published detailing my opinion of this, of Hill's allegations.

Q. I'm sorry, your opinion of what?

A. Of Hill's allegations.

Q. I see, could you make that available to us?

A. No.

Q. Can you give us some general description of what you said?

A. No, I'd rather not. Because the column was not written in, with the intent of publishing it. It was written in the context of a discussion that I was having with my, with my supervising editor about becoming a columnist.[2]

"You know, Clarence Thomas I think felt very comfortable around me, and I want you to understand that I am not *sitting here saying to you that I was sexually harassed by Clarence Thomas," Wright told the interviewers.*

At another point in the interview, addressing Senator Strom Thurmond's staffer Terry Wooten, Wright said, "I

[1] The witness to whom Simon referred was Rose Jourdain, a former Thomas speechwriter at the EEOC, who gave an unsworn statement to the Senate Judiciary Committee after Wright was asked if Jourdain could corroborate any part of her statement. Jourdain, whom Wright later referred to as a "mother figure," did not, however, corroborate any of Wright's specific charges. The details in Jourdain's statement—she remembered, for example, Wright telling her that Thomas had said, "You have hair on your legs and it turns me on"—were not contained in Wright's own statement. Furthermore, like Wright, Jourdain was a disgruntled former employee of Thomas's who had been fired at the same time as Wright for failing to complete her work assignments. "Rose was writing a book, and she worked on her book all day. She never did any work," Thomas's secretary Diane Holt recalled. Jourdain blamed the firing on political differences with Thomas, according to Phelps and Winternitz in *Capitol Games.*

[2] It is not clear whether the column was intended for publication. Wright contradicted herself on this point.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

am sorry, Terry, but I cannot answer, I cannot answer the questions if you are going to insist that I decided to come forward. Obviously I did not come forward with anything."

Despite suggestions to the contrary in virtually every account of the Thomas hearings, Wright did not charge Thomas with sexual harassment. "You know, Clarence Thomas I think felt very comfortable around me, and I want you to understand that I am *not* sitting here saying to you that I was sexually harassed by Clarence Thomas," Wright told the interviewers:

Q. Did you take them [Thomas's alleged comments] as a joke or did you take them as something that maybe, you know, you had been harassed? You said you had not been harassed. I mean did you take them as a—
A. Not sexual harassment, no.

Though she did not charge harassment, Wright did say in the interview with Senate lawyers that Thomas had asked her for dates and made comments about parts of her anatomy:

Q. Were there comments that he made to you that maybe you considered inappropriate?
A. Yes . . . There were several comments he made. Clarence Thomas did consistently pressure me to date him. At one point, Clarence Thomas made comments about my anatomy. Clarence Thomas made comments about women's anatomy quite often. At one point, Clarence Thomas came by my apartment at night, unannounced and uninvited, and talked about the prospect of my dating him.

Wright also claimed that, at an EEOC banquet, Thomas said to her, "You look good, and you are going to be dating me, too." But like Hill's initial recollection of her experience with Thomas to the Judiciary Committee and the FBI, Wright could give few specifics of what Thomas allegedly had said to her, and generally refrained from quoting Thomas verbatim. What, for example, had Thomas said about women's anatomy?

Q. Do you remember specifically—now I understand that you told us that there was this general environment of this, but do you remember any specific comments that Clarence Thomas made to you along these lines prior to this banquet?
A. Prior to this banquet?
Q. Correct.
A. No, I cannot give specific comments.
Q. And what about after this banquet, you remember any specific comments where he talked to you about dating him?
A. No, I can only remember them in general.
Q. Okay. Why don't you tell us what you remember, in general.
A. In general, given the opportunity, Clarence Thomas is the type of person—well, let me back up a minute. In general, given the opportunity, Clarence Thomas would say to me, you know, "You need to be dating me, I think I'm going to date you, you're one of the finest women I have on my staff," you know, "we're going to be going out eventually."

Even if she did not charge harassment, however, if Thomas did in fact say these things, Hill's portrait of Thomas as someone who preyed on subordinates for dates and spoke in a lewd fashion would be more plausible. Thus the question turns to Wright's credibility as a witness.

An attractive woman with long, braided hair, Wright arrived in Washington in the late 1970s from her native North Carolina, and took a job as an aide to Democratic Rep. Charles Rose of North Carolina. Wright was soon fired from her job on Capitol Hill due to intemperate and erratic behavior in the office, and she went to work for the Republican National Committee. She had drifted to the Republican side of the aisle not out of an intense ideological commitment but rather as the result of personal connections made at the association for black Republican congressional staffers, where she was first introduced to Clarence Thomas.

At the RNC, Wright's reputation did not improve. Former office mates remembered having to restrain Wright from pouring boiling water from a coffee-maker out a window, onto a crowd of pro-choice demonstrators outside the committee's offices. (It's not clear what her beef with them was.) Wright frequently made suggestive comments like "I'm freezing my tits off," and told male co-workers that she liked to walk around her house in the nude.

Wright next took a job in the Reagan administration as a political appointee at the Agency for International Development, where she worked from the spring of 1983 to January 1984. She repeatedly clashed with Kate Semerad, AID's assistant administrator for external affairs, who had hired Wright to coordinate the agency's media relations. The clashes would end in a vindictive maneuver by Wright to stop Semerad's Senate confirmation with unfounded eleventh-hour allegations. →

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED
GENERAL PERIODICAL

According to Semerad, Wright's staff "complained that she did not give clear direction and was sometimes verbally abusive. Her immediate supervisor told me that on several occasions she reversed his specific direction for action and that she was often argumentative, uncooperative and unresponsive." Semerad held regular counseling sessions with Wright, trying to work out the problem to no avail. Wright's behavior became "more and more belligerent," Semerad said in a letter to the Senate Judiciary Committee, until an order was signed for Wright's dismissal.

On her way out the door, Wright suddenly charged Semerad with racism, an incendiary tactic designed to satisfy Wright's vengeful impulse. By all accounts, the racism charge was baseless. The FBI file on the Thomas nomination recounted the following from an interview with Kate Semerad:

> Semerad advised that she received reports from coworkers that Wright was delinquent in the performance of her job. She related that Wright was having problems with adequately performing her job responsibilities. She related she confronted Wright concerning major problem areas that needed to be improved: a) Wright's confrontational attitude b) Wright's showing up to work on time.
>
> Semerad advised that Wright's immediate supervisor at AID was Thomas Blank, deputy assistant of external affairs. She related that Blank was head of the news department and Wright reported directly through him. Semerad stated she received information from Blank stating that Wright's management and writing skills were not satisfactory. Semerad stated she received additional complaints from Blank and from around the AID office that Wright was not putting in a full day's work. She stated that Wright would leave work early and take long lunch hours. She advised that this was creating a morale problem in the office.
>
> Semerad advised she attempted to counsel Wright about her behavior in an attempt to correct the problem. Semerad stated that Wright advised her she felt she was being unfairly treated. Wright informed Semerad she would not be Semerad's lackey and would no longer be treated as a subservient subordinate.
>
> Semerad advised Wright that she would have to fire her if her job performance did not improve. She advised before she could fire Wright she received a letter of resignation from Wright claiming race discrimination on the part of Semerad. Semerad also stated she denied any type of bias or prejudice concerning Wright. She stated she treated Wright fairly and waited until she had no choice but to confront Wright concerning her unsatisfactory job performance. Semerad advised that if Wright had not resigned she would have been left no choice but to fire her.
>
> . . . [Semerad] did characterize Wright as being overly sensitive about being a young, attractive black woman. She stated that Wright felt she was not being treated fairly and people were judging her on her appearance instead of her accomplishments . . .
>
> Semerad stated she was aware of the applicant having difficulties on past employments she had held. She stated that Wright worked for [Rep.] Charles Rose of North Carolina before she worked for AID. She stated she did not know of Wright's dates of employment or title, but did state Wright was fired from her position.
>
> Semerad characterized Wright's personality as being vengeful, angry, and immature. She advised that after Wright resigned from AID she took a letter of resignation claiming unfounded racial discrimination claims to Capitol Hill seeking revenge on Semerad.

Wright was not content to file the charge with the appropriate party upon leaving the agency. When Semerad was later nominated for a higher agency post that required Senate confirmation, Wright followed her with the racism allegation, taking it to Senate staffers working for GOP Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina, who were looking for damaging material on the nominee. Ultimately, the Senate found the charge to have no merit, though the story does suggest Wright's modus operandi. According to a public statement issued by Jay Morris, the former deputy administrator of AID:

> . . . Mrs. Semerad came to me and said Ms. Wright's performance was abysmal. She often failed to come to work or came in late. She was difficult to work with in the opinion of her peers and supervisors. Moreover, her work was unprofessional—that is, late, incomplete, and ungrammatical. . . . Based on [Semerad's] advice and my own observations I agreed that she should be dismissed and issued the appropriate order.
>
> Subsequent to Ms. Wright's dismissal, Mrs. Semerad was nominated by President Reagan to the post of Assistant Administrator for External Affairs. Upon her departure, Ms. Wright had written a letter to AID accusing Mrs. Semerad of racism and incompetence and threatening retaliation. The accusations were ridiculous on their face. Mrs. Semerad is one of the most fair-minded people I know. She is also one of the most competent public affairs specialists I have ever met.

"I was laying in the weeds waiting for Angela Wright to testify, just laying there," recalled Alan Simpson. "I said, 'Oh, Joe, this is the woman who was fired for calling someone a faggot. Oh, Joe, bring her out. I'd like to examine her.' "

Morris submitted the statement to the Judiciary Committee because he believed that Wright might do to Thomas what she had done to Semerad:

> The reason I am offering this statement is that I am struck by the startling parallels between what Ms. Wright did then and what she is doing now. She vowed vengeance on a former supervisor for dismissal on the basis of competence. She seemed incapable of accepting responsibility for her own shortcomings and blamed the episode on external factors. She delayed in making her charges until after the confirmation hearings were concluded. When she made her charges she did so at the 11th hour to a staff member who would be sympathetic because he was "looking for dirt." The entire process sug-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gested a last ditch attempt to stop the advancement of someone she resented. I see the same pattern of behavior today in the case of Judge Thomas.

Wright went from AID to a political appointment at the EEOC under Thomas, arranged by Phyllis Berry-Myers, a friend from Republican political circles. Her performance there, in a similar position to the one she held at AID, was also problematic, to put it mildly. "Angela had a foul mouth. She would curse the press out on the phone," recalled Diane Holt, Thomas's secretary.

In his testimony, Clarence Thomas was asked about the circumstances of Wright's quick departure from the agency:

SEN. SIMPSON: . . . Angela Wright will soon be with us, we think, but now we are told that Angela Wright has what we used to call in the legal trade, cold feet. Now if Angela Wright doesn't show up to tell her tale of your horrors, what are we to determine about Angela Wright? Did you fire her, and if so what for?

THOMAS: As I indicated, Senator, I summarily dismissed her, and this is my recollection. She was hired to reinvigorate the public affairs operation at EEOC. I felt her performance was ineffective, and the office was ineffective. And the straw that broke the camel's back was a report to me from one of the members of my staff that she referred to another male member of my staff as a faggot.

SIMPSON: As a faggot?

THOMAS: And that is inappropriate conduct, and that is a slur, and I was not going to have it.

SIMPSON: And so you just summarily discharged her?

THOMAS: That is right.

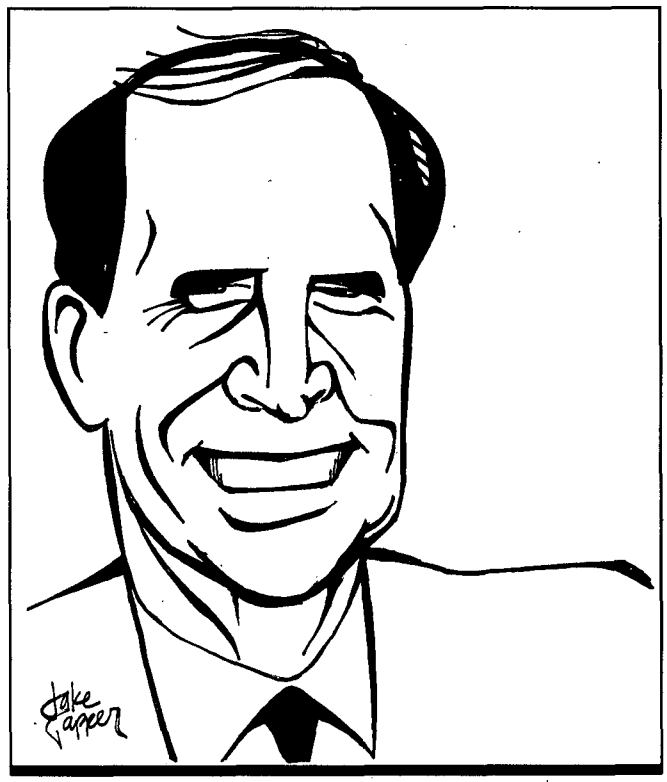
SIMPSON: That was enough for you?

THOMAS: That was more than enough for me. That was my recollection.

SIMPSON: That is kind of the way you are, isn't it?

THOMAS: That is the way I am with conduct like that, whether it is sex harassment or slurs or anything else. I don't play games.

SIMPSON: And so that was the end of Ms. Wright, who is now going to come and tell us perhaps about more parts of the anatomy. I am sure of that. And a totally discredited and, we had just as well get to the nub of things here, a totally discredited witness who does have cold feet . . .



According to several EEOC staffers, Thomas was already thoroughly dissatisfied with Wright's general performance at the time she made this comment. "The faggot remark was just the precipitating event," said Pamela Talkin, Thomas's former chief-of-staff.

Years later, Wright would be offered the chance to settle this score when contacted by the Judiciary Committee staff about the column she had written on Thomas. She gave a statement to Senate staffers. Once she did—and once it was evident that Wright had not charged Thomas with sexual harassment—the testimony that had whetted the appetites of Thomas's opponents and unnerved the Thomas camp was judged to be fairly tepid after all. Wright had nonetheless recounted conversations with Thomas that lent an air of authenticity to Hill's account.

Wright refused to be interviewed by the FBI. The FBI, however, was dispatched to the field to interview friends and former employers of Wright's to assess her credibility. The result only added to the sense among supporters of both Thomas and Hill that Wright's testimony would not damage Thomas—and might even damage Hill by association. Thelma Duggin, a mutual friend of Wright's and Thomas's, told the FBI that she doubted the veracity of Wright's story:

> Duggin stated that she has known Wright since about 1978 or 1979 adding that they met as co-workers at the Republican National Committee. . . . She described Wright as a friend who is high strung to a certain extent. She said Wright would react without thinking. In her opinion, Wright is "a little shaky on the integrity side. . . ."
>
> Duggin stated that Wright is not one who would be intimidated by the sexual advances of a man. She said Wright is very attractive and if one tried to "hit on her and make a pass" she would "cuss like a sailor" and probably hit them. She said Wright isn't the type who would make a sexual harassment charge, she would "deck a person." Duggin advised that Wright could be described as a "seductive-type person." She has known Wright to enjoy a few beers and then dance on the table at the clubs. Duggin said Wright is a person who likes to party. Duggin said that to some extent, Wright would invite the sexual advances of a man and then brag about having guys hit on her. Duggin said Wright enjoyed the attention of men . . .

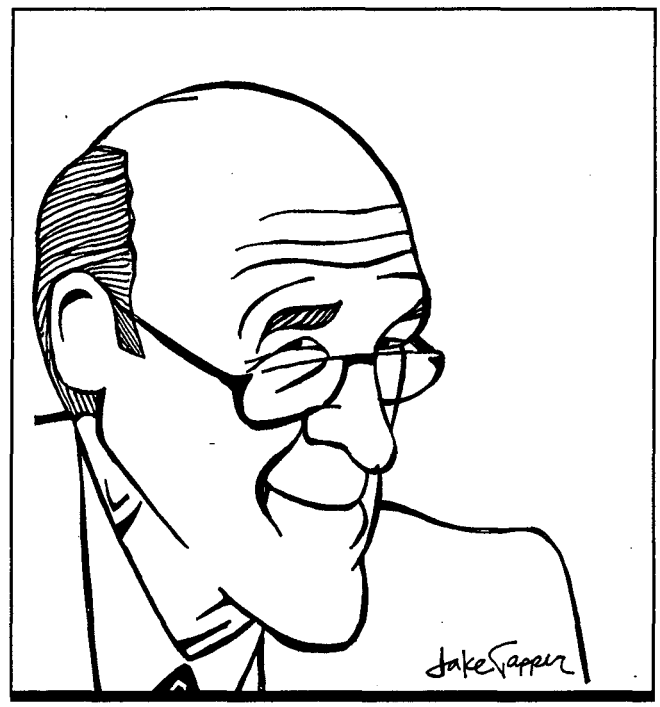
Duggin wasn't kidding about Wright's proclivity to "deck" people. One legendary story from Wright's days at the EEOC concerned an altercation with one of her male staff

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

members at an EEOC conference. Wright and the man exchanged cross words about the conference arrangements he had made, which Wright found inadequate. Wright socked him in the jaw. He landed flat on his back, and slid under a table in front of a room full of stunned EEOC staffers.

Duggin went on to describe the history of Wright's relations with Thomas, and how she had threatened to get even with Thomas as recently as two months before she made her statement. Duggin also revealed that Wright lied to her about the circumstances of her dismissal from the agency:

> Duggin stated that Wright was always very critical of her supervisors. She said Wright always complained about her supervisors and had a problem working within a structure and keeping a job. . . .
>
> Duggin related that she does not know if Wright ever filed any complaints claiming sexual harassment. She said she can recall Wright speaking about racist employers and the possibility of filing a complaint but she does not know whether or not she actually made a complaint.
>
> Duggin said Wright called her about one to two weeks after Thomas fired her. Duggin stated that Wright was very upset. Duggin said that to the best of her recollection, Wright told her she was fired because Wright had not made the proper preparations for a meeting that was to be attended by various commissioners. Wright said that Thomas was making a bigger deal out of the situation than was necessary.
>
> Duggin advised she last spoke to and saw Wright in August 1991 in Charlotte, North Carolina, when Duggin was in town. She said that at this time Clarence Thomas had already been nominated and since both of them knew him they had some conversation about Thomas. In particular, Duggin recalled Wright stating "I want to get him back." She said Wright also said that she "was pissed that he had fired her." Duggin advised that she was surprised to see that Wright wanted revenge on Thomas so many years later. Duggin went on to say that Wright told her the *Charlotte Observer* was pressuring her to do something about Thomas. She said Wright stated that "she didn't know if she was going to write anything about Thomas but she was looking for a way to get him back."



Former EEOC aide Armstrong Williams had a similar experience with Wright when he visited her in North Carolina in 1989. According to Williams, Wright told him over dinner, "If it's the last thing I do, I'll get him [Thomas]." When Williams spoke with Wright in the summer of 1991, after Thomas was nominated to the court, Wright told him, "You know I'm still pissed at him for firing me, but I'm not going to do anything."

As we have seen, Wright had filed a complaint in the past, against Kate Semerad. If she was willing to do so then, with or without good grounds for it, why wouldn't she be willing to do so against Clarence Thomas? Very likely no such thought occurred to her until Hill's story broke in the press, because no grounds existed for a sexual harassment charge. Wright had also learned from her experience with Semerad that such tactics do not work, and knew she stood to be exposed as a seeker of revenge if she came forward.

After the interview with Senate staffers, Wright flew to Washington in anticipation of testifying before the Judiciary Committee on Sunday, October 13. Why she never appeared has been the subject of speculation and widely diverging accounts. In *Capitol Games*, Phelps and Winternitz report that, in addition to Republican efforts to keep Wright from testifying, Anita Hill's camp had effectively blocked Wright's appearance, fearing that Wright would undermine Hill's credibility. However, in an interview, Charles Ogletree of Harvard University, one of Hill's attorneys during the hearings, said that this was false. He said that Hill's advisers strongly favored calling Wright to testify, and charged instead that the Republicans and some unnamed Democrats had colluded to keep Wright off the stand to protect Thomas.

Why any of the Democrats would have wanted to protect Thomas is not readily apparent. They may simply have wanted to protect themselves from public embarrassment if Wright testified. As the FBI report indicated, they certainly had cause for concern. As for Ogletree's suggestion that the Republicans conspired to keep Wright from appearing, the Republicans insisted they were all for hearing Wright's testimony—probably for the same reason the Democrats wanted it hushed up. "I was laying in the weeds waiting for Angela Wright to testify, just laying there," recalled Alan Simpson. "I said, 'Oh, Joe, this is the woman who was fired for calling someone a faggot. Oh, Joe, bring her out. I'd like to examine her.' "

Late Sunday night, Biden's staff reached an agreement with Wright. She would not testify, but her statement would be placed in the record with no opportunity for the pro-Thomas side to rebut it. Biden interrupted the hearing to announce that Wright had decided not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to testify. He read from a letter he had written Wright, "It is my preference that you testify. If you want to testify at the hearing in person, I will honor that request." In a subsequent interview with *U.S. News*, Wright claimed that Biden's staff "is lying," and that they had kept her from testifying.[3]

After the loud media criticism of the way the committee had mishandled Anita Hill's allegation—and the charges of a cover-up by women's groups—Biden could not have afforded to keep Wright off the stand, even if he had wanted to. Only Wright herself could have done that. Perhaps fearing that her testimony would be easily impeached, in the end Wright herself decided not to appear. ❐

---

[3]In addition to resurrecting and mischaracterizing Wright's charge against Thomas, the magazine also claimed that a third sexual harassment charge had been lodged against Thomas by Sukari Hardnett. This was also false. Hardnett, a former legal assistant to Chairman Thomas, submitted an affidavit to the Judiciary Committee on October 14, the day before the Senate vote on the nomination. "Women know when there are sexual dimensions to the attention they are receiving. And there was never any doubt about that dimension in Clarence Thomas's office," Hardnett wrote. She provided no specifics describing this "dimension," however. She also stated plainly: "I am not claiming that I was the victim of sexual harassment." Hardnett said she eventually resigned from the EEOC because she found working on Thomas's staff "unpleasant." EEOC officials, however, said that Hardnett was fired from the staff after failing on more than one occasion to pass the bar exam. Coworkers of Hardnett's during the period said she had never complained to anyone about the working environment in the agency. Barbara Lawrence, who shared an office with Hardnett at the time, said, "Thomas was like our mentor. He was very nice to all of us and spent a lot of time with us. I know he spent a lot of time trying to help her. But I know there was nothing more to it than that. I saw them every day." According to David Savage in *Turning Right: The Making of the Rehnquist Supreme Court*, Hardnett had met with Nan Aron of the Alliance for Justice earlier in the summer to discuss her concerns about Thomas. This was apparently an unsuccessful effort by Aron to obtain corroboration for Hill's nascent charge.

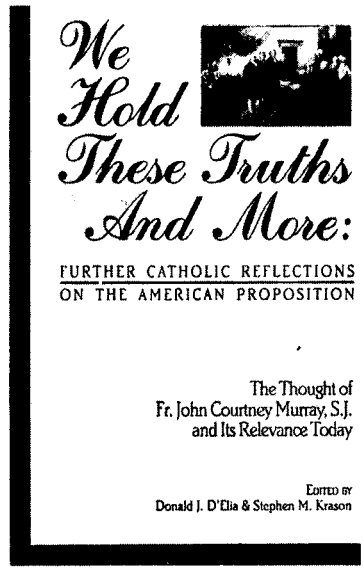
Secular or Theist?

The truth about the Founding Fathers, the Constitution and our political-religious roots

In 1960, Fr. John Courtney Murray dropped a bombshell on the political science establishment.

His book, *We Hold These Truths*, proposed a controversial thesis: The principles undergirding the American Founding were not only compatible with Roman Catholicism, but actually had their roots in the natural law philosophy of the Catholic Middle Ages. The day could come in a secularized future, posed Murray, when only Catholics would be willing to uphold these original principles.

Was Murray's thesis correct? Or were the Founders more influenced by Enlightenment rationalism/deism of Locke and Hobbes? Have Murray's predictions held up today? (Hint: Recall the Clarence Thomas hearings, where liberal Democrats attacked him for defending the Constitution's natural law tradition.)


We Hold These Truths And More:
FURTHER CATHOLIC REFLECTIONS ON THE AMERICAN PROPOSITION
The Thought of Fr. John Courtney Murray, S.J. and Its Relevance Today
Edited by Donald J. D'Elia & Stephen M. Krason

We Hold These Truths And More reexamines Murray and critical church-state issues in sixteen perceptive essays by noted Catholic conservative thinkers. Discover answers to other relevant social questions:

- Did the Founders acknowledge "fallen human nature," or did they trust in man's perfectibility-through-politics (as did Hegel and Marx)?
- How does *Roe v. Wade* violate the English common law, as well as the natural law?
- Is the struggle for the "soul of America" really between Judaeo-Christianity and secular humanism, and *not* between Protestants, Catholics and Jews?
- Are the liberal multi-culturalists and deconstructionists of our elite universities "Brooks Brother barbarians?" Did Murray predict their rise thirty years earlier?
- Did Murray's "progressive" views on religious pluralism foreshadow the privatization of faith that plagues efforts to apply ethical standards to politics and education today?

Franciscan University Press

only $15.00

Order today *1-800-783-6357*. Or cut out & mail this reply form.

____ Check enclosed ____ Visa ____ Mastercard

Credit card # _____ Exp. date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to:
Franciscan University Press
100 Franciscan Way
Steubenville, Ohio 43952

Qty		Amount
____	*We Hold These Truths And More* UP148 $15.00	_____
	15% shipping & handling	_____
	Ohio residents add 6% tax	_____
	TOTAL	_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Grow the Deficit

by Paul Craig Roberts

Bill Clinton is practicing a new brand of economics that has replaced both demand-side and supply-side economics. It is called blindside economics. He wants to repeat a fifth time the tax-hike approach to deficit reduction that failed in 1981, 1982, 1984, and 1990. (There were several other tax hikes along the way.)

A brief history of previous efforts to reduce deficits with taxes will document the counter-productivity of the approach. In 1981, David Stockman convinced President Reagan that scaling back personal income tax rate reductions from 30 percent to 25 percent and delaying their implementation until the second half of his term would permit a balanced budget in 1984. Stockman got his way, and fiscal policy provided nothing to offset Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker's independent recessionary monetary policy during 1981-82. The economy fell into recession, and the deficit estimate for 1984 jumped from $0 to $128 billion.

The Reagan administration responded with a second deficit-reduction program. This time Stockman promised that the 1982 Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act (TEFRA), which took back most of the prior year's tax reduction for business, would reduce the deficit to a mere $59 billion by 1987. TEFRA was enacted to much fanfare, but by December 1982 Stockman's estimate of the 1984 deficit had moved from $128 billion to $229 billion. The $59 billion deficit promised for 1987 had become $280 billion.

Other tax increases followed. The five-cent-a-gallon gasoline tax and the 1983 Social Security Amendments were supposed to raise $118 billion over a multi-year period—but the deficit persisted. Stockman put the Reagan Revolution into tax hike high gear again with the Deficit Reduction Act of 1984 (DEFRA), which took back the remainder of the business tax cut and was supposed to raise $100 billion, but the deficit was unfazed.

None of this accumulated failure made any impression on Richard Darman when he occupied the Office of Management and Budget. Darman forecast massive deficits unless President Bush broke his "no new taxes" pledge and signed on to a $165 billion tax hike. Bush gave in, and an ecstatic Darman made his budget deal with congressional Democrats. His budget for FY 1992 (issued early in 1991) projected a balanced budget in 1995 and $20-billion surplus in 1996.

Here it is 1993, and Clinton projects $300-billion deficits for these years unless he gets his tax increase. But if $612 billion of tax increases has not reduced the deficit, Clinton's tax hike won't either. There has to be another way, and there is: either a budget freeze or a milder policy of permitting federal spending to grow by less than the annual increase in revenues that economic growth produces.

There is a lot of blather about the impossibility of freezing the budget: "What about entitlements and interest on the debt? Do you plan to cut Social Security, Medicare, and to default on the debt?" These aren't daunting questions: in 1987 Reagan did, for all practical purposes, freeze the budget. Federal spending increased only $13.6 billion instead of the $44 billion that it increased in 1986 and the $95 billion in 1985. As a result, most of that year's $85 billion revenue growth went to deficit reduction. The deficit fell by a third—from $221 billion to $150 billion—in one year. If Reagan had repeated this feat a second year, he would have rid his record of the deficit issue. Instead, spending resumed, rising by $60 billion and absorbing that year's revenue growth.

From 1985 to 1989, federal tax revenue growth averaged

Paul Craig Roberts, former assistant secretary of the treasury, is an economist at the Center for Strategic and International Studies and a nationally syndicated columnist.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$64 billion annually. If this growth is projected into the future, a three-year freeze would knock $192 billion off the annual deficit, which would more or less solve the problem. (A variant of this plan would be a shorter freeze followed by several years of holding the growth in spending below the normal growth in revenues.) During recessions, the private sector gets by with less income than it had the year before. In 1974 and 1975 the real GDP was less than in 1973, in 1980 it was less than in 1979, and in 1982 it was less than in 1981. During the Depression things were much worse for much longer. In 1933, for example, the real gross national product was 30 percent less than in 1929. If the private sector can routinely endure declines in income, the government can go two or three years without a raise.

Three factors make a spending freeze practical: the vast room for maneuver within a $1.5 trillion budget; documented waste, fraud, and abuse; and declining defense expenditures.

Citizens Against Government Waste has found $167 billion in waste, fraud, and abuse in the annual federal budget. Officials in the General Accounting Office estimate that $150 billion leaks out in waste, fraud, and mismanagement—a sum two to three times as large as the annual growth in Social Security, Medicare, and interest on the debt.

Many Americans lack a perspective on federal government spending, believing that the government, like them, is pinched for funds. It looks different from abroad. If the budget of the U.S. government were a country, it would be the third or fourth largest economy in the world. The federal budget is equal in size to the combined gross domestic products of Canada and Latin America. It is larger than the national income (wages, profits, rents, interests, and pensions) of every industrial country except Japan. The U.S. government spends every year more than the entire population of Great Britain or Italy can produce. Waste, fraud, and abuse is as large as the combined GDP of Colombia, Venezuela, Chile, and Peru.

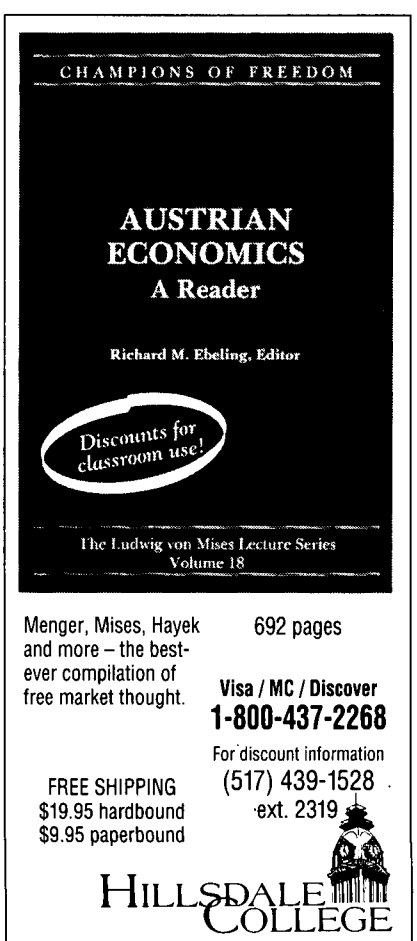
Even our state and city budgets are gigantic. New York City's budget is approaching $30 billion—as large as the GDP of Chile. New York State's budget is larger than the GDP of oil-rich Venezuela. California's budget is equal in size to the national income of Argentina. New Yorkers do not receive equivalent services in exchange for delivering the value of the Chilean economy to the mayor's office. Californians certainly do not receive services from the state equivalent in value to the national income of Argentina, and U.S. taxpayers get very little in exchange for turning over to Washington income that the entire French nation—including the French government—could live on comfortably.

No doubt, any talk of a budget freeze would energize AARP, and the Social Security lobby would mindlessly flood the government with protests. It doesn't have to be this way. If the elderly were responsibly represented, AARP would lobby to have the COLAs paid out of waste, fraud, and mismanagement. Failing this, AARP could still explain to Social Security recipients that they are better off doing without COLAs temporarily than having 85 percent of their Social Security benefits permanently subject to income tax—which is what Clinton is proposing. The $25,000-if-single and $32,000-if-married retirement income thresholds for Social Security taxation are not indexed, and it is only a matter of time before most Social Security benefits will be taxed. The budget freeze would also spare the elderly the higher taxes on heating, cooling, ventilating, and lighting their homes, cooking their food, and running their refrigerators and cars. They will have to pay these Clinton energy taxes a second time every time they buy groceries or any products, since *everything* is produced with energy.

A budget freeze is the only plausible approach to deficit reduction when we look at the results of the alternative of the past decade—higher taxes and higher deficits. Once revenues catch up with spending, a simple rule will maintain budget health: *Spending can grow every year, but by less than the revenues from the normal growth of the economy.* The difference would be used to pay down the national debt. This budget rule would also stop the growth of government relative to the private economy that has been gradually crowding out property rights and the market. In 1929, government at all levels spent 9.9 percent of GNP. By 1990, government spent 33.3 percent of GNP, leaving the private sector with only 66.7 percent—the proportion that was left to medieval serfs.

After the burst in government spending under Bush, the taxpayers' budgets have no room for the cockeyed Clintonites who want bigger government. Any moderate Republican or Business Roundtable executive who favors Clinton's budget plan should step back and look at the facts. The plan *says* it will add $916 billion to the national debt over the next four years—and that's if everything works as advertised. To put that figure in perspective, it is $183 billion more than Ronald Reagan's cumulative first-term deficit and $238 billion larger than his second-term deficit. Reagan cut tax rates and built up our defenses. Clinton is doing the opposite and still producing more red ink.

What Clinton seems to mean by "reversing the legacy of the last twelve years" is that he can run up the national debt higher by raising taxes than Reagan did by cutting them. ❐



Menger, Mises, Hayek and more – the best-ever compilation of free market thought.

692 pages

Visa / MC / Discover
1-800-437-2268
For discount information
(517) 439-1528
ext. 2319

FREE SHIPPING
$19.95 hardbound
$9.95 paperbound

HILLSDALE COLLEGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Making Crime Pay

by Grover G. Norquist

For half a century, the views of candidates on Soviet Communism were paramount. Cuban-Americans would not even listen to a candidate's position on health care if they thought he viewed Castro as a misunderstood progressive. Polish-Americans would write off candidates who did not consider Soviet occupation of their ancestral lands an American concern. The left could not appeal to refugees from Communism's advance in Asia, Latin America, and Europe because the American liberal's faith in the good intentions of socialism and antipathy to American strength horrified voters. The left was unwilling to recognize evil where it reared its head, and could not even ape Republicans when they simply voiced the legitimate fears and enunciated the resolve of ordinary Americans.

George Bush's loss in 1992 was thus due to more than his betrayal of taxpayers with the 1990 tax increases and the regulatory explosion born of the Clean Air Act revisions and the Americans with Disabilities Act. It was also due to the collapse of the Soviet Union, which made a vote for Bill Clinton less dangerous. Clinton's corporate statism might cost the U.S. a few points in economic growth, but he couldn't lose Europe or Latin America the way Carter, Mondale, or Dukakis might have.

It is difficult to imagine a Bill Clinton winning the presidency in any year before 1992. His "loathing" of the American military, his demonstrating against America's defense of South Vietnam (but not the aggression of the Communists), his dissembling to avoid the draft, and his lack of gravitas in world affairs would have made Mike Dukakis astride his tank look like General Patton.

But as the worldwide struggle against Soviet imperialism faded, another issue began to emerge that might well replace it in the conservative arsenal: crime. Last November 3, five states passed constitutional amendments that empower victims of crimes to be heard at various stages in criminal justice proceedings. The power of the crime issue was demonstrated by the overwhelming popular support for ratification: in Kansas, the amendment won 84 percent; in Illinois, 77 percent; in New Mexico, 68 percent; in Colorado, 82 percent; and in Missouri, 85 percent.

In 1990, Oregon passed, with 74 percent support, an anti-crime initiative led by former Congressman Denny Smith that would require a criminal convicted of a second violent offense to serve the entire sentence—no parole, no probation.

Apart from confounding liberals who hope conservatives have lost their anti-Communist trump card, the crime issue offers five important opportunities to the conservative movement and to a Republican Party smart enough to act quickly.

First, crime is a real issue, not a symbolic one. It affects millions of Americans. Every year nearly 5 million people are victims of violent crime: murder, rape, robbery, or assault. Another 19 million are victims of property crimes: arson, burglary, or theft. Just as Polish-Americans and Cuban-Americans had first-hand knowledge of Soviet imperialism that made liberal platitudes about negotiations and peace talks ring hollow, so too have millions of Americans come to know that our present judicial system serves lawyers, bureaucrats, and criminals rather than the victims and their families.

Second, it is an issue on which the Democratic Party is institutionally incapable of following—or even mimicking—the opinions of the American public. Just as the hard left hobbled efforts within the Democratic Party to take a sensible view of the Soviet threat, so does the criminal rights lobby make it impossible for the national Democratic Party to take a sensible stand on stiff sentencing and more prisons. The financial reports from the Clinton campaign contain pages of contributions from defense lawyers and trial lawyers. It is indicative that Janet Reno, Clinton's new attorney general, has been more articulate in defining the rights of criminals than in defending the legitimate rights of crime victims and the community at large. She seemed to have it backwards in her confirmation hearings when she testified that she wants to make sure "that all America understands that victims have rights, too."

Third, the crime issue gives the Republican Party a tremendous opportunity to reach out to minority communities that have traditionally voted Democratic. Black Americans are disproportionately victims of violent and property crimes, and they cannot look to Democrats or the traditional black leadership for a serious attack on crime and criminals. Crime allows Republicans to speak directly to the real experiences and needs of black Americans in cities where Democrats refuse to protect their lives and property. Crime is also an issue that concerns women sufficiently to make them the fastest-growing market for new gun sales. Arresting, convicting, and incarcerating criminals is a real women's issue. And just as abortion, special privileges for homosexuals, and prayer in school allow

Grover G. Norquist is the president of Americans for Tax Reform.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Republican candidates to reach deep into the New Deal coalition, crime speaks to many traditional Democrats who find no modern Democratic leaders willing to take criminals off the streets.

Fourth, the crime issue will increase in importance for Republicans in the next four years because it will be fought out largely in the states, where Clinton has no veto. Victories can be won through the initiative process in the twenty-three states with initiative and referendum laws. State legislators can be targeted for support or defeat based on pre-incarceration laws.

Republicans can take advantage of national organizations that already exist. CrimeStrike, affiliated with the National Rifle Association, is working with hundreds of state and local groups to enact victims' rights constitutional amendments and tougher sentencing laws. It has already had great success in enacting legislation and in using the press to highlight efforts to release career criminals prematurely. The Safe Streets Alliance, meanwhile, was founded by Jim Wooten to enact truth-in-sentencing laws. Today, criminals serve an average of 27 percent of the sentences imposed on them. The Safe Streets Alliance model sentencing act reads: "Notwithstanding any other provision in state law a convicted felon shall serve at least 85 percent of the sentence imposed by the judge or jury, which shall hear from the defendant's victim(s) on the issue of sentencing before being eligible for . . . early release."

Fifth, the conservative solution to crime—putting violent offenders in prison for longer periods of time—works, is cost effective, and is easily understood by anyone who hasn't graduated from Yale Law School. In a report released by the National Center for Policy Analysis, Texas A&M economist Morgan Reynolds points out that crime has increased as the expected costs of committing crimes has fallen. Today, for a burglary, for example, the chance of arrest is 7 percent. If you are unlucky enough to be one of the 7 percent arrested, relax; only 87 percent of arrestees are prosecuted. Of those, only 79 percent are convicted. Then only 25 percent of those convicted actually go to prison. Multiplying out all these probabilities gives your would-be burglar a 1.2 percent chance of going to jail. Reynolds points out that "once in prison, a burglar will stay there for about 13 months, but since more than 98 percent of burglaries never result in a prison sentence, the average sentence for each act of burglary is only 4.8 days." Similar calculations yield an expected punishment in 1990 of 1.8 years for murder, 60.5 days for rape, and 6.7 days for arson. For every crime, the expected punishment has declined over the decades and continued to decline between 1988 and 1990. When punishments rise, crime falls. California increased its prison population 314 percent between 1980 and 1991, and the crime rate fell by 13 percent.

A National Institute for Justice study found that putting a criminal in prison for one year costs roughly $25,000. A Rand Corporation study of 2,190 professional criminals found that the average career criminal commits 187-287 crimes a year. The Rand study calculated the total costs to society at $430,000 a year for every career criminal left on the

street. Thus society is $405,000 better off for every career criminal kept behind bars an additional year.

In December 1991, there were 823,414 convicts in state and federal prisons, and another 422,000 in local jails. Meanwhile, 530,000 were on parole and 2.7 million on probation—3.2 million criminals walking the streets. Thirty percent of all murders, 25 percent of all rapes and 40 percent of all robberies are committed by persons on bail, probation, or parole.

With the implosion of the Soviet empire, the greatest threat to American life is the American criminal. Former Attorney General William Barr points out that more than 6,500 murders are committed each year by criminals on bail, probation, or parole. Since World War II, more people have died at the hands of criminals who should have already been in jail than died in Vietnam and Korea.

There remain two opportunities to fail. First, Republicans cannot afford to follow the illusory path of gun control. Just as liberals sought to focus not on Russian Communism but on negotiations over the number of missiles we had, today they argue that the problem in America is not criminals but guns. The left wishes to discuss guns because they do not wish to discuss crime.

The widespread ownership of guns is not only not a problem but in fact a large part of the solution to crime. Several studies have confirmed that more than 600,000 Americans each year deter a criminal by brandishing or using a firearm. Cities that have publicly trained and armed women have seen rapes decrease. A National Institute of Justice study found that 56 percent of criminals would not attack someone they thought was armed; 39 percent of the felons had actually decided not to commit a crime because they thought the victim might be armed.

Conservatives must avoid suggesting that gun control might be even one percent of any anti-crime initiatives, for the left will then insist on gun control *first*. Richard Darman said "some" taxes might be acceptable and ended up with a package that contained many tax hikes and increased spending and deficits. Gun-control-too means gun-control-only.

Second, conservatives must call the bluff of the left, which tries to avoid discussing the victims of crime by labeling all focus on crime "racist." The Bush campaign fatally hurt itself in 1992 by not responding quickly to charges arising from the William Horton ads in 1988. Mike Dukakis's letting murderers sentenced to life in prison out for weekend furloughs was a very real, fair, and telling issue. Sadly, every state has several William Horton stories of those released too soon who kill and rape again.

If the Republicans decide to be as serious, determined, and unapologetic about locking up criminals as they were about destroying the evil empire, the streets of America can be liberated and those who have built and defended the present unacceptable and dysfunctional judicial system at the state and federal level can be swept into the dustbin of history. ❐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ring, Ring, Ring

by Benjamin J. Stein

Wednesday

When the moon is in the seventh house, and Jupiter aligns with Mars, then I'll get lots of commercials, and my voice will be one of the stars . . .

Guess what? I'm in New York, to do a Coca-Cola "industrial," which is a short film to be shown in-house to Coca-Cola drivers and salesmen as a way of introducing them to their company's new ads, products, and promotions. This offer came up at the very last minute, sort of out of the blue, and here I am, flown over in lavish style, on American, with my own TV screen at my seat—where I watched a bewildering movie about crazy people in Palm Springs—and now ensconced in my room at the Parker Meridien, awaiting my limo.

I keep thinking about that movie—*Touches of Red.* It was so beautifully p.c. that it made me proud, as the inventor of the formula, to see it flourishing in real life.

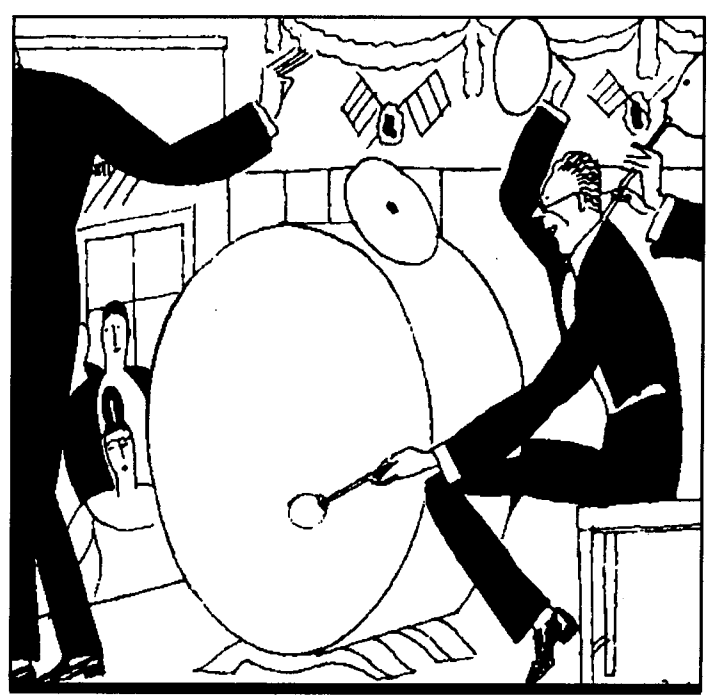
Women were being murdered and left—nude, of course—with many stab wounds. Who dunnit? Choices: a crazed heiress with a major sinus problem; a cop with his own troubles (he was "touched" by his first-grade teacher, which, as anyone knows, will make you a murderer every time); a mobster with a long record of violence; another cop, with a sex addiction "problem"; or a wealthy white male businessman running for the Senate. What an original array of suspects! And the villain is . . . for the millionth time running . . . *the businessman!* (Turns out he'd been touched by his first-grade teacher, too.)

Anyway, I'm here and now there's the phone for my limo, and so it's off to the stage at 385 Third Avenue.

The beauty of this part is not just that it's for Coca-Cola, a big, successful company, but that I am the co-star, the foil really, for Dana Carvey, about the funniest man now living, and a major idol of mine. I arrived at the set in no time at all, had my make-up put on by a professional from "Saturday Night Live," and stood around joshing with the writers and producers, a totally likable bunch from Chicago. Then Carvey showed up, looking a lot like the guy in *Wayne's World* and incredibly young. He had a cold, and was really suffering. He seemed truly burdened to be there.

Then he disappeared into make-up for about an hour, and when he returned, it was as if he'd undergone not only a complete visual re-do, but a complete personality make-over. He now looked like Ross Perot, and not only did he look every bit like Ross Perot, skin, hair, ears, nose, eyes, but he sounded, walked, and gestured like Perot. Plus, he was animated, lively, totally the Perot of the campaign trail.

Even more amazing, his cold-based funk had vanished, and he was right on the beam. Our director, a focused fellow named Matthew, ran us through our paces for a few rehearsals, and then we shot it. My part is only about ten percent of the total, maybe less, but it was still a stone solid thrill. I play (surprise, surprise) a boring teacher, talking about soft-drink science, and get shooed off the stage by Ross, talking about the real basics of how to sell. ("Why do we love to sell to teens? It's real simple, folks. They buy a lot of it, and they buy it by the can.")



I was on cloud nine just sitting behind the set hearing Dana Carvey do his thing. After several takes Dana said to me, "Ben, you on a day rate or an hourly rate?"

"Daily," I said.

"Then let's do this real quick and get out of here," he said, and we did just that.

As I was eating my lunch, a salad and a pasta of some kind, there was a phone call for me. It was my agent, telling me she had another commercial for me to read. I got into my waiting Town Car, headed off to 21st Street, read my little heart out, feeling like the Edith Piaf of voice-overs, and then headed off into the sunset.

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer, lawyer, economist, and actor living in Malibu, California.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wednesday (cont.)

Down to Washington on the Delta Shuttle. And what a pleasure to step off the plane and smell the liberated air of Hillary Rodham Clinton City. Actually, it smells about like it did in the stinking, ptooey, Republican days. The River Inn was its usual adorable self. My parents were their usual witty selves. My father and mother both had colds, and were sniffling, but otherwise normal.

My father had been hard at work on the stacks of magazines, and the apartment actually looked neat. My parents have a great life now. Endless talk about public policy, a great restaurant nearby (The River View at the Watergate), and seemingly nonstop requests to be on talk shows. Plus, entree to various newspapers from which I have been banned for criticizing Michael Robert Milken and pointing out that he had been a major cause of the S&L debacle.

I've decided to put him out of my life, though. Let bygones be bygones. He did his time, and life goes on.

Thursday

"Look at that little fellow there," my father said. "That little guy with the clarinet. That's me, that was me. I was twelve. I was in junior high in Detroit, but I was in the high school band. See?"

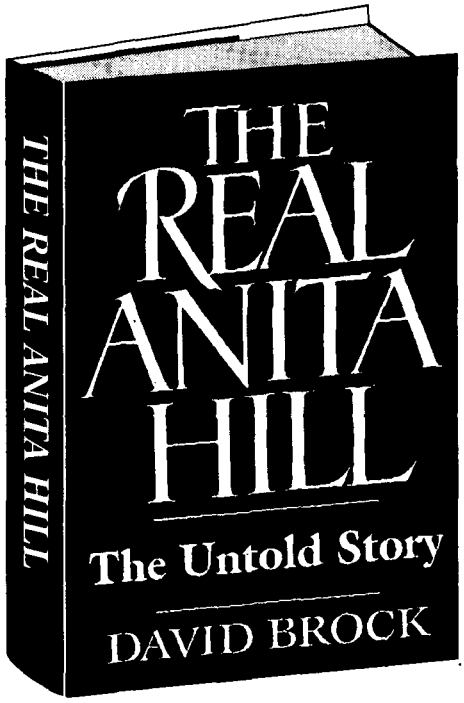
My father was showing me his copy of the 1928 Highland Park High School Yearbook. He was tiny, but he obviously could blow that licorice stick, and he was in with the big kids.

I spend a lot of time thinking about my father. Also my mother. They went from basically nothing to a great deal, and I try to think how they did it. Of course, they were and are smart. They were disciplined. But what made them disciplined? Why were they so much more disciplined than others? I think it has to do with a sense of self, but I'm not sure.

As I leafed through the yearbook, I noticed that the people in my father's school some sixty-five years ago looked pretty much the way they did in 1962, when I got out of school. When did people start looking like freaks? When did people purposefully try to look horrible, with baseball hats turned backwards, pins through noses and lips, grunge-Hollywood dress, and scary dredlocks? I

A special offer for readers of *The American Spectator*

Finally, the whole story



1993 ISBN: 0-02-904655-6 $24.95

Order today and get *The Real Anita Hill* for only $19.95—a 20% discount off the list price.

FP THE FREE PRESS

For credit card orders call toll free 1-800-323-7445.

CLIP & MAIL

Please send me_____ copy(ies) of
THE REAL ANITA HILL 0-02-904655-6
Enclosed is my check for the **special price of $19.95** per book.
(Please include $2.00 per book for shipping plus your local sales tax.)
Mail to: The Free Press, Attn: Dino Battista, 866 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/Zip_____

psr 932/psl 932 roy 9 cancel 0 **Offer # 91029** Offer valid in the U.S. only

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guess it was after we lost the war. You know. The war against Eurasia. Or maybe it was against East Asia. Or maybe Oceania.

Anyway, I looked at my parents, pointed out that there was dust under the TV, and then left.

I flew back to Los Angeles next to a feminist from Vassar who was going to spend a year in Australia studying marine biology on the Great Barrier Reef. "The main thing about being underwater for a long period," she explained, "is that there's no sexism or gender discrimination underwater. Everyone's the same."

Good point, I said, and ordered the fish for dinner.

Friday

Back in Hollywood, getting ready for a beer commercial. Driving up to the cash machine at my bank, I ran into M., a middle-aged woman with a fair amount of mileage, recently dolled up with about a million dollars' worth of plastic surgery. She had a tangle of wires running out of her head, down her back, across her forehead, down to a little box. "Hi," I called out from my car. "Is that your Walkman?"

"No," she said cheerily. "That's my neuro-electronic brain stimulator."

"Oh, good," I said. By then, a car was blocking my car near the cash machine. Damn.

"It's supposed to stimulate my brain while I ride my bicycle," she said. "But it's overcharged and it's making my brain rev uncontrollably."

"Hmmm," I said. "Well, I have to go now." The car ahead of me was moving. God hears all prayers.

"What are you doing later?" M. asked. "Can I come over and discuss some of my ideas about the economy?"

"No," I answered. "I'll be doing a commercial."

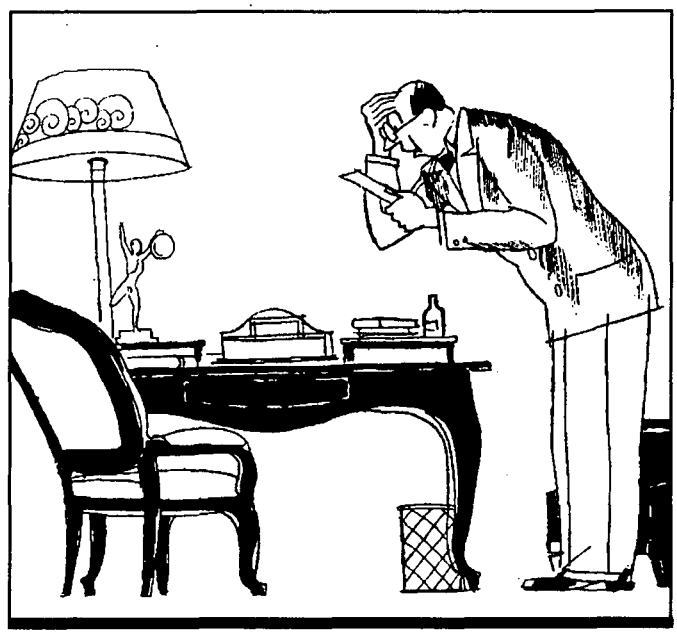
I drove off in a cloud of dust. Then I felt a certain pang. I should have given her Robert Reich's phone number. Two brains revving uncontrollably. They could call in Evita, whose brain is always revving uncontrollably, and they could really fix the economy once and for all. Neuro-electronic brain stimulators all around, my people.

Tuesday

Over to the Beverly Regent, which is also known as the Beverly Wilshire, for a drink with Q., one of America's billionaires, a legend in finance, a man who can do no wrong. This guy started out slicing pastrami thirty years ago, and now he is worth billions, personally owns one of America's largest corporations, and moves entire markets with a wave of his hand.

I know this man from Morton's, only to say hello, but he invited me to talk to him about life, and so here I am. There are a lot of rich-looking Arabs here. Many of them are smoking cigarettes. Others of them are talking to blonde girls. Hmmm.

In the lobby, I spotted Q., with his trademark silver cigarette holder. He shook my hand so hard I thought my eyeballs would pop. Then he guided me to a seat in the bar where a young man with flinty eyes was waiting.



"This is my accountant, Roger," Q. said."I never go anywhere without an accountant, and preferably two, because I like to know how much everything is going to cost me."

"I see."

We talked for a long time about a specific deal I had wondered about, and then he asked me about myself. In politeness, and out of genuine curiosity, I asked him to what he attributed his amazing success. "Were you a math genius in high school? Do you have ESP? I mean, how do you know these things are going to make so much money?"

"Ben," he said, "I can read financial statements. The numbers come dancing off the page at me. They sing to me. I can see them in three dimensions where other people can see them in two or maybe just in one."

"Fantastic," I said, "and very poetically put."

"Plus," he added, "I was very lucky. I was in the right place at the right time."

"And what accounts for that?"

"Well," he said, "I found the Nichiren Shoshun Association about twenty years ago, and now I chant for what I want, and I usually get it. That sounds farfetched, but it's a fact."

"Wonderful," I said.

"Yes. Chanting, and also ringing bells. That's a Burmese custom, and I find that if I ring enough bells before I do a deal, usually the deal goes well."

"Let me ask you this. Down to how fine a screen would you know your net worth? A million dollars? Five million dollars? Twenty million dollars?"

Q. looked thoughtful and said, "Down to about twenty million. But I'm not in it for the money. I just like the work. I find it exciting. It's not the money anymore, and maybe it never was."

Hmmm.

Q. left with his accountant, a former Air Force F-15 pilot who had decided to work with numbers instead of missiles. I met my pal Jane for pizza and she started to explain to me why Tommy is so active.

"What do you think?" she demanded. "He asks you for a hot dog, and you ask him if he'd rather have scorpion burgers. He asks you for ketchup and you ask him if he wouldn't rather have nuclear bomb sauce. The child is going to grow up to want war."

Hmmm.

I started for home with visions of Q.'s billions. He didn't seem that much smarter than I am. He just seemed like a diligent guy. Who chanted and rang bells. Maybe I would soon be up there with him. Unable to know my real net

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worth except perhaps down to a fine screen of twenty million, as in four billion, three hundred and twenty million, for example. Yes. That sounds just about right.

On my way home, I stopped at a huge grocery store to buy dog biscuits. I had a vague feeling of foreboding as I pulled up to the cash machine. I put my card in, pressed all of the numbers, asked the machine for a lousy two hundred.

Whammm!!! Back came my card, and the cruelest words I have ever seen on a screen:

THE AMOUNT YOU REQUESTED EXCEEDS YOUR AVAILABLE BALANCE

Whaaat? For a guy who can only figure his wealth down to the nearest twenty million? For a guy who just a few days ago had enough in that account to buy a new car?

Obviously, a disgraceful mistake by Great Western Bank. Or perhaps an embezzlement by a painter. Or a huge swindle at the bank in which I was an innocent pawn.

No such luck. At home I called the automated Great Western info line. Sad but true. I had spent the money without even remembering. True, it was mostly to pay off a line of credit, but to have just forgotten? That's not so good.

Luckily, little squirrel that I am, I have many other accounts on which to draw. But still, this scared me. I think I will have to live in a shoe from now on. All night long I could not sleep, thinking about my carelessness. It's really appalling that someone can forget as much as I have. I can recall the smell of a girlfriend's hair from twenty years ago, but I can't remember a check big enough to put me into tilt from three days ago. Wow.

Where are those bells that Q. talked about? And what were those chants again?

Wednesday

Up at the crack of dawn for the familiar trek over to CNN. I'm to be on "Sonya Live" to talk about Clinton's tax plan and his attacks on the rich. I have a really good speech mapped out. It'll be all about a national bell ringing and chanting. Maybe some financial statement reading tossed in.

Anyway, as I waited, I glanced at the *New York Times* and the *Wall Street Journal.* Damn my eyes, but on *both* op-ed pages there are pieces by my indefatigable father, he who cannot stop his fingers from typing. I'm beginning to wonder about whether he has a secret neuro-electronic brain stimulator . . .

I was awakened from this reverie and brought down the hall. A man named "Stormy" put on my mike, and we were on our way.

"Ben," Sonya said, or words to this effect, "as a member of the rich, how do you feel about these plans?"

"What?" The image of the cash machine and its sadistic message danced before my eyes. "I'm not rich. I'm the poorest person I know here in Los Angeles," I pleaded.

The other participant in pants, Martin Mayer, who doesn't even know me, waded in to insist that I was in fact rich, no matter what I said. I insisted again that I was the poorest person I knew, and then gave my little talk about how attacking the rich was just a shorthand way of attacking people who were especially well-educated, hard-working, and good at saving.

A woman called in from San Francisco to tell me I was a selfish pig, and that she lived comfortably on $13,000 a year, that people who couldn't do that were swine, and that there was nothing to this "politics of envy" charge.

We talked for a while, in that dream state of semi-acting, semi–being real that is a talk show, and then I was off, still sputtering that the rich are not enemies of the state just for being rich.

On my way home, I got a call from my erstwhile and future bride. "Tommy was such a good boy today," she said. "So good at his interview for Windsor [a private school that costs an arm and a leg]. Maybe we should buy him a turtle terrarium."

"He's already got a turtle terrarium," I said.

"Well, a second one," she said.

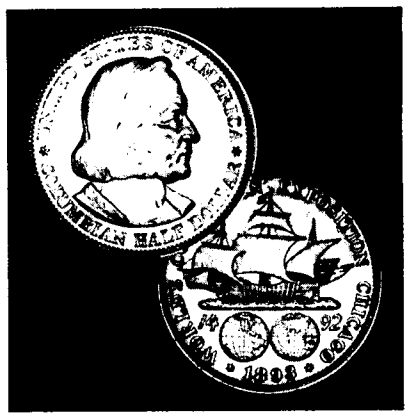
"No," I said. "A nuclear bomb or else some bells."

"What are you talking about?" Alex asked. "I can understand the nuclear bomb, but why the bells?"

"The bells are instead of school," I said. "You would have to be a billionaire to understand." ❐

THE CENTENNIAL OF AN HISTORIC U.S. COIN

1893-1993



OWN AN ORIGINAL 1893 "COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION" U.S. SILVER HALF DOLLAR

America's first commemorative coin designs were authorized by Congress for this historic U.S. silver half dollar, honoring the World's Columbian Exposition which opened in Chicago in May, 1893. Issued in 1892 and 1893, this famous coin was the keystone of the lengthy U.S. commemorative half dollar series. The Columbus bust and Santa Maria/Old & New Worlds reverse were never repeated on U.S. coins.

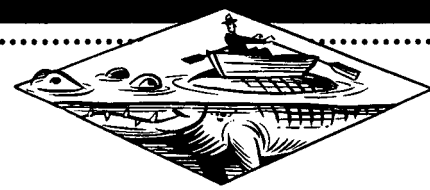
A timely acquisition – an heirloom to cherish.

A total of just 2.5 million were originally struck (compared to 657 million Morgan silver dollars). Only a fraction survive in the Very Fine quality we offer. Each coin is 31mm in diameter, contains 12.5 grams of .900 silver and comes with a Certificate of Authenticity and protective case. While current supplies last, prices are as follows: **$39 each; 5 for $185 (save $10); 10 for $370 (save $20); 20 for $730 (save $50). Order #7705. To order by credit card, call toll-free 1-800-451-4463.** Or send your check or money order to: International Coins & Currency, Inc., 11 E. State St., Box 218, **Dept. 2718,** Montpelier, VT 05601. **Add just $2 for postage. Money-back guarantee — 30-day home examination.**

Serving collectors for 19 years

2718

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Heading South

by Michael Ledeen

The old order spins ever more violently out of control, making it increasingly difficult to get our bearings. Around the periphery, the teeming masses are restless, now rallying to the banner of Islam, now to ancient ethnic, tribal, or racial loyalties, now again to nations believed long gone. Countries once thought stable are falling apart: Czechoslovakia divided, Italy on the verge of disintegration, ex-Yugoslavia in full fission, and Russia slowly reaching critical mass. At the center, Europe dithers as Clinton "does foreign policy," the very language testifying to lack of content, as his spokespeople confirm "continuity in foreign policy," which is to say we shall not have much of the vision thing from this president, either.

To be sure, it's a tough job, in part because most of the formerly-conventional wisdom is now upside-down, and in part because Clinton is himself so wrongheaded that it's hard to imagine his grasping what is actually going on. The formerly-conventional wisdom rested on the assumption that "stability" was central to our foreign policy objectives, and hence we had to "manage" crises. The map of the world was considered fundamentally stable, with only minor variations (particularly in and around Israel) possible or even desirable. And the central role of government in managing all problems went unchallenged. In the current revolutionary convulsion, stability is out of the question, and we must either lead the worldwide movement that we inspired despite ourselves, or face the whirlwind of an embittered generation that will condemn our betrayal. The point is not to manage the world, it is to change it.

Michael Ledeen is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

The Second Democratic Revolution has so far toppled the military dictatorships of Latin Europe and Latin America, sent the Soviet Empire to the dustbin of history, frightened the gerontarchs in Peking, and inspired much of Africa, but our leaders have yet to grasp its true import. If they did, they could not possibly continue to speak and act as if more government were the solution to most of mankind's problems. For the Second Democratic Revolution, as its eighteenth-century progenitor, is inspired by faith in the creative powers and energies of the individual, and resists the arrogant and stifling powers of the state. That is why the European leaders are in such disrepute with their electors, and it is why Clinton's negative ratings are rising like the incoming tides. The new president would do well to pay attention to France, where François Mitterrand's Socialists have received the most resounding defeat in the history of electoral politics. Mitterrand lingers on, but as an enthroned anachronism, a reminder of failures past.

But the most chilling lesson comes from Italy, which has long been Europe's political laboratory. In this century alone, the Italians have given us Fascism and Eurocommunism, and now they are showing us what happens when the populace turns on the *stato ladro*, the thief-state. Postwar Italy was built on an intimate relationship between government and business, with Rome deciding which businesses should be enriched, and the spoils divided among the various political parties. The Communists were double-dippers, taking some money from the system, and other funding from Moscow and related business activities in pro-Soviet Third World countries. Over time, the Mafia became part of this game, generating even more money. The system survived for several generations, for while everyone knew that the taxpayers were paying a high premium (perhaps as much as 30 percent of some contracts was recycled to the parties), it provided lots of jobs (in both government and big business). But the system forced Italians to jump through some very high hoops to create new wealth: many factories ran "black" shifts when workers were paid in cash (and they worked far more productively than during their "official" hours), and many small and medium-sized companies sprung up to compete in the international market. Thus, alongside the planned economy, a free market developed, and this free sector drove the Italian economic miracle to spectacular levels. With Italy passing England to become the world's fifth industrial power, most Italians preferred to leave well enough alone, even though they knew the system was crazy. Moreover, the alternative to the system was Communism, and this was unacceptable to the majority of Italians. With the defeat of Communism, this barrier was removed, and the judiciary swung into action. Today the Italian political and business elite is either in jail or dreading it.

Sound familiar? The Italian case is clearer than most, because the government–big business alliance was so blatantly corrupt, but extreme cases help clarify the consequences of such an alliance. In Italy today, the traditional political parties have been destroyed and a new force, the Lombard League, has emerged. The League represents northern Italy (anything above Rome), and wants independence or at least greater autonomy. In real terms this means it wants to end the postwar policy of paying off the Southerners to stay put—another aspect of the social-engi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neering state. It wants the Southerners to stay put *without* being paid.

Every country has its "South," and most of us have followed the Italian example by paying our Southerners (or Irish, or blacks, or Turks) to stay where they are, shut up, and not cause trouble in our neighborhoods. The most recent converts to this foolish system are the Germans, who are expending a fortune to keep the East Germans where they are, subsidizing nonproductive industries, subsidizing housing, subsidizing most everything. This policy—along with similarly idiotic subsidies for favored companies in West Germany—has driven Germany into economic crisis, proving once again that even the strongest economic system can be gutted by an excess of central planning. The only sensible solution to the problem of the "South" is to get government out of people's way and let them compete with the rest of us. That they start at a disadvantage is no excuse for massive government intervention that only prolongs their agony. If the channels of upward mobility are sufficiently open, they will generally find a way out of their plight.

The notion that government is smarter than the people, and should guide investment, R&D, and production, is not limited to countries with "Southern" problems. Most recently the Japanese have proved that even their wise men are fallible, and the consequences have been terrible indeed. It is astonishing that the political fallout from the Japanese economic nightmare has not been more pronounced (imagine what would happen here if the stock market crashed by 60 percent!), a testimony to the staying power of an ethnically homogeneous society with a strong social tradition. But the corruption of the Japanese system is, if anything, even worse than Italy's, and the day of reckoning will eventually arrive there as well.

All of this should serve as a guideline for policy toward Russia, where an entire nation is "the South." Yeltsin is asking for money to save his "reform program," but the reforms he is calling for are timorous, and more in line with the failed Italian model than with the norms of democratic capitalism. There is very little private property in Russia today, and such as exists is either the result of wildcat entrepreneurship or the occasional privatization of big state-owned companies. You can't have capitalism without private property, and you can't have a modern economic system without fully convertible currency. Yeltsin blew his big chance after the failed coup attempt that swept aside the Communist Party, and now faces a resurgent old guard and a cynical populace. If we're going to invest in the Russian future, we'd better insist that Yeltsin find a way to blow up these massive roadblocks. Otherwise, stay out, because no amount of money can save Russia as presently constituted.

It is most unlikely that the Clinton administration will adopt such a policy, because we seem about to repeat the mistakes that have so badly damaged the Italians, Germans, and Russians. The president believes in government, wants a more intimate alliance between government and business, thinks that a bunch of clever people can outguess the market, and insists that the government be given more and more money so that it can make more

and more decisions. This theory comes from the intellectual elite of American liberalism, a hoary anachronism in the Age of the Second Democratic Revolution. The Pope, it is said, has forecast that the last Communist will be an American nun, but she will have to compete with some resilient survivors in our academies and think tanks, many of whom are now taking up residence in the federal government.

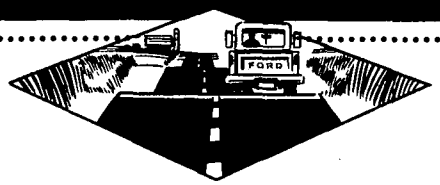
The present state of liberal confusion is well demonstrated in Paul Kennedy's latest tome, *Preparing for the Twenty-First Century*.[1] It is a book that does not parse, because—perhaps stung by the colossal errors of his last opus, in which he forecast the demise of the American "Empire," and opined that both Japan and the Soviet Union had greater stability—all bets are hedged. It is difficult to tell, for example, whether he really believes in the forecasts of Global Warming (sometimes he accepts it as proven, other times he writes about what might ensue "if it is accurate"), and here and there one finds an encouraging humility about prophecy. The book is not so much an essay as a compendium of all the things that might go wrong in the near future (population explosions, ecological disaster, war, famine . . . the usual collection), and it is woefully short on remedy. But insofar as Kennedy is inclined to prescribe (aside from anodyne calls for better education, greater opportunities for women, and better political leadership), it is to weaken nation-states in order to strengthen larger governing units with even more power to shape policy and hence to regulate human behavior. Nowhere is there an appreciation of the enormous political energies that have been unleashed in the recent past, and nowhere is there a recognition of the great cry for freedom that inspires our time.

What do we ask of our leaders in the age of revolution? We ask that they appreciate us, that they give us their confidence by removing the burdens that the megastate has imposed upon us, that they trust us to spend our money at least as wisely as they can, and that they provide us with examples of courage, culture, and probity. The president fancies himself a modern populist, taking his show on the road more often than facing the press in Washington; let him then talk to the welfare mothers and chastise them for bringing so many doomed children into the world. Let him chastise the school teachers and university administrators who have caved in to fad instead of maintaining the timeless standards that alone produce educated citizens. Above all, let him fulfill his most important campaign promise and reduce the weight of bureaucracy.

But he is quite clearly not inclined to do these things. Indeed, he is hell-bent on taking the opposite course, and that will lead him where it has led the others. And when it is over, he and we will have paid a high price for the foolishness of intellectual hubris, and hopefully there will still be time for us to reassert our revolutionary principles and reenter the mainstream of modern history. ❐

[1]Random House, 428 pages, $25.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Permissive Right

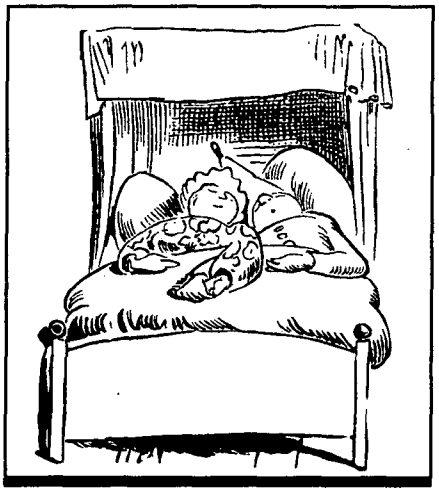
by Herbert London

The media have discovered a new political darling: William Weld, the governor of Massachusetts. Here is the quintessential hero for the Deficit-Cutting Era: a fiscal conservative and a social liberal. The *Wall Street Journal*, relying on economic data, described him as the most effective governor in the country. *New York Times* editors have been no less effusive in their praise. From all that has been written, he may be perceived as Moses leading the Republican Party to the promised land on Pennsylvania Avenue and rewriting the political Talmud to say markets work, but social issues should be kept in the bedroom.

Weld is not alone. There are libertarians, who believe the government should restrict its activity to defense matters. There are neoconservatives like Irving Kristol, who claim the cultural wars are over and our side lost. There is even William F. Buckley, who argues that the abortion question should be removed from politics.

Why has no one pointed out that fiscal conservatism and social liberalism are incompatible? If it isn't possible for most individuals to sustain a high standard of living and control expenditures while holding libertine attitudes about sex, morality, and discipline, why should it be possible for societies? When poor women have children out of wedlock, an enormous burden gets placed on society in the form of remedial education, high crime rates, drug abuse, and the full range of aberrant behavior. As a consequence of illegitimacy, government expenditures will inevitably increase. When governors do not criticize this behavior or dismantle the bureaucracy that enables it to occur, all their fiscal proposals ultimately come to nought.

Similarly, the economy is affected by family breakdown and social anomie. As Schumpeter, Weber, and Daniel Bell pointed out, capitalism depends on the requisites of moral rectitude. If employees aren't punctual, use drugs, and engage in anti-social acts, then performance on the job will be adversely affected. Theoretically, in a free-market environment such problems would be addressed by firing the miscreants. But, in fact, welfare-state capitalism accommodates the very behavior that militates against employee output. Capitalism can produce wealth and wealth can produce social permissiveness, which in turn can undermine the behavioral requisites on which capitalism depends. This is a classic case of the cultural contradictions of capitalism.



When urban residents react against high crime rates and begin to assume that their private property is only temporarily in their possession, businesses will leave the city, jobs will flee as well, and the tax base will erode. Here is the New York–Los Angeles scenario.

It is predictable for Democrats to concentrate on the economy (". . . Stupid!") during a downturn. But Republicans are seemingly jumping on this bandwagon and concentrating on the economy to the virtual exclusion of social issues. The keep-these-matters-in-the-bedroom wing of the party is in the ascendancy. What these advocates neglect to point out is that government is promoting a social agenda through welfare policy, the schools' curricula, and arts subsidies that have taken social issues from the bedroom to the streets. The very people who would "keep these matters in the bedroom" covertly promote a social agenda through the Children of the Rainbow curriculum, bias bills designed to appease homosexual activists, subsidies for artists which are often employed for a radical agenda, condom distribution in the schools, and multicultural textbooks.

Lest I create the impression that I see Weld as a Republican Ted Kennedy, let me emphasize that I think he was both right and courageous in leading the charge for spending restraints and tax cuts in Massachusetts. But I'm convinced that all his reforms won't amount to a hill of beans in a welfare environment that keeps expanding its client base.

Since the 1960s, state and federal governments have spent more than $3 trillion attempting to address social problems in inner cities with little if anything to show for it. In fact, latitudinarian social behavior promoted and abetted by social liberals in both parties has led inexorably to an ever growing government expense to address the problems permissiveness has caused to flourish. For example, liberals were appalled when Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan said the effect of illegitimacy in the black community would undermine the family by causing young women to be married

Herbert London is the John M. Olin Professor of Humanities at New York University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to government instead of husbands. History, of course, has proved him right. Yet the social liberals generally do not connect his warning with the enormous public expense, now in the multi-billions, to sustain these children and deal with the crime they disproportionately commit.

It is astonishing that anyone can ignore the relationship between the tax burden and permissive social attitudes, but myopia is a widespread affliction. It can certainly be demonstrated that sex education programs and condom distribution have not decreased sexual promiscuity and illegitimacy, but have added to the cost of education. Some educators—and I agree with them—contend that these courses and condom programs actually increase promiscuity and illegitimacy and add hidden costs to the society. It can be demonstrated that, in this era of AIDs, buggery and hypodermic drug use come with risks, not only for consenting adults exercising their free will, but for the rest of us who have observed high insurance costs, hospital expenses, and tax rates. And there may be some linkage—usually denied by rigid avatars of the First Amendment—that malicious rock lyrics and perverse film and television scripts can influence young minds into malicious and perverse acts for which the rest of society pays.

Clearly an indeterminate point could be reached at which the social costs of permissiveness require government intervention, although in most instances I prefer family guidance to the heavy hand of government. People should be discouraged from smoking because the costs to society are high, but that discouragement can often come in forms other than legislation. Similarly, liberal lawmakers sponsor mandatory helmet laws for motorcyclists, but I would argue that this problem should be addressed with insurance rates high enough to discourage such behavior.

At the moment John and Mary Q. Public are bewildered by behavioral permissiveness and upset by high insurance rates designed to discourage irresponsible behavior. But they haven't put the two together. If people were to think about this linkage, it wouldn't take much persuasion to convince them that the phrase fiscal-conservative-and-social-liberal is oxymoronic. Adopting a live-and-let-live view of society will harm the economy and constrain the application of fiscally conservative policies.

George Bernard Shaw once said, "Taking from Peter to pay Paul always meets with the approval of Paul." Think of Paul as government and Peter as the taxpayer. Governments always have a reason for high taxes. The fiscal conservative and social liberal, however, says we can have low taxes and a permissive social environment. But low taxes and low morals usually lead to high taxes and low morals. A libertine who accepts illegitimacy will at some point have to assume fiscal responsibility for feral children who commit much of the crime and force society to bear an unwanted financial burden. As graffiti on a subway wall noted: "If you lead the high life, someone will pay for you to be a low life."

Teaching the public to appreciate a linkage between tax policy and social policy shouldn't be hard. President Clinton is likely to be an unwitting ally in this educational process. He will raise taxes to address social problems which will not be reduced or solved with additional expenditures. The public is waking up to the fact that urban streets aren't safe despite increases in spending on police protection. Educational expenditures grow at a rate twice that of inflation and still those students reading at grade level goes down as a percentage of the whole and the number of students scoring above 1200 on the SATs (verbal and math scores combined) goes down relatively and absolutely year after year.

The culture war is not over. Conservatives have yet to fire a shot. Perhaps in the not-too-distant future a fusillade will be heard from them. Until then, one should be wary of fiscal conservatives and social liberals applauded by the *New York Times*. Their agenda is not all it seems. I'm not telling Jack Kemp and Bill Bennett who card-carrying members of their new group Empower America should be, but when Bill Weld is considered a charter member, it gives me pause. If the Welds in the Republican Party have their way, Empower America will resemble Enervate America, and all discussion of fiscal conservatism may have to be modified to incorporate a liberal social agenda. Surely there is a lesson here for Republicans who want to rebuild their party. ❐

OUR FINEST HOUR

WILL CLAYTON,
the Marshall Plan,
and the
Triumph of Democracy

Gregory A. Fossedal
Foreword by Paul Nitze

"Will Clayton was an unswerving champion of global democratic capitalism. Fossedal's study demonstrates democracy in action -- that ideas rule the world, and that we are obliged in these revolutionary times to export the American idea to the whole world as Mr. Clayton sought to do."
--Jack Kemp

"A timely, well-told story of one man's extraordinarily successful effort to shape a global, peacefully competitive economic community."
--Senator Bill Bradley

to order by phone : (415) 723-3373
by fax: (415) 723-1687
ISBN: 0-8179-9201-4
casebound $34.95
ISBN: 0-8179-9202-2
paperback $18.95
Publication Date: April 20, 1993

Hoover Institution Press
Stanford University
Stanford, CA 94305-6010

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keep On Truckin'

by Terry Eastland

According to consumer activists and plaintiffs trial lawyers, GM C/K pickup trucks have long tended to catch fire in side-impact collisions. So NBC News's "Dateline NBC" decided to "investigate." "Waiting To Explode?" was the title of its infamous 15-minute "news feature" that ran last November 17. In what correspondent Michelle Gillen described as an "unscientific demonstration" conducted by "outside experts" in a field near Indianapolis, Indiana, a car was shown smashing into the side of a 1977 GM truck. Immediately there was fire, the flames licking up between the truck and the car. Oh, my! Another bad vehicle, indeed a death-mobile. Or so the viewer might have thought.

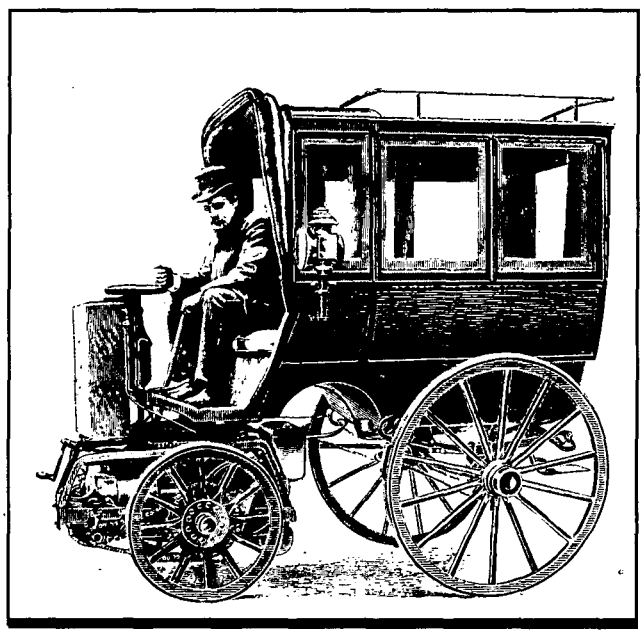
But GM thought otherwise. In a two-hour press conference on February 8, the auto maker set forth its findings and announced it was filing a defamation lawsuit against the network. NBC President Michael Gartner publicly defended the segment as "fair and accurate" and accused GM of trying to divert attention from its problem trucks. But the very next day, "Dateline" co-anchors Stone Phillips and Jane Pauley came on to read one of the most remarkable apologies in the history of American journalism. Talk about transforming a story: Not GM's trucks but NBC's shoddy journalism now dominated the news. Soon enough, Gartner resigned in disgrace and the network is now struggling to recover whatever is left of its reputation.

"Dateline NBC" featured two side-impact collisions. NBC's contractor for the demos had strapped under the trucks incendiary devices (detonated by remote control) to guarantee a fire once gasoline spewed from the gas tank. (Or that's how it was supposed to work; the second collision caused no fire.) But Michelle Gillen didn't tell viewers about this newfangled accessory (available only on models serviced by NBC), nor did she report that the gas cap for the truck in the crash that resulted in fire was the wrong cap for the truck's filler tube and that the tank itself was filled to overflowing—conditions that helped the cap come off and the gas to spill out when the crash occurred.

Gillen did say: "At impact, a small hole was punctured in the tank" and the crash "forced gasoline to spew from the fuel cap." The first statement was false, the second so incomplete as to be false. In its apology, NBC admitted as much and said the show should have informed viewers about the incendiary devices, the use of which "was a bad idea from start to finish." "This unscientific demonstration," the apology continued, "was not representative of an actual side-impact collision." And: "We have . . . concluded that unscientific demonstrations should have no place in hard news stories at NBC. That's our new policy."

While NBC's apology ended the lawsuit, it was in fact incomplete. The 56 seconds of "unscientific demonstrations" were merely the most sensational part of the 15-minute segment, but hardly the only defective moments. Alas, NBC is willing to defend all but those 56 seconds, for the apology also announced: "We believe we presented in the balance of the segment all sides of the controversy over the safety of the GM trucks."

Let's review the segment from the top. Stone Phillips advises that certain pickup trucks made by GM may not be as "rough and rugged" as people think. They may have "a fatal flaw—a gas tank in the wrong place." "Top safety experts" attribute more than 300 deaths to this defect. Jane Pauley chimes in to say there are now "serious questions whether the GM pickups should be recalled." GM denies the trucks have any such "fatal flaw," she says, introducing the segment with this imperative: "Watch Michelle Gillen's investigation and you decide." Observe that the "top safety experts" are pitted against an auto manufacturer defendant, and that you the viewer are invited to sit as juror, with NBC acting as district attorney. Here is a classic case of what Lehigh University's Carole Gorney terms "litigation journalism."



Terry Eastland is resident fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Characteristically, lead prosecutor Gillen begins by retailing a heart-wrenching story that has led to a product liability lawsuit. Shannon Moseley was a 17-year-old high-schooler who died when his new GM pickup—a gift from his parents—was hit on the side by a drunk driver. "It was pure agony. He was burning alive," the police officer who was on the scene of the accident tells Gillen. Gillen in turn says that Moseley's parents did not know when they bought the truck what (they claim in their lawsuit) GM did know—that people were burning to death in the pickups because of "an alleged design flaw," namely, the location of the gas tank outside the frame rail of the truck, as opposed to inside it.

To describe this alleged flaw, Gillen interviews Byron Bloch, whom she identifies as a "safety expert" hired by families to testify in lawsuits against GM. What she does not say is that Bloch is trained in neither auto safety nor engineering. Gillen next turns for comment to Jim Butler, the lawyer representing the Moseleys. She neglects to identify Butler as a well-known plaintiffs' lawyer who works on a contingency basis; such lawyers often net a third or more of huge damage awards. Gillen also interviews Clarence Ditlow, whom she identifies as the executive director of the Center for Auto Safety, "a private consumer watchdog group." ("Private" in this case means Naderite.) Ditlow says the pickups need to be recalled.

Gillen briefly presents GM's side of the story—by interviewing a GM official and a private attorney hired by GM—before voicing consumer groups' complaints that GM has failed to alert truck owners to the alleged defect. She notes that more than a hundred Moseley-like lawsuits have been filed against GM, that most have been settled out of court, and that the terms of the settlements have been kept confidential, at GM's request. Gillen then interviews one plaintiff whose case has been settled. While this mother of two baby girls who died in a "pickup fire" cannot say how much she received in damages, she does discuss, tearfully, the crash-and-fire itself, a horrible event. Her lawyer tells Gillen that everyone would have survived had there been no fire. Gillen interviews a GM official, who attributes the fire in such crashes to reasons other than fuel-tank location, such as substance abuse. She then reports on a 1978 GM memo from a safety engineer who said that moving the fuel tank inside the frame might eliminate potential gasoline leakage resulting from a collision. She says GM repudiated the memo in 1983, calling such leaks "theoretical," yet decided that same year to reposition the fuel tank inside the frame rail, something not accomplished until 1988.

Why, Gillen asks, did GM put the fuel tank outside the frame rail? GM's explanation, as Gillen reports it: so it could offer a truck carrying more fuel. Gillen also interviews Butler, the Moseleys' lawyer, who says GM made the truck that way so that it could sell more trucks: you can have a bigger fuel tank outside the frame rail than inside it. Gillen reports that Chrysler and Ford thought about putting the fuel tanks outside the frame rail but didn't do so because of the leakage potential. The GM official denies to Gillen that GM would ever do anything it thought was dangerous. Gillen then interviews a former GM engineer who used to defend the C/K pickup in court cases but says GM kept from him and the courts videotapes of crash tests of the truck done between 1981 and 1984, which show fuel tank leakage. She indicates that this individual, whom she says GM describes as a "disgruntled employee," now testifies against the pickup. Gillen shows footage from these tapes, which GM released last fall.

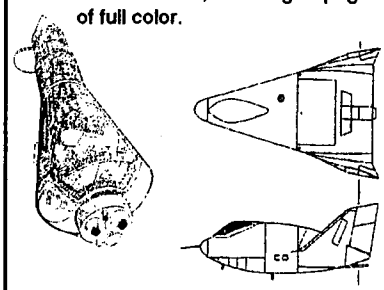
This leads into the show's "unscientific demonstrations." Gillen says that "Dateline NBC" hired the Institute for Safety Analysis to conduct the tests, and she interviews the institute's Bruce Enz. Gillen does not tell viewers that Enz is not an engineer and that he is a frequent expert witness against not only GM but also other auto makers. Gillen ends her piece by returning to the Moseley case, raising the question of whether deaths such as Shannon Moseley's are not preventable. Clearly believing GM guilty of making a bad product, Gillen and the co-anchors discuss whether the trucks will be recalled.

The most conspicuous defect of "Waiting to Explode?" was NBC's heavy, unskeptical—and unacknowledged—reliance on a group of people who as a professional matter are

Just Released!

THE DREAM MACHINES:
An Illustrated History of the Spaceship in Art, Science and Literature
by Ron Miller
Foreword by Arthur C. Clarke
744 pp. $112.50
ISBN 0-89464-039-9

Designed with 2-color throughout, this text has more than 500 photos and illustrations, including 16 pages of full color.



Late 1993 Releases

SPACEFLIGHT IN THE ERA OF AERO-SPACE PLANES
by Russell J. Hannigan
Foreword by David C. Webb
ISBN 0-89464-046-1

RADIO AMATEURS GUIDE TO THE IONOSPHERE
by Leo F. McNamara
ISBN 0-89464-804-7

We also carry other space-related titles, please write or call for our free catalog.

When ordering, please add $5.00 for first book, $1.50 each additional to cover shipping charges.

KRIEGER PUBLISHING COMPANY
P.O. Box 9542
Melbourne, Florida 32902-9542
(407) 724-9542 · FAX (407) 951-3671
Direct Order Line (407) 727-7270

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SARKES TARZIAN INC

WRCB, CHANNEL 3, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

KTVN, CHANNEL 2, RENO, NEVADA

WTTS, 92.3 FM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WGCL, 1370 AM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WAJI, 95.1 FM, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

CENTRAL OFFICE, BOX 62, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA 47402
TELEPHONE: 812 332 7251

Providing the Best Radio and Television Service

either directly or indirectly involved in product liability litigation against companies like General Motors. These people stand to make a lot of money from such lawsuits—as litigators, researchers, and expert witnesses. Indeed, such programs as NBC's help inspire new lawsuits and settle old ones on terms more favorable to the plaintiffs. (The Moseley case, which went to trial after the program was aired, saw the plaintiffs awarded more than $100 million, a judgment now on appeal.)

Stone Phillips and Jane Pauley's weak apology tries to excuse NBC for not telling viewers about the rocket engines underneath the trucks on the grounds that "consultants at the scene told us the devices did not start the fire." In fact, these "consultants"—Enz and Bloch—would have had an interest in keeping the public unaware of the incendiary devices, so as not to diminish the credibility of the crash testing. And here is a dispute worth resolving: Enz and Bloch told NBC that the filament of a broken headlight caused the fire, but *Automotive News* reports that GM scientists, after viewing the crash video in super-slow motion, believe the fire started near the rockets.

The program also scanted GM's side of the story. As the Manhattan Institute's Walter Olson pointed out in the *Washington Post*, government statistics show that GM pickups actually have a good safety record. And bear in mind that some juries have not found for the plaintiffs in GM pickup truck cases. Of course, there is an important sense in which "Waiting To Explode?" could never have been "balanced"—unless the issue had been presented dryly and without drama, an impossibility for ratings-driven television. Televised stories about little-guy victims necessarily evoke sympathy. Not so the explanations offered by defendants, who, unlike the plaintiffs, must watch what they say lest it be used against them in court. What little they are able to say makes them look, well, guilty.

In exploding "Waiting to Explode?" General Motors has performed an enormous public service. Nonetheless, it is sobering to remember, as a GM spokesman put it to me, that very few other companies would have had the resources (at least $2 million in GM's case—which NBC is repaying) to defend themselves. ❐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cincinnati on the Vltava

by Jon Newberry

Prague

Having spent the better part of the last twenty years—better, that is, than the parts I spent somewhere else—at Waldeck's Bar in Cincinnati, Ohio, I had good reason to suppose myself immune to common barroom irritants like dirty glasses, ambient smoke, and willful disregard for restroom sanitation. Then last fall I moved to Prague and started hanging out in Czech beer halls.

My wife and I live in a middle-class neighborhood called Kobylisy, about three miles due north of downtown on a hill overlooking the Vltava River winding through the city. The beer halls in Kobylisy offer quite a contrast to neighborhood saloons in the United States. The smoke from Czech cigarettes is acrid enough to etch your eyeballs, and thick enough to make actually buying your own entirely optional.

Glasses and mugs are washed, if you can call it that, in a large sink that's built into the standard-issue, stainless-steel service bar. The procedure consists of submerging them in the water, and—if time permits—swishing them around a little. At the U Cihelny bar down the street from my apartment, I've watched them wash half-liter mugs a dozen at a time, six in each hand, twirling them through the wash basin like a wheel. Then they're pulled out and drained on the bar-top. In most cases, the dishwater is still rolling down the sides of the glass when the bartender flips it over and begins filling it again.

Still, it's often said that the only thing in Czechoslovakia that the Communists didn't ruin is the beer. Pilsen's Pilsner Urquell, the birthplace of modern lager beer, is still regarded as a symbol of Czech brewing excellence. Budvar, which owns the rights to the Budweiser trademark in the Czech and Slovak lands, may have stooped to making a "Budweiser Light," but turning over control to Anheuser-Busch is quite another matter. Czech beer halls, meanwhile, freed from state ownership and securely back in the hands of private citizens, are flourishing. Never mind the less-than-Western quality of the accoutrements: the beer is cold, 25 cents a half-liter, and still arguably the best in the world, Budweiser Light notwithstanding.

One of our favorite hangouts is Hostinec U Soucku, a friendly working-class joint that's run by a guy named Leon and his wife. I once tried handing my empty mug to Leon, motioning for him to refill it for me, on the theory that if I reduced the number of different glasses I came into contact with, I'd minimize my chances of swallowing something that could kill me. That tactic had always succeeded fairly well at Waldeck's, but it doesn't work with Czech beer, which has a thick head on it that takes a minute or two to subside. Bartenders have to fill a glass with foam ahead of time, let it settle a bit, then repeat the procedure two or three times until they get a glass that's about 80 percent beer. When I handed my mug to Leon and motioned for him to fill it up again, he did, but then he set it down to let the foam settle and handed me another full mug that was sitting there ready to go.

U Soucku is a fairly typical Czech beer hall. There's a front room that contains the bar, with room near the entrance for stand-up drinkers and people who want to listen to Leon's wisecracks; bare tables surrounded by benches and chairs; yellowed plaster walls; fluorescent ceiling lights; a slot machine; and posters touting the Velkepopovicky beer that U Soucku serves on tap. Out back is a wood-paneled dining room with smaller tables and a poster for Pilsner Urquell, which the bar doesn't even carry. The kitchen is further back, and the food is worth going home to avoid. The front room is generally favored by drinkers, while the inner room is more dining-oriented, favored by couples and the better-dressed. The distinction is fuzzy, however, and you're free to sit wherever you can find a seat. Leon smiles more at the diners but cracks more jokes in the front room.

Leon, too, tries to talk to us in German even though we keep telling him we're Americans, and has never tried to overcharge us or slip in a "cover charge" on our tab. When we first started going into U Soucku, I was still suffering pangs of homesickness and imagined that Leon might be a kind of Czech version of Marty Waldeck, the recently deceased owner and chief instigator at Waldeck's Bar. Leon always wears a white butcher's coat on the job, similar to the apron that Waldeck used to wear when he ran a butcher shop in the front of his bar. My wife and I began referring to U Soucku as "Waldeck's."

A few weeks after we started frequenting the place, I observed one of the regulars order a double shot of Jägermeister and tell Leon to have one himself. Leon poured two. They raised a toast to each other's health, and the old guy tossed back his in a gulp. Leon meanwhile took a little sip of his glass, smiled and nodded his head in appreciation, set the rest of it down on a shelf behind the bar, and returned to tapping beers.

The incident ended all but the most superficial comparison in my mind between Leon and Marty Waldeck. I'd often seen Waldeck down two fifths of whiskey with a couple dozen beer chasers in the course of a day's work, and in twenty years I never saw him *sip* anything. The only time I ever saw Waldeck shy away from a drink was when he bet Dennis Keegan $20 that he could polish off any bottle behind the bar—Keegan's choice—in two hours. Keegan slapped $20 on the bar and pointed to a 16-ounce bottle of Red Hot sauce. ❐

Jon Newberry is an American journalist living in Prague.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Friends of Bill

by James Bowman

Well, I *said* I wanted movies to eschew fantasy and present us with characters and situations of immediate relevance to our own lives. And then along came *Falling Down* by Joel Schumacher, a self-conscious attempt to present us with Everyman amidst the frustrations of our highly complex, highly frustrating post-industrial society. Michael Douglas plays a man named Bill (oddly called D-FENS, after his vanity license plate, in the credits) who has lost his job, his wife, and his child, and, one day, proceeds to lose his self-control. Caught in a traffic jam in Los Angeles, he finally snaps, abandons his car, and announces that he is "going home" on foot—even though he no longer has a home to go to.

Thereafter he meets representatives of various of the dark forces that haunt our nightmares about modern urban living, and a lot of the petty annoyances—overpriced soft-drinks, foreign shopkeepers, snotty waitresses, bad food, etc.—that on our increasingly frequent bad days seem to push us beyond endurance. Bill is having the ultimate in bad days and, having been pushed beyond endurance, bops each of these insults to his emotional tranquility right on the nose, taking a baseball bat to the price-gouging Korean shopkeeper, for example, or shooting up a Whammyburger restaurant where he finds himself three minutes too late for breakfast.

Talk about relevance! But although such stuff may give us a cheap cathartic high, in the end it is just more fantasy. What's more, it is fascist fantasy. Those middle-class blues getting you down? Reach for your revolver and squeeze off a few rounds at foreigners or rich people or government bureaucrats or young punks or whatever minority you have decided to blame for causing all your problems. That Schumacher is aware of the political implications of his film is shown by the fact that he introduces into it a Nazi sympathizer (Frederic Forrest), with whom Bill has the following dialogue:

NAZI *(having shown Bill an empty container of Zyklon B from the death camps)*: We're just alike, you and I.

BILL *(in disgust)*: We are not the same. I am an American and you are a sick a--hole.

Phew! That's all right then. He's not a Nazi because he *says* he's not. In fact, the only person in the film whose death we know is directly attributable to Bill is the Nazi. Doesn't that demonstrate his bona fides?

No, it doesn't. But a lot of people must have wanted to believe it does. Caryn James, the *New York Times* critic, to her credit sees Bill as the fascist he is, but then jumps to a conclusion exactly 180 degrees wrong: "Hollywood may have voted for Bill Clinton, but 'Falling Down' masterfully exploits conservative sentiments," she opines. It is "the last big Bush-era movie, custom-made for the rabidly conservative Rush Limbaugh crowd that sees social blight as proof that America is lost in a liberal wilderness." Such a truly wacky statement shows that not only can she not have listened to Rush Limbaugh, she cannot even have listened to the movie—or its screenwriter, Ebbe Roe Smith, as quoted in her own newspaper a couple of weeks before.

In a piece in the same "Arts and Leisure" section of the Sunday *Times* on February 21, Aljean Harmetz quotes Smith as saying that Bill, his hero, is "someone who bought the American dream, and it's blown up in his face. He's a guy who believed the unspoken promise of America that if you worked hard and were white and a man, you were safe." Unspoken indeed! Who ever thought that the American dream was about making the world safe for white men? Only the left, of course, whose alternative American dream is the perennial fantasy of making the world safe for everybody—or everybody but individualists and entrepreneurs.

That leftward bias is equally plain in the movie: the evil Nazi is associated with anti-gay, anti-feminist, and anti-environmentalist views, just in case anti-Semitism by itself is not enough to distinguish him from Bill. The latter, by contrast, gives voice to more acceptable socialist views by calling, for example, for country clubs to be taken away from the rich and opened to picnicking families. There is even a sneer at anti-Communism when Bill's old mother, a spaced out weirdo who collects tiny figurines, describes her son's job (which she has never realized he's lost) as "building important things to protect us from the Communists"—as if only a ditzy old broad like that could ever have believed we *needed* protection from the Communists. It is typical of the film's self-contradiction, its pacifistic, leftist fascism, that it should attempt to milk our sympathy for Bill as a victim of cutbacks in the defense industry at the same time that it suggests there need have been no defense industry in the first place.

In fact, Bill is the perfect Clinton Democrat, which may be the reason for both his first name and the filmmakers' pretense that he doesn't have one. He is the embodiment of all that moaning and groaning about a middle-class

James Bowman, The American Spectator's movie critic, is the American editor of the Times Literary Supplement.

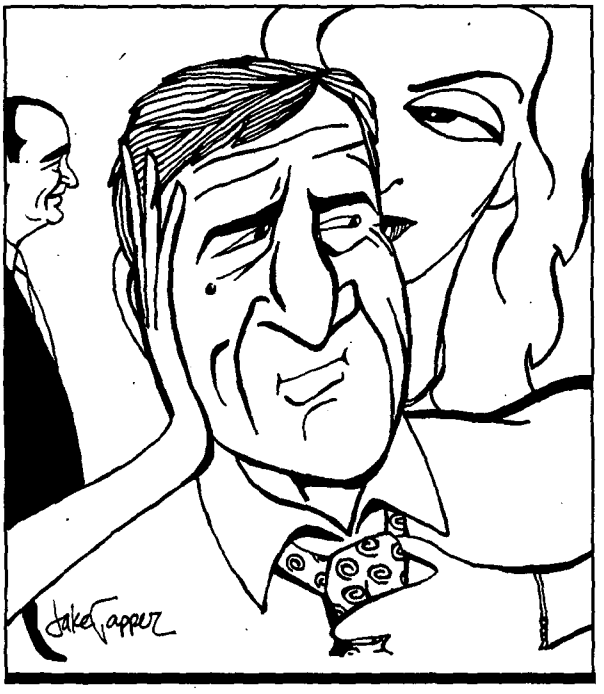
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Götterdämmerung that worked so much in Clinton's favor last year. The film deliberately distances us from him in the end, but it is clear that he stands for that same "forgotten middle class" whose frustrations, as it was widely supposed in the election campaign, would undoubtedly lead to some secular apocalypse unless a savior like Bill Clinton came along to minister to them. It is this dangerous belief that the most basic of life's problems have political solutions which has led both to the Democratic hegemony and to a fascist fantasy like *Falling Down.* And Caryn James wants to blame George Bush and Rush Limbaugh?

Fascist or otherwise, fantasy as I have observed before is very hard to get away from in Hollywood. The movie people are perhaps at their best when they recognize the fact and poke a bit of gentle fun at themselves for it. That is why I rather liked *Mad Dog and Glory*—or at least the first half of it. It was a brilliant idea to cast Bill Murray as a ruthless hoodlum in therapy, a sort of yuppie Don whose fantasy is to be a stand-up comic, and Robert De Niro as a rather timid and mild-mannered policeman (hence his ironic nickname, "Mad Dog") whose fantasy is to be a photographic artist. "I got this feeling," says Murray to DeNiro, trying to make friends, "me and you, we both want to be somewhere else. You know what I mean? We're artists." Later on, a third "artist" comes along: Uma Thurman as Glory, a would-be actress who is working for Murray as a barmaid and prostitute. She delivers the film's most memorable line: "Life is what happens to you while you're waiting for your ship to come in."

Alas, these very promising materials are not exploited to the full and the film soon becomes much more predictable: a love story between Mad Dog and Glory and the saga of how the former manages to overcome his timidity, challenge the bully, and win the fair maiden. All the interesting stuff at the beginning is pretty much forgotten. This is what happens to good ideas in Hollywood: they have to be adapted to one of the standard scenarios, variations on which are continually replayed, and these squeeze out such marginal concerns as originality or coherence.

What is fascinating is to see the same process at work in a dramatization from real life like *Fire in the Sky.* This is the film that promises an answer, based on actual experience, to the question of what extraterrestrials are really like. The answer it gives is that they must be pretty much like a cross between *Alien* and *E.T.* But, when you think about it, what can a film *do* with a supposedly true story of a man kidnapped by aliens? There is no language, no imagery with which to represent extraterrestrials but that of the alien movies that we've all seen many times before. So for the "true" story as much as for the fantasy you have to call up Industrial Light and Magic and tell them to design some generic space



tourists. Naturally, what they come up with is a saucer-shaped spaceship filled with big-headed, spindly-limbed, wrinkly-faced creatures that look like angry potatoes—or perhaps like E.T. in a stocking mask. How else would we know they were aliens?

As usual, truth—or "truth"—limps haltingly along behind fiction and looks far less true than even fantasy. Perhaps the only thing for a film to do about this problem is to bow toward truth by making fun of its own fictions in the thoroughgoing, post-modern way. That is what happens in the Movie of the Month, the Australian film *Strictly Ballroom* by Baz Luhrmann, which on one level is a straightforward Cinderella story that gets away with being so incredibly corny by making fun of the conventions of Cinderella stories (and of movies, and of ballroom dancing) on other levels. It is a very funny picture, but it never allows itself to become merely knowing and arch toward its characters or their story. They are not idiots, as in heavy-handed parodies like *Naked Gun* or *Hot Shots* or *Loaded Weapon,* but likable kids whose happy ending we root for as much as we ever did for Cinderella's.

Paul Mercurio plays Scott, a dancer who has got it into his head that he can win the Pan-Pacific Ballroom Championship by doing his own steps. The Australian Dance Federation and its sinister head conspire with his own mother to prevent him from going ahead with his plan, his partner deserts him and he is left with plain, wallflowery Fran (Tara Morice), who sweeps the dance studio, as the only person who believes in him. "Can you dance without those?" he asks, referring to her spectacles, and when they come off she of course turns into a raving beauty and a fantastic dancer. Moreover, she comes from a whole family of Spanish dancers who can teach Scott how to do his new steps in the fashion of the *paso doble.*

All the clichés of the genre are trotted out, but instead of being knocked over the head as in a traditional satire they are respectfully and lovingly treated, dressed up, and introduced into the tempest-in-a-teapot world of professional ballroom dancing. Their triteness is exaggerated to the point of ridiculousness—which, paradoxically, makes them look touchingly fresh and believable once more. Our enjoyment of the young couple's happiness after many vicissitudes is sanitized and made safe for us by all the self-mockery we have sat through up to this point. It's okay to love this stuff, the hip post-modernist tells us, so long as you also laugh at it. Maybe it's not much of a compromise with the movies' sinister tendency towards fantasy, but it is the best we are likely to get. ❐

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY LIFE AS AUTHOR AND EDITOR

H. L. Mencken
(Edited by Jonathan Yardley)

Alfred A. Knopf / 450 pages / $30

reviewed by WILLIAM H. NOLTE

In the final eight years of his working life—which ended in November 1948, when he suffered a stroke that left him permanently unable to read or write—H. L. Mencken saw six important books to press: the three *Days* volumes, the two *Supplements* to *The American Language*, and *A New Dictionary of Quotations*. He also composed, or was at work on, two memoirs that, in accordance with the terms of his will, were "not to be open to anyone, under any circumstances whatever, until either January 1, 1980, or thirty-five years after the death of the author, whichever may be the later." Thus, the heavy wooden boxes containing the manuscripts remained sealed until January 29, 1991. And now, two years later, we have in print the first of the volumes, *My Life as Author and Editor*, superbly edited by Jonathan Yardley. The other memoir, *Thirty-Five Years of Newspaper Work, 1906-41*, is forthcoming from the Johns Hopkins University Press.

Near the end of this delightful and dumbfounding record, Mencken remarks that though the year 1921 was a busy one for him he accomplished little that was of any lasting significance. His trouble, he correctly concludes, was that he had too many jobs. At which point he enters into the record a brief excerpt from a letter he wrote to Fielding H. Garrison on February 23, 1921:

> I am rewriting *The American Language* (8 hours a day), helping to edit the *Smart Set* and the *Black Mask*, advising the editors of two other magazines, doing an article a week for the *Sun*, sitting in at least one long *Sun* conference a week, and doing casual stuff for the *Nation*, the *Post*, and the *Century*. In addition, I do a 6,000 word book article a month, write over half of Repetition Generale, and most of the "Conversations." Also, I am working upon *Prejudices III*, and editing a MS. for Dreiser. In brief, I am a damned fool.

But then Mencken seemed to be incapable of performing only two or three jobs at once.

Not long after reaching this point (in the narrative), Mencken suffered his stroke. Thus, we learn little about the *American Mercury*, certainly the most important magazine published in America during the years of Mencken's editorship (1924-33). It was during that period, as Yardley notes, that Mencken "towered over the American scene as has no other literary or journalistic figure before or since." Still, the great service he performed for the National Letters preceded the founding of the *Mercury*. By far his most important book of literary criticism, *A Book of Prefaces*, appeared in 1917. It would be nigh impossible to overestimate the influence on literary Americans of that volume's long article "Puritanism as a Literary Force." Also appearing before he left the *Smart Set* were the first three of the *Prejudices* volumes.

Neither in the *Days* books nor in *The Diary*, which created such a silly furor when it appeared in 1989, do we see Mencken as sharply as we do here. But what sets *My Life* apart from other memoirs of the period is its vast gallery of portraits, most of them of the people Mencken met while he and George Jean Nathan were coediting the *Smart Set*.

Although he had, by about 1920, tired of the *Smart Set*—including its title, the paper on which it was printed, and the great emphasis it traditionally placed on fiction and poetry for its content—Mencken seldom gets far from that forum; he constantly refers to his bimonthly visits to the New York office, and to the wide assortment of people he entertained (or was entertained by) during the four-day stays. Soon or late, Mencken got to know most of the writers whose work appeared in the *Smart Set*—that is to say, most of the important writers of the teens and twenties. Among those appearing in the magazine between 1916 and 1923 (I take the list from a study of Mencken's literary criticism that I wrote many years ago) were Dreiser, Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, George Branch Cabell, Ruth Suckow, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Edgar Lee Masters, Eugene O'Neill, Joseph Wood Krutch, Howard Mumford Jones, Lewis Mumford, Maxwell Anderson, Anita Loos, John Hall Wheelock, Ben Hecht, Dorothy Parker, Waldo Frank, Thomas Beer, Julia Peterkin, and John Peale Bishop. Fitzgerald lamented that he had to sell his best stories, the ones he really sweated over, to Mencken for a paltry three hundred dollars or so, while the ones he knocked out in a day and a night brought two thousand dollars and up from the slicks. Mencken published ten of Fitzgerald's stories.

Mencken devotes more space to his relations with Dreiser than with anyone else. He certainly saw more of Nathan during those years, but then Nathan was never in need of aid, whereas Dreiser was always in trouble of some sort—and never hesitated to impose upon Mencken's good nature when trouble arose. Much of that trouble, of course, had to do with Dreiser's women—that is, with the numerous affairs he had, either simultaneously or seriatim. Mencken remarks that, during the years

William H. Nolte is Distinguished Professor Emeritus of English at the University of South Carolina.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

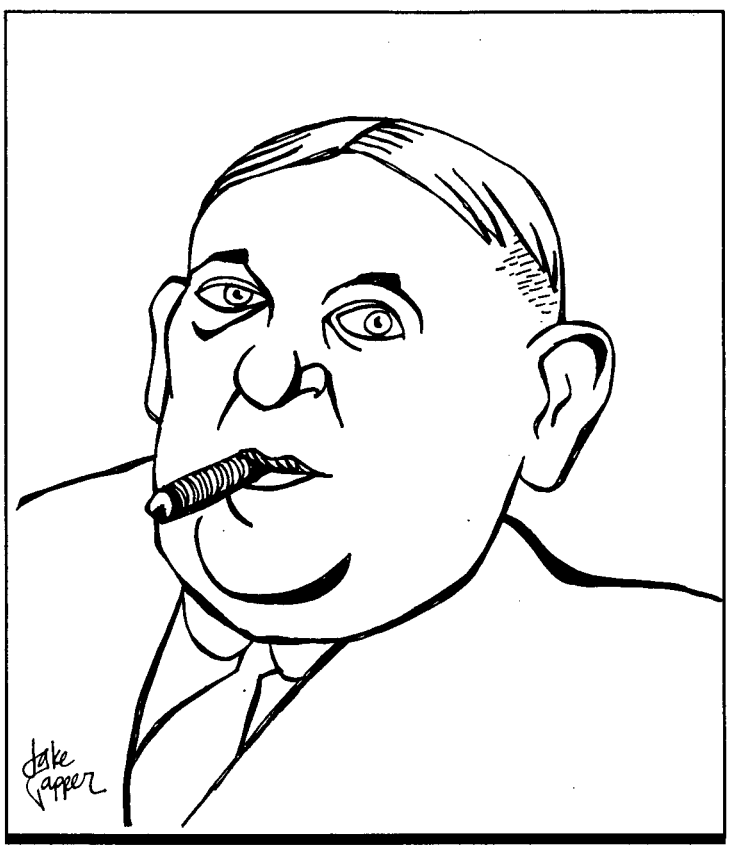
he knew Dreiser, he saw almost as much of his women as he did of him: "Nor did I see all of them, by any means, for he was fundamentally a very secretive fellow, and not infrequently he tried to keep me in the dark about this or that affair."

What most astonished Mencken was how Dreiser could have "four or five intrigues going on at once," and still find time for a heavy stint of daily writing. In a delightful little set piece (on pages 134-37), Mencken describes the bout of soul-searching he endured following a conversation with Dreiser's wife, Sarah, about her husband's moral weakness. It's not so much his pro-and-con analysis or his final resolve (though opposed in principle to adultery, since it involved a breach of faith, he finally had to admit that he had no right to inflict his prejudices on the whole human race) but rather the *details* he employs that make it a minor work of art.

If I had to name my favorite of the Dreiser women I should, without hesitation, name Kirah Markham, a leading actress of the Chicago Little Theatre when Dreiser met her in 1913. Although she had shown talent as a writer, a painter, and a musician, she had settled on the stage as a career by the time she and Dreiser set up housekeeping together. By then she had also, as Mencken put it, taken to fornication, and had passed through the hands and beds of a good many other men. After describing her looks at about age 25, when Mencken met her, he adds the following:

> That she was faithful to Dreiser while they lived together I doubt very seriously, for his efforts as a lover, though heroic, were hardly enough to content a woman who had been accustomed to the services of a large and assiduous band of men. I am, in fact, reasonably sure that she carried on an affair with an elderly Jewish painter and engraver named Henry Wolf, and I have reason to believe that she also had a fling with Paul Armstrong, to whom she applied (at my introduction) for a part in one of his plays. If this latter surmise is true, then there was poetic justice in her infidelity, for Dreiser, on his part, had had a delirious affair with the second Mrs. Armstrong, Rella Abell, whom he met in Rome early in 1912.

Mencken's final words on Dreiser should surprise no one who knows much about either man: "He was essentially a German peasant, oafish, dour and distrustful of all mankind, and he remained one to the end of the chapter. . . . He trusted nobody, and was always suspicious of good will—save only when it was pretended by palpable frauds." And



to that he added: "I had a considerable fondness for him, mainly, I suppose, because of my awareness of his intense unhappiness, and I certainly greatly admired him as an artist, at least when he was at his best."

The most painful of all the portraits in *My Life* is the one of Sinclair Lewis. In a sentence I've seen quoted several times, Mencken summarizes his feelings: "All the while I knew Sinclair Lewis he was either a drunkard or a teetotaler, so my relations with him never became what could be called intimate, for I am ill at ease with any man who is either." Harsh as he is on Lewis's outrageous behavior, Mencken is even harsher on the three women (two wives and a mistress) who took from him what they could and then went on their way. As always, Mencken describes the characters in graphic detail. Here he recalls his first meeting with Dorothy Thompson, who three months before had become Lewis's second wife. They met for breakfast at the Algonquin Hotel in the stifling August heat:

> Poor Dorothy, who turned out to be on the plump side, with a distressing appearance of overtight lacing, sweated like a colored bishop in fly-time. Her cheeks, meanwhile, became sloughs of whitish, sticky mud. She appeared to suffer severely, and I was glad when the meal was over, and she could escape upstairs to renovate herself.

Although one had to pity Dorothy for having to live with someone like Lewis, who was usually drunk by noon and disputatious thereafter, she was by no means blameless herself. At the end of a visit Mencken and his wife Sara and Philip and Lily Goodman paid Lewis and Dorothy at their Vermont home in 1931, all agreed that he was more deserving of sympathy than she. "Our five days in the house had given us a full measure of her peculiar pestiferousness. She was the true daughter of her Methodist pa—a tin-pot messiah with an inflamed egoism that was wholly unameliorated by humor."

Just as sad is the picture he draws of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, who lived in and around Baltimore in the early thirties. After Zelda was placed in an asylum in Asheville, North Carolina, in 1933, Fitz (as Mencken called him) and Scotty moved back to Baltimore, where

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was in and out of the hospital because of his drinking. His behavior finally resulted in Mencken's barring him from the house. As he put it: "Sara was fond of him and so was I, but we simply could not endure him." He gives something not far removed from a coroner's report on Fitzgerald's death and then burial in Rockville, Maryland, beside the graves of some of his Key relatives, even naming the man who conducted the funeral service. He then remarks that "Little Scotty," then a student at Vassar College, came down for the ceremony. "I often think of this poor girl's unhappy youth with an insane mother and a dipsomaniac father, and of her baleful heritage."

Much happier are the pictures of, and gossip about, Zoë Akins, Anita Loos, Ruth Suckow, and Julia Peterkin. (Mencken is usually credited with having discovered the last two writers.) Many of those who enliven the pages of *My Life* have been pretty much forgotten, save to the literary historians, but were nonetheless important in their day. Two such writers were Thyra Samter Winslow and Lilith Benda, who between them contributed dozens of novellas and short stories to the *Smart Set*. Mencken fondly recalls both of them, remarking the great dissimilarity in their work as well as in their persons. Incidentally, considering his reputation as a curmudgeon, one may be surprised by the good humor to be found in this remembrance of things past. Some people he disliked, of course; those he simply avoided. But nowhere in this record is there any evidence of malice. In fact, in only one instance was Mencken ever unforgiving, and that concerned the critic Stuart Pratt Sherman, who viciously attacked both Mencken and Dreiser during World War I. With the war ended and rabid patriotism no longer a hallmark of any kind, Sherman did everything he could to befriend Mencken, even enlisting the aid of various third parties, Carl Van Doren, for one, to help bring them together. Mencken politely answered Sherman's letters, but, I am glad to report, he refused to meet him. In the main, however, these pages reveal a man whose recollections are cause for celebration above all else. Mencken would never deny that the gods had treated him kindly. ❐

TRIBES:
HOW RACE, RELIGION AND IDENTITY DETERMINE SUCCESS IN THE NEW GLOBAL ECONOMY

Joel Kotkin

Random House / 343 pages / $24

reviewed by CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

The Republicans may have botched their appeal to "values" last fall, but here, just in time for the Clinton era, is a splendid book by a non-Republican to confirm that Dan Quayle was right: values *do* matter. Stressing the values issue won't lead to ethnic and racial strife (the doom-laden subtext of everything the left has to say on the issue). In fact, as an arena in which ethnicity and culture necessarily play a central role, values may even help *resolve* ethnic differences.

"Today," Joel Kotkin writes, "the rationalistic capitalism developed by the Anglo-American diaspora has lost its grip on its ethical moorings, in particular its intrinsic belief in family and self-help and the need for continuous self-improvement." Those who retain those traditional values tend to have a strong sense of ethnic identity—and it will be they who thrive in the twenty-first century. Furthermore, the revolution in telecommunications and air travel means that businessmen no longer have to assimilate into other cultures—giving up their folkways and forms of association—in order to do business. Ethnic differences are not going to "melt" as easily as they did in previous centuries, and global competition is more likely to be competition among ethnic groups than among nations. Kotkin looks at five of them in *Tribes*: the Jews, the British, the Japanese, the Chinese, and the Indians.

While some worry that a "tribally" based business world will set ethnic groups at each others' throats, commerce has a better track record at uniting different cultures than does government. The "tribal" economy, Kotkin thinks, will have cultural benefits as well, bringing new merchandise to a sorely depleted marketplace of values. It will create a "new pattern of human coexistence that reflects . . . the entire enormous richness and range of the human experience." Let's hope so.

The Jews are for Kotkin the "archetypal global tribe," possessing the three desiderata of success in a transnational ethnic economy:

- First, a strong identity, what Martin Buber calls a "vocation of uniqueness." Identity grants a sense of independence from the larger society, and fosters self-help and a preference for self-employment—which has reached as high as 46 percent of the Jewish population in some societies. (It holds true for other groups, as well, like British Pakistanis, who are self-employed at a rate 60 percent higher than the English.)
- Second, a global network of mutual trust. Groups that have it are better positioned to provide capital and credit for one another. Leaving aside private donations to Israel, Jews have an extraordinary number of mutual-aid societies, and most global tribes have some form of what UCLA's Ivan Light calls "entrepreneurial collectivism," whether the Korean *kye*, the West Indian *susu*, or the Chinese *hui*.
- Finally, a passion for knowledge. This is usually reflected in a love of education, but general curiosity and *sechel*, or hands-on smarts, will do. Capital isn't everything, and Jews have thrived in niches like textiles, communications, and retail, where a sense of trends, not capital, is required. Even in high-capital endeavors, Jews do best in fields like diamond-dealing and the motion picture industry, where a knowledge of technique and the industry is a *sine qua non*.

Christopher Caldwell is assistant managing editor of The American Spectator.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Importantly, says Kotkin, where love of learning is a cultural trait, education is less apt to drag people away from their cultural roots. Thus, the most successful "tribes" are paradoxically both highly traditional and highly cosmopolitan.

That the British fit this model is not at all obvious at first glance, although they do have a far-flung financial empire that cannot be explained away as a mere legacy of colonialism. Kotkin uses the scholarship of the former Gaullist minister Alain Peyrefitte to show that British preeminence in colonial expansion was by no means foreordained. By 1700, twice as many Britons as Spaniards had emigrated to the New World, even though Spain had the larger empire. In the 1780s, France still had a bigger navy and four times the population, but could not establish a comparable foothold. And in the century following 1832, half of all European emigrants from Europe came from Britain. What bothers Kotkin is that people always ignore culture and look for an external logic to explain away any sort of group pre-eminence, and he quotes Thomas Sowell's remark on the Jews:

> One academic writer . . . said that the nineteenth-century Jewish immigrants to the United States were fortunate to arrive just as the garment industry in New York began to develop. I could not help thinking that Hank Aaron was similarly fortunate—that he often came to bat when a home run was due to be hit.

The British emigrants tended to be low-church Protestants—class-climbing Nonconformists—who went abroad "putting profits over grandeur," ignoring the French and Spanish *mission civilitrice*. This is, of course, no more or less than the "Protestant ethic" described by Weber and Tawney, which exalted thrift, deferral of gratification, and devotion to work, and viewed prosperity as an outward sign of God's grace. Britain not only provided the tools for the global economy (from accounting principles to the opening of trade routes) but also set the standards. Today, when we talk about "success," we mean success in a Calvinist world.

In light of this history, it is ironic that the British have become the eponyms of post-industrial laziness. It has fallen to a generation of non-Anglo-Saxons like the Indian foundry entrepreneur Vinny Gupta—who reopened several Ohio foundries in the face of opposition from Connecticut executives who were more interested in scuba diving vacations than in their companies—to "bring back the ethics that there used to be." It is Kotkin's chapters on the new Asian "tribes" that are the meat of the book.

Tribes would be worth its price for its refreshing chapter on Japan, which Kotkin shows to be both much more innovative and much less daunting than we think. In fact, Kotkin describes a Japan that has already reached the height of its power. The warnings—by lobbyists such as Pat Choate and Japanese jingoists like Shintaro Ishihara—of a "Japanese invasion" of capital are overblown. The vaunted "partnership" between big business (*zaibatsu*) leaders and Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI)—lauded by Clyde Prestowitz and those urging a comprehensive "industrial policy" on the new administration—is to some degree a sham.

While *zaibatsu* companies dominated steels and textiles after the war, smaller companies like Sony were working on the cutting edge of technology. Meanwhile, the greatest entrepreneurs, like Soichiro Honda and Konosuke Matsushita, succeeded despite MITI efforts to derail them. The real growth in the Japanese economy came from its small companies, which doubled in number between 1954 and 1977 while smaller U.S. firms remained stagnant. The engine of the Japanese economy is where flexible, independent firms meet big ones, *not* where big ones meet the government.

The Japanese are the only tribe that has gained world stature without significant contacts with other cultures, and if there is one cultural trait that will undermine their stature in a tribal world it is racial condescension bordering on overt racism, particularly towards other Asians. Those with the clout to do so retaliate for perceived snubs. When Korea opened financial markets in 1991, it invited American, British, and Hong Kong companies, but excluded the Japanese. Meanwhile, Japan faces a severe labor shortage. There are now three positions available for every male college graduate, and its labs are 200,000 research and development technicians short. The threat of skyrocketing wages had led Japan to accept 300,000 immigrants, mostly from Korea, by 1990, making an unlearning of racism a matter of urgency—for Japan's loss will be China's opportunity.

In addition to a more easygoing relationship with the cultures they do business with, the overseas Chinese have far better information networks. Unlike the Japanese, they develop ties with local business, and are much more comfortable working freelance in an open marketplace. Chinese culture is rich in informal ties on which trust can be built; Kotkin refers to such ties as "rationalist traditionalism." For one, the Chinese family unit is a flexible one, and it is the basis for the majority of lending and charitable assistance, far more efficient than either the welfare state or Japanese "companyism"—both of which the Chinese deplore. Certain advantages appear adventitious but are in fact cultural: Taiwan is one of the most capital-rich countries per capita in the world not because of any natural resources but because its citizens save on the average 30 percent of their gross income. Finally, the Chinese put a premium on both erudition and a Confucian variant of *sechel* (Taiwanese, for example, make up a quarter of all U.S. Ph.D. candidates in electrical engineering). Which goes a long way to explain their commercial success in the diaspora. To take one country, the Chinese account for 5 percent of the population of Indonesia and hold 75 percent of its assets.

The Indian population of the U.S. has increased almost thirty-fold (from 32,000 to over 800,000) in the last 20 years; they are our most skilled immigrants, with something above 80 percent of them in high-level technical professions. It would be ludicrous to view the emigrants from a country so riddled with caste and ethnic divisions as tribes, and Kotkin does not. Rather he looks at individual "tribes within tribes," such as the Parsis, whose Zoroastrian faith has strong Calvinist overtones, and who, comprising only .03 percent of India's population, hold 7 percent of its engineering and 5 percent of its medical degrees. What links Indian nationals—Parsis, Sindhis, Sikhs, Jains, and others—is the fact that they all, in different ways, practice a kind of tribal entrepreneurialism that will be a boon to every nation on earth, with the possible exception, Kotkin fears, of India. →

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If the Indian diaspora is the first to bring no appreciable benefits to the nation that gave rise to it, that will be largely the legacy of Nehru. Reacting against colonial rule, the heirs to Gandhi worked to wipe out all vestiges of British commercial practice, including the ways—particularly entrepreneurship—in which Indians modeled British rule to their own needs. State monopolies and a labyrinth of licensing restrictions reach down to the humblest vendor, making currying favor with government the only way to go into business at all—not to mention creating a new arena for the forcible imposition of caste and ethnic prerogatives.

At independence, India was providing 2 percent of the world's goods and services; it now accounts for less than half a percent. By the year 2000, India may be the poorest country in the world, yet it keeps churning out geniuses that its state-crippled economy cannot use. With 400,000 of the best-trained engineers in the world unemployed, graduates of the Indian Institutes of Technology, according to the director of its Madras campus, "have become like Indian art, raved [about] and appreciated abroad, but seldom here."

India is the classic example of how not to take advantage of a tribal world—a socialism that amounts to intolerance. And tolerance is crucial if productive tribes are not to be trapped in a subculture of "pariah capitalism." In Britain, Asians are fifty times more likely to be assaulted than whites. The Chinese have faced discrimination in virtually every place they have settled. And Berkeley's affirmative-action law school admission policies have brought officially sponsored anti-Asian racism in the United States into public view. The Zoë Baird fiasco—particularly its most heartbreaking result, the expulsion of an aspiring American citizen—is a perfect example of what happens when Americans become too lazy to do the kind of jobs that immigrants will do: they make excuses, and like lazy people everywhere are tempted to use force, cheating, and racism to protect their prerogatives.

Yet America seems better-positioned than most countries to avoid India-style pitfalls. Mormons, the fastest growing of America's religious "tribes," have entered the mainstream, with two advisers in the Bush White House—Brent Scowcroft and Roger Porter—and a host of high-tech companies including WordPerfect. Blacks have once again picked up the self-help strain of racial consciousness implicit in the lives of Marcus Garvey and Malcolm X.

Tribes, then, is essentially a book about the entrepreneurial impulse. It will not replace George Gilder's magisterial *The Spirit of Enterprise*, but it is the best book yet about the overlap of entrepreneurialism, ethnicity, and mass migration. A common thread running through all of Kotkin's vignettes, though, is that prosperity erodes values like ethnic identity, self-help, hard work, thrift, education, family. The battle between those values and complacency is part of the post-industrial equivalent of Marxian class struggle—the battle between entrepreneurial interests and the aristocratic or feudal ones exercising monopoly government power.

At times it's hard to know how many of the phenomena Kotkin describes are due to centuries of culture, and how many to the point at which the given cultures find themselves. Will the Chinese, for example, become just as lazy as Westerners once they reach their earning potential? If they are like the Japanese, the answer is probably yes. Kotkin admits in a footnote that it's difficult to say whether a century from now his subjects will be seen as diasporas or as immigrants. Even if the latter is the case, it's only all the more reason to agree with New York economist George Sternlieb that "there's nothing wrong with New York that a million Chinese wouldn't cure." ❐

AT THE HIGHEST LEVELS: THE INSIDE STORY OF THE END OF THE COLD WAR

Michael R. Beschloss and Strobe Talbott

Little, Brown / 498 pages / $24.95

reviewed by ARCH PUDDINGTON

There were many low points in the Bush administration's dealings with the Soviet Union: the infamous "Chicken Kiev" speech, in which the President lectured the leaders of soon-to-be-independent Ukraine about the dangers of "suicidal nationalism"; the administration's reluctance to support freedom for the Baltic states; National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft's dozing off during a meeting with Boris Yeltsin, one of a string of petty humiliations inflicted by officials who regarded the future president of Russia as a boor and demagogue whose antics were making life difficult for their main man, Mikhail Gorbachev.

But the lowest point came on December 24, 1989, when Secretary of State James Baker declared on "Meet the Press" that the United States would not be at all opposed if the Warsaw Pact were to intervene in Romania, then in the final convulsive days of the Ceausescu dictatorship. Not only was Baker proposing that the Soviets become the guarantor of East European democracy; he subsequently suggested that the two superpowers adopt a new doctrine to allow intervention in the other's sphere of influence for "just cause."

Fortunately, the Soviets rejected the idea out of hand (some in the Kremlin thought it a provocation), and the "Baker Doctrine" was laid to rest. Still, it's a sharp reminder of the administration's shortcomings: however capable it proved in prosecuting traditional campaigns like the Gulf War, the Bush team was ill-equipped to deal with the collapse of Soviet power.

Arch Puddington works for Radio Free Europe–Radio Liberty in New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Beschloss and Strobe Talbott have given their study of the Bush-Gorbachev years an altogether appropriate title. George Bush took great pride in his reputation as an experienced and prudent foreign policy hand, and while properly suspicious of congressional intrusion in international affairs, he was overly prone to base his policies on deal-making with other elites and, for an American, unusually cool toward the prospect of democratic change. In the very first days of his term, the authors report, Bush treated with some seriousness a plan advanced by Henry Kissinger and Gorbachev adviser Alexander Yakovlev for a joint U.S.-Soviet venture to maintain the European status quo, a concept especially unsettling at a time when freedom for Eastern Europe seemed a real possibility. Although subsequent events put an end to any talk of a Washington-Moscow global condominium, it is clear that the idea of Americans and Soviets stage-managing the pace of events held a profound appeal for Bush.

Bush's lack of enthusiasm for the anti-Communist revolution that swept across Eastern Europe in 1989 is truly dismaying. Clearly Bush was apprehensive that the pell-mell rush to freedom might endanger Gorbachev's political future; after all, the Gorbachev era had brought steady American gain and steady Soviet retreat on all fronts. But Bush's personal unease with the new democratic forces found him siding with the Communists being swept aside. Bush preferred dealing with General Wojciech Jaruzelski, the man whose imposition of martial law had elicited nearly a decade of American economic sanctions against Poland, to dealing with Lech Walesa and other representatives of Solidarity. According to the authors, Jaruzelski changed his mind about not running for the Polish presidency when he sensed that his candidacy had the blessing of the American president.

Ultimately, Bush's discomfort with radical change must be weighed against his overall shrewdness in managing relations with Moscow during the years of Soviet decline. He ensured that the various arms and troop level agreements did not weaken NATO, insisted that reunified Germany remain within the Atlantic Alliance, and pressed the Soviets to withdraw support from their clients in the Third World. And he was unwilling to fork over the kind of massive aid package that Gorbachev and many in the U.S. urged. In this decision, the president's personal relationship with Gorbachev no doubt played an unintended role; Gorbachev's repeated displays of ignorance of the basic workings of a market economy must have reinforced Bush's instinctive caution in advancing aid to the ex-Communist world.

If *At the Highest Levels* lacks the gripping pace of *The Crisis Years*, Beschloss's history of U.S.-Soviet relations during the Kennedy years, it is far more engaging than Talbott's several books on the politics of arms control (though it, too, contains many tedious pages on that overrated subject). And although Talbott is on record as hostile to the basic Cold War view of the Soviet Union as totalitarian and expansionist, the book is on the whole positive about the achievements of George Bush, the last of the Cold War presidents.

Yet present throughout is the assumption that despite obvious differences between democracy and state socialism, at the crucial "highest" levels the two systems functioned remarkably alike. Bush the centrist had his hard-line critics in the form of advisers like John Sununu and the Republican right wing; Gorbachev, too, had his problems with hard-line party traditionalists and radical democrats like Yeltsin.

It was, of course, a fundamentalist argument of the Cold War's critics that Western democracies and the Communist states were developing along increasingly symmetrical lines. Yet the evidence, as exhibited in *At the Highest Levels*, reveals two radically different societies growing ever more different. The United States was a confident, successful world power, whose people backed their president in his foreign policy and accepted their country's economic system. The Soviet Union, by contrast, was a decrepit colonial power on its last legs, its president reviled by a society on the brink of collapse and resentful of an economic system that defied common sense. Bush's administration shared the president's worldview, sought the same goals, and was generally loyal to the chief. Gorbachev's regime, by contrast, was deeply divided; its officials openly badmouthed Gorbachev to their American counterparts, and consistently sought to undermine their man's foreign policy.

Though let's not get carried away. The book reinforces the impression that Bush was determined to distinguish himself from the style and policies of Reagan, however incoherently he did so. Bush and Baker ridiculed Reagan officials as primitive anti-Communists (Bush is quoted as having told Gorbachev that Ronald Reagan had been surrounded by "marginal intellectual thugs") yet overly willing to forge sweeping and ill-advised deals with Gorbachev. Bush officials made Reagan's secretary of state George Shultz the object of a whispering campaign, labeling him the worst secretary of state since Edward Stettinius, the last man to hold the post under Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Both Robert Gates and the Central Intelligence Agency emerge with their reputations enhanced. Gates, who served as a deputy to Brent Scowcroft before being named CIA director, was widely maligned as a retrograde hard-liner given to doom-and-gloom predictions that America faced a "long competitive struggle" with the Soviets despite Gorbachev's reforms. Indeed, at one point Baker spiked a speech Gates was to deliver questioning Gorbachev's prospects. Yet in the end Gates was vindicated, as were the CIA's Soviet specialists, who early on predicted that Gorbachev would fail to overcome his country's mushrooming domestic crisis and urged the administration to establish friendly relations with political figures like Yeltsin. A team of CIA analysts warned that Gorbachev's half-way reforms would bring about a coup by hard-liners or the breakup of the union. They were right on both counts.

Meanwhile, Gorbachev was no longer comporting himself like a Nobel laureate or *Time* magazine's "Man of the Decade" (an honor that Talbott, a *Time* editor until his recent appointment to President Clinton's foreign policy team and a devoted Gorbophile, must have helped engineer).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buoyed by the continued high esteem of the outside world, Gorbachev at home was petulant, ungracious, and bewildered by the succession of domestic troubles that emerged in the last years of his rule. He betrayed a typically Russian attitude towards the restive non-Russian republics, unable to grasp the depth of their national aspirations. He failed to move more expeditiously on economic change, not out of fear of moving too fast, but because he believed to the end that socialism could be made to work. He groused at the slightest hint of triumphalist rhetoric from American officials, despite Bush's solicitude toward bruised Soviet egos. He threw his weight around during the Gulf War, constantly threatening to withdraw from the anti-Saddam coalition if the U.S. proved uncooperative in its policies towards Baltic independence.

When, after much delay and considerable domestic criticism, George Bush gave formal recognition to the Baltic states, he commented that "when history is written, nobody will remember that we took forty-eight hours more than Iceland or whoever else it is." The syntax is pure Bush, and so, unfortunately, is the politics. As it turned out, the U.S. wound up being the thirty-seventh country to recognize the Baltic countries' new independence, which candidate Bill Clinton cited as evidence of Bush's preference for "a foreign policy that embraces stability at the expense of freedom." In effect, Clinton neutralized the incumbent's natural advantage in international affairs by arguing that Bush's policies ignored America's historic commitment to democracy.

But it's not entirely fair to accuse Bush of having lacked a moral compass in his approach to the world. Clinton himself, however much he accentuates the vocabulary of human rights, compassion, and high purpose, cannot disguise the fact that his foreign policy differs little in essentials from his predecessor's. If there was a fatal flaw in the Bush approach, it was in his fear not so much of instability as of change itself. The end of the Cold War brought uncertainty and opportunity; Bush at times gave the impression of fearing the former and ignoring the latter. Bush once said that he hoped he would be remembered as having left the world a little better than when he took office. Clearly he achieved that modest goal; just as clearly he could have done much more. ❐

INSIDE AMERICAN EDUCATION: THE DECLINE, THE DECEPTION, THE DOGMAS

Thomas Sowell

The Free Press / 368 pages / $24.95

reviewed by RITA KRAMER

In February 1993 a local school board in New York City rose up in revolt against the city's chancellor of education, refusing to use curricular materials that would introduce first-graders to "non-traditional families," gay and lesbian parents, and the various forms of sexual activity possible when literally no holds are barred. Depicted as outer-borough bigots by the Manhattan media and the special interest groups who wield such influence over the city's politicians, the angry parents won anyway. The chancellor was sacked, leaving the children in some of the city's public schools a little more classroom time to spend on the academic learning that has been steadily eroded by the attention given to social propagandizing.

It was a small victory in an enormous battle, a battle in which power is unevenly distributed. Parents who resist having their children brainwashed will need all the ammunition they can find. They will find no more useful weapon than this latest book by Thomas Sowell. It is a model of reason and logic, common sense and clarity, and is therefore sure to be ignored and/or reviled by those who most need to hear its message.

Sowell has managed to add something to the debate that has raged through scores of books since *A Nation at Risk* informed us that "if an unfriendly foreign power had attempted to impose on America the mediocre educational performance that exists today, we might well have viewed it as an act of war." In the ten years since, there have been innumerable attempts to diagnose and prescribe for the condition of our schools and colleges, increasingly enfeebled to the point where American students score among the lowest in international measures of everything but self-esteem.

Sowell has surveyed the whole sorry mess that has been made of American education and laid out for us just what has happened and how, done by whom and what for, and even suggested where to begin to get things right. Like Gibbon dealing with the demise of empire or Tocqueville with the paradoxes of democracy, Sowell connects ideas with their consequences, theory with reality. The result is a document that may transcend its moment. Future generations of scholars (if any still exist) may well find in it the explanation of how a thriving educational system could, in half a century, be reduced to bankruptcy.

The most basic cause of the decline of academic performance that has occurred throughout the system is, of course, the substitution of social for academic goals, with indoctrination taking the place of intellectual development and the corollary lowering of standards from the earliest grades up. We are producing a student body of what Sowell calls confident incompetents. And this in a time when spending on education has reached mind-boggling levels. More money, Sowell demonstrates clearly, does not mean better education, especially when most of it never reaches the classroom but pays for bloated bureaucracies and a variety of other non-instructional costs.

Perhaps the most damning circumstance Sowell points to is the increasing displacement of basic skills—indeed, of any pursuit involving familiarity with the works that have shaped our culture, and

Rita Kramer is the author most recently of Ed School Follies: The Miseducation of America's Teachers *(The Free Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the development of the capacity to reason rather than merely receive fashionable opinions. The classroom has become a huge laboratory for social experiment, pushed by special-interest groups in the name of sexual tolerance, or multiculturalism, or bilingualism, or peace, or even acceptance of death.

It is Sowell's wisdom to see that the real danger is not the particular agendas being promoted in the schools but the very fact of the politicizing of education. His is not a political argument but an educational one. Whatever the goals of the indoctrination zealots, their ultimate effect is not necessarily to determine what students will think for the rest of their lives. It is to rob them of the capacity to think at all. Among the points that Sowell brings home:

• America's teachers are by and large an undistinguished lot intellectually, members of a powerful union with huge lobbying potential both at the state and federal level. They come from the lowest ranks of the college-educated, get their jobs through a monopoly on certification of those willing to waste their college years on worthless ed-school courses, and hold them by virtue of seniority. Job barriers and job security succeed in keeping the most capable and talented out of teaching. Education degrees work like protective tariffs, insulating the products of the education-school establishment from competition. Naturally enough, men and women whose intellectual interests and abilities are not outstanding will not resist the ever-growing intrusion of the non-academic into the curriculum. Small wonder that the thrust for "back to basics" reforms and for more academic rigor generally has come from outside the educational establishment, from parents and businessmen rather than from teachers and school administrators.

• The creeping inclusion of non-academic courses and programs in the classroom—whether they are called "values-clarification" or "family-life education" or go by some other euphemistic title—amounts to an attempt to reshape the attitudes of children and young people. The values and beliefs children learn at home are generally very different from the vision of the world "affective education" attempts to put in their place by means of psychological conditioning techniques. The anti-parent, anti–traditional authority emphasis implicit in the curriculum materials of many "innovative" programs nationwide is promoted by activist organizations and welcomed by susceptible educators willing to accept non-intellectual and even anti-intellectual fads that displace academic learning. With vast sums of federal money available for such programs, designing and implementing special curricula for the school system has become a multi-million-dollar industry.

• Among the misleadingly labeled programs that make up the new orthodoxy in education are "bilingualism," actually a separatist foreign-language program, and "multiculturalism," which promotes a sense of grievance among those encouraged to retain their identity as members of "oppressed minorities" and to condemn American society and Western civilization. The only gainers are the organized ethnic activists who profit from these programs; the losers are the schoolchildren whose lack of fluency in English and alienation from the larger society will be a lifelong economic handicap. Sowell, who has made a study of racism in many societies, is also quick to point out that there is no empirical evidence whatsoever that bilingual or multicultural programs, or having "role models" of the same race as teachers, contributes in any way to the diminution of racism or discrimination. Again, educators are "experimenting on other people's children with other people's money."

Sowell's indictment of higher education is just as unsparing. The hypocrisy and double standards that are at work in college admissions; the neglect of undergraduate education in favor of the research that earns government grants and institutional prestige; the crocodile tears that university presidents and deans weep over rising "costs," when those costs are anything they choose to spend money on and often have little to do directly with student learning; the collusive practices engaged in by an academic cartel that sets tuition prices at whatever can be extracted from a family and from government subsidies—he is scathing on all of these matters. But perhaps the most telling count is that concerning the corruption of admissions standards in elite colleges and universities.

Non-academic criteria have increasingly displaced academic records and test scores, as admissions officers have claimed to be on the lookout for promise of future leadership, something there is no evidence whatsoever they can assess or predict. Meanwhile, preferential admissions policies have tended to lead to substandard academic performance by minority students mismatched by "a systematic shifting from institutions where they could succeed to institutions where they were likely to fail." Their response has been either to drop out, failures who might have been successes in a less manipulated admissions marketplace, or to turn from academic pursuits to social activism, agitating for more minority admissions, more minority faculty, more minority privileges of one sort or another. The disastrous results of preferential admissions are plain to see as campuses become increasingly segregated voluntarily, while officials turn a blind eye to the counterproductive effects of their cherished dogmas.

It is hard to say whether college and university administrators have been more obtuse or more cowardly. Certainly they have been venal. Admitting large numbers of "minority" students has enhanced their liberal image and gained them hundreds of millions of federal dollars. Never mind the cost to those students who fail to graduate or, if they stay the course, fail to receive a worthy education, shifting their efforts to the kinds of courses—the various "ethnic" studies for example—they can be sure of passing.

To criticize the policies of racial body-counting in student admissions or faculty hiring is to be about as politically incorrect as it is possible to be today. Yet Sowell goes even further, daring to characterize some of the most socially approved courses on campuses as substandard courses taught by unqualified faculty maintaining their precarious hold on academic life by building up a militant following and threatening to tar the institution with the brush of racism if their demands are not met. Standards, scholarship, and traditions that have stood the test of time are discarded as "irrelevant," while presidents, provosts, deans, and department heads stand by sanctimoniously, supporting the double standards that prevent alternative voices

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from being heard on campus and that enforce restrictions on free speech. Sowell is not exaggerating when he says that "Left-wing storm trooper power has won on elite campuses all across the country." No challenge to the accepted dogmas of the moment is permitted, and this in institutions once dedicated to reasoned argument intended to illuminate diverse points of view. Diversity is the big word on campus today, but it applies only to physical differences, not to intellectual ones.

Like the packagers of innovative programs for the public schools, the nation's campuses are served by a huge industry of race relations specialists and "diversity consultants." The main effect of the confrontations they orchestrate is increasing separatism and polarization, a net result financed largely by the taxpayer.

Sowell is different from most of the authors who have been pointing out what ails American education, and not only because of the breadth of his view. For one, he is an economist, who understands the perverse incentives that institutionalize educational mediocrity and is capable of laying out in sharp relief the interests of the various groups that, in their different ways, feed off federal money and student powerlessness.

For another, he goes beyond merely saying what's wrong to suggest specific remedies. School choice is an obvious one. Another is "ending the monopoly of schools and departments of education as gatekeepers of the teaching profession." Still another is the abolition of tenure and its ensuing lack of accountability, an objective that would also be served by publicizing the results of nationwide tests designed to measure just exactly what students have learned. Such measurement would, of course, have to be controlled and monitored from outside the education establishment. Above all, what is needed is some independent source of information so that parents, trustees, alumni, and legislators know what is really going on in classrooms and on campuses. They could be informed by means of an outside ombudsman, a state inspector general for education reporting directly to the governor, even by alternative student newspapers. These are all proposals worth supporting if we are to take back the schools before they self-destruct. ❐

LORD BEAVERBROOK: A LIFE

Anne Chisholm and Michael Davie

Alfred A. Knopf / 589 pages / $30

reviewed by RICHARD LAMB

"Beavercrook," "Beanacrook," "Lord Crooks," an "animated little deformity," "the old brute," a "ruffian," "evil," "a diseased toad bottled in methylated spirits," "a sublime frog," a "golliwog itching with vitality," "one of the most corrupting influences in the country," "amoral," "a genius uncontaminated by moral indignation," "a strange little gnome with an odor of genius about him," or, simply, "a genius," William Maxwell Aitken was born in 1879 in Ontario, the son of a Presbyterian minister.

As a child in New Brunswick he inclined towards anxiety and prankishness, had the obligatory pre-tycoon paper route, and later cherished legal ambitions. He left school, however, at 16, and sold insurance door-to-door until he formed an association with a banking family well known in the Maritimes. Thereafter his fortunes rose, and by 1909 he'd made a pile financing Caribbean utilities and putting together shady, spectacular mergers. In 1910 he went to England—one step ahead of public opinion in his native Canada—and became an intimate of fellow Canadian Andrew Bonar Law, leader of the Tory party. Though he was soon elected a member of Parliament, his career was dogged by stage fright and scuttled by his peerage. In 1916 he acquired a controlling interest in the tottering *Daily Express*. By 1952 he was selling five million papers a day, more than anyone else in the world; had influenced by cajolery, counsel, or hysterical opposition every administration since Asquith's; and had revolutionized the role of newspaper proprietor. Along the way he collected the accolades listed above.

Richard Lamb is a writer living in New York City.

When the case is being made for Beaverbrook as something other than a shady titan and intriguer, he is generally credited with two great—indeed, war-winning—achievements. The first and less obscure of the two is his success as Minister of Aircraft Production in the days leading up to and during the Battle of Britain. But it was as a power broker that he performed the more obscure of his claims to consequence.

The indolent and supercilious Herbert Henry Asquith—who wrote at least one of his famous love letters to his daughter's friend Venetia Stanley while actually in a cabinet meeting—was regarded as being uniquely suited to preside over the supposed country-house calm of the Edwardian era. Beaverbrook used his control over the *Express* and his influence with Bonar Law to cement an alliance with the more bellicose Liberal War Secretary Lloyd George. This was of pivotal importance when, in a game of political chicken, both Asquith and Lloyd George resigned. Aitken-orchestrated support fell to Lloyd George, and he became Prime Minister. Shortly thereafter Aitken, already Sir Max, was created 1st Baron Beaverbrook, against the objections of the King.

Beaverbrook loomed large in the public imagination for four decades. He had a retinue of society women, writers, peers, elder statesmen, and Bright Young Things, with whom he wended his way from nightclub to limousine to country house to Côte d'Azur through the interwar years. To the party might be added at any moment starlets, socialists, poor relations, maharinis, backbenchers, and fellow plutocrats to form a bacchanalian juggernaut celebrated in the pages of half-a-dozen novels, including those of Arnold Bennett, Rebecca West,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Michael Arlen, H.G. Wells, and Anthony Powell. Evelyn Waugh's go-ahead parvenu Rex Mottram is redolent of the "unmistakeable *chic*—the flavour of 'Max' and 'F.E.' and the Prince of Wales, of the big table in the Sporting Club, the second magnum and the fourth cigar."

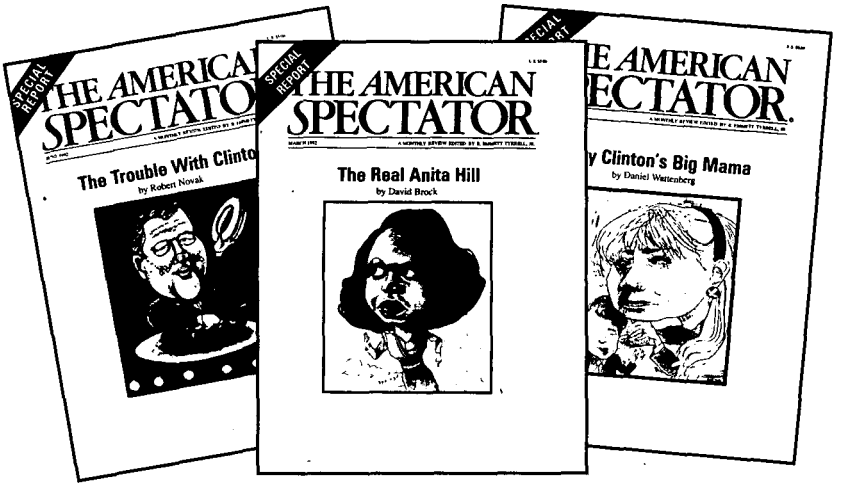
Yet despite the revelry, the glitter, and the chatter, the inordinate consumption of exotic vintages, the junketing, the dalliances, his "household bore little enough resemblance to what the outside world thought of as West End society; it was rather a private Hyde Park Corner." His own soapbox was the *Express*. Never a particularly deep thinker, Beaverbrook had one great idea, which went back to "jingo Tory" Joseph Chamberlain, and was forcefully espoused in Beaverbrook's time by Leo Amery. Amery called his idea "imperial preference" and conceived of it as an "unbroken tariff wall" surrounding Britain and her "possessions." Beaverbrook, with typical flair for disingenuous rhetoric, took advantage of public support for the opposite principle by calling his own plan "Empire Free Trade." During the twenties and thirties he flexed his proprietorial muscle by campaigning for tariffs, going so far as to field "Empire Crusade" candidates for Parliament.

His control over his newspaper's editorial content was total. He was rarely in his office, preferring to travel armed with telephone and "soundscriber" dictating machine, by means of which he kept his newspapers on a tight rein—once delivering 147 directives to the *Daily Express* offices in a single day. On another occasion he reached one of his editors at his golf club. The man was summoned in from his game. "I just wanted you to know that you work for me 24 hours a day," said Beaverbrook, and hung up.

This preoccupation had its rewards. Beaverbrook immediately gave the run-of-the-mill paper an energetic tone. He spent freely, introduced serialized novels and crosswords, renovated the layout; by the twenties the *Express* was "worldly, optimistic, and classless." He was a brilliant talent scout. He employed the more promising Bright Young Things (Waugh lasted seven weeks as a reporter), and ex-foreign service officers like Harold Nicolson (who didn't last long either), and found it "very soiling to live among people so extremely empirical, quotidian, shallow, and mean."

Meanwhile, his long-suffering wife was raising their children. He treated his wife churlishly, carrying on a twenty-year affair with socialite Jean Norton, whom he also cheated on. Yet he was desolated, by both his wife's death in 1927, at age 39, and Jean Norton's in 1945 at age 47. His relationship with his children was fraught with the stresses between self-made man and the second generation: his son Max inherited his father's tendency toward dissipation without his brilliance or drive, became a fighter ace in WWII, and, tellingly, never used his father's title. His younger son Peter fell off a yacht and died; and his daughter, Janet, said to have inherited his temperament, married a pair of caddish aristocrats, one of whom pawned her jewelry to finance a honeymoon gambling spree for himself. →

American Spectator Reprints Available



Copies of Michael Fumento's report on **Magic Johnson** & AIDS, **The Incredible Shrinking AIDS Epidemic** report, David Brock's investigation of **Anita Hill**, Robert Novak's portrait of **Bill Clinton**, Daniel Wattenberg's profile of the ***real* Hillary Clinton**, Terry Eastland's dissection of **Rush Limbaugh**'s Revolution, and Michael Ledeen's exposé of **Lawrence Walsh** are available to *TAS* readers. These reports are ideal for distribution to your friends, business colleagues, teachers, and political representatives. Send for your copies today.

One:	$5	Ten:	$35	Fifty:	$130
Five:	$20	Twenty-five:	$75	One-hundred:	$250

(Quantity discounts apply only to orders for the same report.)

The American Spectator, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, VA 22216-0549

Yes, please send me:

_____ copies of Michael Fumento's "This Magic Moment" $ _____
_____ copies of David Brock's "The Real Anita Hill" $ _____
_____ copies of Robert Novak's "The Trouble With Clinton" $ _____
_____ copies of Daniel Wattenberg's "Lady Macbeth of Little Rock" $ _____
_____ copies of Terry Eastland's "Rush Limbaugh: Talking Back" $ _____
_____ copies of "The Incredible Shrinking AIDS Epidemic" $ _____
_____ copies of Michael Ledeen's "Lawrence Walsh, Grand Inquisitor" $ _____

Total enclosed $ _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip Code: _____ RP9305

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Full of such intimate anecdotes, this is a wonderful biography. It is detailed, informed, and vivid. Its subject led a long, richly-peopled life, and Anne Chisholm and Michael Davie do an admirable job of explaining Beaverbrook's often murky role in events like Edward VII's abdication (the King once called Beaverbrook at the offices of the *Daily News* in New York to seek advice).

An assiduous friend to the great, Beaverbrook had his own retainers. Chief among these was the suave glutton, pathological spendthrift, and femme fatale–bait nonpareil Valentine Castlerosse, son of the relatively impoverished Catholic Earl of Kenmare. Lord Castlerosse met Beaverbrook during World War I, and later became his procurer and court jester. His appealing mixture of the abject and insolent was calculated to appeal to the Presbyterian playboy. (Chastened for regularly arriving late to work at his uncle's bank, Castlerosse replied "Yes, but think how early I leave.") Beaverbrook later made him gossip columnist for the *Sunday Express*, and on the eve of World War II sent him to Paris to suss out the French attitude towards war. "I haven't got much further than the bar at Fouquet's," was his response, "but no one at the bar at Fouquet's is going to fight for Danzig." He died of a heart attack in 1943, having told Beaverbrook, "I don't suppose any man owed so much to another as I do to you."

Beaverbrook had little use for the postwar world, for imperial decline, American pre-eminence, or the Labour government. There are few people, not even soi-disant anachronism Evelyn Waugh, whom one can see prospering less in the nitrogen-rich socialist chill of Clement Attlee's postwar Britain. Beaverbrook made a slow yearly orbit from London to New York to New Brunswick to Nassau to the South of France, where he entertained Churchill, by then a drooling octogenarian. He wrote several histories, and in 1963 he married the half-Greek widow of his Canadian friend Sir James Dunn, a woman who had parlayed an 8-to-1 payoff in a horse race into a sizable fortune, and with her inheritance had a bank balance to rival Beaverbrook's own. He died in 1964, and the greater portion of his ashes are apparently secreted inside a statue of him in Fredericton, New Brunswick. ❐

PROMISE AND POWER: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT McNAMARA

Deborah Shapley

Little, Brown / 734 pages / $24.95

reviewed by FRANZ M. OPPENHEIMER

In the days of Camelot the name Robert McNamara was a synonym for administrative genius. Now Deborah Shapley has written a magnificent book about him. With the readability of a Raymond Chandler mystery, it brings alive not only Robert Strange McNamara but also twenty traumatic years of American history. Shapley's research is meticulous, but after 700 pages we are still left wondering about her subject: Is he a latter-day Don Quixote, shaped not by knightly romance but by case studies of the Harvard Business School, tilting against demons to redress the ills of the world? Or a latter-day Mrs. Jellyby, feeding her ego with missionary zeal for African heathens while neglecting to feed her children? Or none of these, but just an ambitious careerist, devious and mendacious in climbing to titles, awards, and publicity, groveling before his masters while bullying his subordinates? Or is there, as David Halberstam put it, "no gentler word" for him than that he is "a fool"?

McNamara emerges as a most complex man, uncomfortable except among the few—like the Kennedys, Tom and Joan Braden, and Katharine Graham—in whose prominence he can reflect his own. No matter how his conduct looks to himself, when it is seen from the outside, lying, lust for power, servility, and bullying are constants in his life. Another constant is blind faith in the capacity of an elite of top managers to achieve results in large organizations, which, he thought, were "all the same, whether . . . the Ford Motor Company, the Catholic Church or the Department of Defense. Once you get to a certain scale, they're all the same."

Franz M. Oppenheimer is a Washington lawyer.

For someone with that conviction, listening to individual or institutional experience is superfluous. As president of the Ford Motor Company, McNamara gave short shrift to engineers; as secretary of defense he ignored the views of soldiers, sailors, and airmen; and as president of the World Bank he held the "old hands" of Eugene Black's Bank in scorn. This arrogance seems to have been the principal cause of the havoc he wrought with every one of those institutions. The highlights are widely known: the Edsel at Ford, the TFX and Vietnam at the Department of Defense, and the wages of megalomania at the World Bank.

Shapley tries to exculpate McNamara when possible. She describes how, at Ford, McNamara thought the plan to produce the Edsel "absurdly risky" and "a bad idea." But McNamara's sound judgment was never translated into timely dissent. The Edsel was Henry Ford II's baby, and McNamara, on becoming group vice president in 1957, with direct authority over all Ford cars including the Edsel, had to give the appearance of nurturing it for a while.

McNamara cannot be similarly exculpated for the TFX, eventually known as the F-111. That project was his baby, and his alone. He could brook no opposition to the logic that to build one type of plane meeting the requirements of both the Navy and the Air Force was more efficient than building two. "Commonality was the key to efficiency and profits in manufacturing automobiles at Ford," and so it had to be the same in the Catholic Church and the Department of Defense. No matter that the secretaries of the Navy and the Air Force reported that a plane meeting the requirements of both services "is not now technically feasible and would place severe operational penalties

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon the Air Force and Navy," and that the Navy's assistant secretary for research and development thought that the "risks of attempting a common Navy–Air Force fighter were not consistent with national defense interests." McNamara, "with no feel for the physical problems of advanced engineering," rammed his project down the experts'—and ultimately Congress's—throats.

It is in the cover-up of cost overruns and the deficiencies of the TFX that McNamara's resort to lies becomes most apparent. Already during the Cuban missile crisis, senior commanders in the Navy had concluded that "McNamara was a 'liar' in his dealings with them." McNamara's defense before the Senate Government Operations Committee of his decision to award the TFX contract to General Dynamics rather than Boeing was riddled with inaccuracies and manipulated data. McNamara even fostered lying by his subordinates, intimidating them to the extent that they preferred giving him cooked-up reports that pleased rather than true ones that displeased him. Messengers bearing bad news had short lives under McNamara.

The really big lies came with the Vietnam war. In February 1968, McNamara untruthfully told the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations under oath that there had been "no plan for the bombing of [North Vietnam]" in 1964. In 1965, when the decision to send another 100,000 men had already been made, McNamara told Congress, "We have no desire to widen the war." Throughout his watch in the Pentagon McNamara kept on lying—about the plans for escalation, about the rising estimates of the costs of escalation, about the military realities in Vietnam, and, worst of all, about his policy of seeking a negotiated solution. As had been the case at Ford, McNamara's judgment was often better than that of his bosses, Kennedy and Johnson. For instance, he became convinced early on that the war could not be won without calling up reserves and increasing taxes. But in the end he always settled on being his master's voice in insisting that victory was in sight.

In 1967, LBJ allowed McNamara, then apparently near a nervous breakdown, to escape from the war to the presidency of the World Bank. He arrived not chastened by failure but bent on remaking the bank and the world in his own image. When he left the bank in 1981, he had succeeded in the former.

Shapley does a superb job in detailing the reign of terror, the explosive bureaucratization, and the bad projects for which the McNamara regime was responsible. But she gives him too much credit for such achievements as seeing that "smallholder agriculture could multiply the Green Revolution and raise incomes of the poor." McNamara's only real innovation was to turn the bank's sound policies into gigantic, megalomaniacal schemes with which to rush ahead without leaving time for analysis or listening to the staff or to local authorities. The misguidedness of such methods should be measured not only by the miserable rates of return they produced but also by the damage they inflicted on their supposed beneficiaries: destruction of thousands of square miles of rain forest in Brazil and Indonesia, and the brutal displacement of native tribes.

Shapley's judgments are liberal, and occasionally naïve. She is unsparing in her vituperation of McNamara for one of his great achievements: establishing in record time a crushing superiority over the Soviet Union in nuclear intercontinental missiles. She attributes the subsequent Soviet military buildup to the Soviets' fear of a strong United States, oblivious—as McNamara was not—to the fact that the Soviets had embarked on an enormous program of constructing medium-range missiles with which to blackmail Europe. Shapley gives McNamara credit for going to meet Fidel Castro in Havana in early 1992, even though she criticizes him for having made World Bank loans to wicked regimes. She endorses Shawcross's blaming Nixon and Kissinger for the atrocities of the Khmer Rouge, and with Paul Kennedy she seems certain that "the sun [is] lowering on American world hegemony."

But these opinions are unintrusive and do not make *Promise and Power* any less an achievement. McNamara's failures are not just individual ones but failures of our corporate and governmental culture—impersonal and obsessed with efficiency and quantifiable objectives. Upon leaving a demoralized World Bank, McNamara was elected a director of the *Washington Post*, the Bank of America, Corning Glass, the TransWorld Corporation, and Royal Dutch Petroleum. Just as the collapse of the Evil Empire and the unmasking of the realities within it have not dampened collectivist enthusiasms in our universities, the failures of McNamara did not prevent him from being the darling of corporate America, of whose bad judgment he was such an exemplar. ❐

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 10)

to privacy. In a 1980 ruling in favor of the discharge of gay Navy personnel, Kennedy had briefly observed that some such government regulation of homosexual conduct might face constitutional hurdles and cited liberal Harvard Law School Prof. Laurence Tribe for support.

This fear that Kennedy might not be a true believer was enough to knock out his nomination, at least until after President Reagan's unsuccessful attempt to nominate Judge Douglas Ginsburg. When the Ginsburg nomination went up in smoke, these same aides decided that Kennedy might be all right after all.

Of course, Kennedy had not changed one bit throughout this process; it was only the politically correct view of his 1980 opinion that had changed. Indeed, a short time later he told the Senate Judiciary Committee that he believed in the existence of a constitutional right to privacy.

As for Greenhouse, if she deserves even a fraction of the credit (blame) she is now receiving for reshaping the Supreme Court, perhaps the legal history books should refer to the period from 1981 to 1993 as the Greenhouse era, not the Reagan-Bush era.

—Stephen Wermiel
Associate Professor of Law
Georgia State University
College of Law
Atlanta, Georgia

Terry Eastland replies:

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak wrote that Justice Kennedy changed his conference vote in *Casey*. Linda Greenhouse wrote that this was not the case. True, neither Evans and Novak nor Greenhouse names their sources. But as I indicated, my central problem with Greenhouse's journalism was its cryptic manner (which Stephen Wermiel does not defend). As I wrote, she disputed the Evans and Novak account in a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mere subordinate clause. In my view, this matter deserved at least one complete sentence if not several paragraphs, whatever the nature of the sourcing employed (and on a story like this, as Wermiel knows, sources are quite reluctant to be named).

As for the Greenhouse Effect, I explained what the term, as coined by Thomas Sowell, means: "the impact activist Court reporters . . . can have upon the decision making of judges like Kennedy." Wermiel, a former colleague of Greenhouse's who until recently covered the Supreme Court for the *Wall Street Journal*, scoffs at the idea. Obviously, we differ on that. Just as we differ on the nature of Kennedy's career on the Court. My argument is more complex than Wermiel allows. It is that when appointed to the Court, Kennedy already had activist tendencies that in the environment of Washington have become more prominent, as indicated especially by his work in *Casey*.

I agree with one point in Wermiel's tendentious account of the decision to nominate Kennedy: the then Ninth Circuit judge was hardly the first choice of many Justice Department officials, myself included. As for whether Kennedy is today "the same person" he was then (and before), Judge Kennedy never wrote an opinion so intellectually vacuous as Justice Kennedy's contribution to the joint opinion in *Casey*. The man has "grown"—which perhaps explains Kennedy's appeal to Wermiel, who I understand is writing a biography of that gifted but most activist of recent justices, William Brennan.

The View From Amontillado

It should have been a warning note to Erik Rieselbach that if Poe maintains his appeal to adolescents, there may be something to him that is due more than grudging respect (Book Reviews, *TAS*, March 1993). Mr. Rieselbach diddles on and on about Poe's personal life, but nothing about his poetry nor his short stories. Are we to take it that personal behavior is the yardstick, rather than political position? Why were Baudelaire and the finer poet, Mallarmé, so taken by Poe? I know why, but I won't tell you. Same reason for his appeal to "adolescents." It is not the Morals, nor the Politics, nor the Economy. And there is much to be said for Poe's attitude to the literary lions of his day: Can you imagine spending an evening with Longfellow telling you to go (in bad Latin): "Excelsior."

T.S. Eliot envied Poe, quoting "one of the most beautiful lines in our language." I wonder if it is quoted in the two biographies reviewed.

—Gabriel Austin
New York, New York

Erik Rieselbach replies:
As Mr. Austin notices, I was reviewing *biographies*, hence the emphasis on Poe's personal life. Eliot hardly "envied" Poe; see his essay "From Poe to Valéry." Baudelaire and Mallarmé saw in Poe what they wanted to see, as I suppose Mr. Austin does. They had the excuse of not knowing English well.

Any Which Way

Movie critic James Bowman described as preposterousness Madonna's latest cinematic offering, *Body of Evidence* ("Alive and Dead," *TAS*, March 1993). He holds this movie up as an example of Hollywood's neglect of the truth of life.

If only Mr. Bowman had been in the theater when I watched *Body of Evidence*! He would have been treated to an all-too-real-life example of the gullibility of the American people. The theater showed the movie's reels in the wrong order, and my companion and I were the only ones who noticed. The manager of the theater even had trouble believing me when I brought the problem to her attention, because "we've been showing the movie all day and no one else has complained. You must be mistaken."

I was not mistaken. Not only did I know that the sex act—even when perpetrated by Madonna—must occur in a certain, natural order, but I had also deduced—undoubtedly from my years of exposure to Hollywood's depiction of real life—that opening statements must precede the recalling of witnesses in a murder trial. . . .

—Janice L. Molnar
Upland, California

My Word

Edward Conlon's Fanoosh story in the February issue ("Fight to the *Fanoosh*") reminded me of a similar lexicographic investigation of my own, but one which took fifty years to solve.

Sometime, it must have been around 1940, I heard the term *pastafazool*. It may have been a spoken interjection during a jazz vocal by one of the Italian-American musicians of the era. I'm a reference book freak anyway, so I spent the intervening decades trying to find the word(s) and a definition. Occasionally I asked someone familiar with the northeastern U.S. Italian idiom. I never got anything but an uncomprehending shrug, although I admit to having spent as little time as absolutely necessary in the northeastern U.S.

One day in the last two or three years I found myself staring, unfocused for several long seconds, at a listing on a restaurant menu. I finally realized that my long-sought pastafazool must have been some routine, regional 1930s corruption of *pasta e fagiole* (pronounced past' eh fah-ZHO-leh and meaning pasta-and-peas or, more broadly, pasta with vegetables).

My singer must have been goomba to *Daily News* columnist Reel's fanoosher.

—Jerry Dorbin
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Does This Mean We Have to Be Kind to Clinton?

In response to Wladyslaw Pleszczynski's remarks about Billy Graham's Inaugural prayer in your March issue, remarks that at first seemed to support those "principles" of "Holy Scripture," may I simply remind Mr. Pleszczynski as well as any person who has the unmitigated nerve to try to confine Jesus Christ to the "religious right" and their corresponding positions and tactics, of a few words from the Holy Bible. "If anyone says, 'I love God,' yet hates his brother, he is a liar." (I John 4:20)

Likewise, in response to Mr. Pleszczynski's remarks about the "unrepentant self-righteousness" of certain individuals, including President Clinton, consider these words of Jesus Christ: "Do not judge, or you too will be judged. . . . Why do you look at the speck of sawdust in your brother's eye and pay no attention to the plank in your own eye?" (Matthew 7:1,3)

Let me suggest that all of us who espouse the cause of Christ should be very careful that we don't get in the way and misrepresent His life, His truth, and His love for all the world.

—Kimberly L. Hyatt
Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIEDS

HELP WANTED

The American Spectator: Advertising Assistant. Job includes sales support, secretarial, accounting, data entry & customer service. Attention to detail, good typing skills, computer literacy and public relations skills required. Resumé to: *The American Spectator,* Attn: Catherine Campbell, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, VA 22216-0549.

The American Spectator: Advertising Account Executive. Join the advertising sales team of one of America's fastest growing magazines. Fast paced, high volume operation will challenge all your communications skills. Attention to detail combined with an ability to effectively convey what advertising in our magazine can achieve for its advertisers required. Send resumé to: *The American Spectator,* Attn: Catherine Campbell, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, VA 22216-0549.

EDUCATION/INSTRUCTION

LET'S WRITE FICTION. Ralph McInerny, creator of Father Dowling, on audio tape, 8 lessons, booklet, album. $19.95 + $2 p&h. Visa/Mastercard. Box 495, Notre Dame, IN 46556 or 1-800-852-9962.

AMERICANA

AMERICAN HISTORICAL/PATRIOTIC prints. Decorative, educational, inexpensive. Commended designs. Illustrated information $1.00. Independent Publications, Box 102, Ridgefield, NJ 07657.

VACATIONS

SECLUDED, OLD FASHIONED FARM on Cape Breton Island offers rustic log cabins, excellent meals, tranquility, discount to TAS readers. Write: John Gardner, Orangedale, Nova Scotia.

BOOKS

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS LOCATED. Whitted, Box 603-SP, Fairmont, NC 28340.

WRITE NOW! No experience necessary. Your town. Get paid. SASE to WRITERS, 9792 Edmonds Way, Suite 252-A, Edmonds, WA 98020.

THE END of man's rule! CREATION AND CULMINATION — Price reduced $7.20, hardcover. D&S Distributors, P.O. Box 296, Chester, NJ 07930.

Free Catalog
Bargain Books
Save up to 80% on recent overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints from all major publishers. Choose from up to 8,000 titles including 600–1,500 new arrivals each month!

Politics, History, Biography, Fiction, Science, Literature, Nature, Cooking, Gardening—something for everyone. An immense selection and with more books at $1.95, $2.95, $3.95 than you'll find anywhere else. Fast shipment, moneyback guarantee. Write for free Catalog:

HAMILTON Box 15-798, Falls Village, CT 06031

SITUATIONS WANTED

WRITE-WING CONSERVATIVE. Award-winning copywriter with right ideas available to do battle for your cause. Ads, dm campaigns, brochures, speeches, press releases, ghosting. Call or fax Gary Davis (617) 984-2680.

Publishers! DOONESBILLY Comic Strip. Gregory Cook's weekly creation available! 619 Arizona, El Paso, Texas 79902.

ORGANIZATIONS

NUKE THE GREENS! Join the Chicken Little Society! Researched quarterly newsletter $6.00/year. P.O. Box 276130 (A), Boca Raton, FL 33427.

DEFEAT RADICAL FEMINISM Very informative monthly publication. Membership $24/yr. "Men's Defense Network," Box DD, c/o TAS Classifieds, P.O. Box 549,. Arlington, VA 22216-0549.

OUTRAGED AT CLINTON'S PLAN to allow homosexuals in the military? Find out what you can do. Take Action! Call 702-334-1212.

PUBLICATIONS

LIBERTARIAN REPUBLICANS Subscribe to *Republican Liberty*! Covers campaigns, elections, elected libertarians, Weld, Zimmer, duPont, & Pinkerton. $10.00 a year — Trial Subscription. Five issues (8-12 pages) plus bulletins. Write RLC, 1717 Apalachee Pkwy. #434, Tallahassee, FL 32301.

A *Catholic's* PERSPECTIVE:
"The newsletter for those who don't want to be more Catholic than the Pope, . . . but refuse to be less."
$24.95 per year (12 issues).
To order call toll-free:
1-800-847-2840

***Hillary* UNLEASHED!**
It's Here! The only publication dedicated to uncovering the truth behind the *real* power in the Whitehouse...Hillary! Cookie-baking housewife... or mud-wrestling she-devil? Run while you can! Sample Issue $4.00;, 4-issue subscription, $15.00. Send To:
HILLARY UNLEASHED
P.O. Box 6133 Clearwater, FL 34618

"LET'S TALK SENSE TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE"

Newsletter for the psephologist, or anyone interested in an in-depth analysis of American electoral politics. Predicted Bush's defeat at the hands of Clinton on November 18, **1991. (Did anyone else?)** State-by-state popular vote projections September 10, 1992 gave Bush 20 states, 186 electoral votes (was anyone else so close, so early?). 1992 election analyses, state-by-state, to be published in 1993. LTSTTAP, Box 535, Hagerman, NM 88232. 1993-94 election cycle (18 issues, plus analyses), $24.

PUBLICATIONS

SEATBELT LAWS ARE A FRAUD; death by government! Details send stamped, self-addressed envelope: WJH, 5139 S. Rutherford, Chicago, Illinois 60638.

REAL ESTATE

COLORADO CURE: $36,000 for 35 acres. Bubbling streams, rolling meadows, incredible mnts. Call Ed at LPI 719-783-9292.

VIDEO CASSETTES

Watch CPAC '93 on Video!
20th Anniversary Conservative Political Action Conference was best ever! See Buchanan, Kemp, Rollins, North, Gramm, Cheney, Bennett, Quayle, Gingrich, Kirkpatrick plus many more top speakers explain how to revitalize the conservative movement. Call (216)867-4978 for listing.

MERCHANDISE

RAILROAD PHOTOS Sample, SASE: Photo, POB 1139, Worc., MA. 01613.

CHROME LICENSE PLATE FRAMES: "Don't Blame Me I Voted For Bush." $12.95 ea. postage & handling included. Ball & Chain Enterprise, 9534 Wintergardens Blvd., Ste. D411, Lakeside, CA 92040.

THE CLINTON ERROR 1993-1997 $14.95 American made T-shirts. Iarussi, POB37, NYC 10028-0037 (available in quantity) Bumper stickers $2.

Politically Incorrect Tee's
"The Waffle house", Clintonomics,and other designs!!!!!!!
Send for FREE catalog at:
CAGNO SCREEN PRINT
510 N. 65 th Street, Harrisburg, PA 17111

#4

Thanks for letting me play my saxophone.

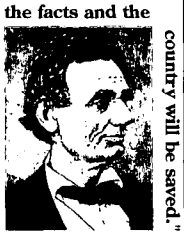
#6

ACLU

RED DEVILS

#7

the facts and the



"Let the people know country will be saved."

A. Lincoln

America cannot afford to get the facts from a liberal media.

T-Shirts ..... $11.95 + $2.50 shipping
Sweatshirts..... $21.95 + $2.50 shipping
Available in White or Gray
M-L-XL-XXL (Add $2 for XXL)
Indiana Residents Add 5% Sales Tax
Send Check or Money Order to:
Conserva-T's
P.O. Box 75
Morristown, IN 46161
*Please state design number, shirt type (T or Sweatshirt), shirt size, and shirt color (White or Gray).

→ *(continued on next page)* →

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIEDS

MERCHANDISE

CLINTON 4 YR "Count Down" Calendar $10 plus $2 s&h (CA res. add $.82 tax) Send check or money order to RT Productions 505 So. Beverly Dr. Suite 870B Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

NOW MORE THAN EVER! Let 'em know that it's not your fault! Bumper Sticker — *DON'T BLAME ME, I VOTED REPUBLICAN.* 2 lines, red block on white. $2.00 for 1, $9.00 for 5, $17.00 for 10, $30.00 for 20, larger orders negotiable. Send cash, check or MO to All Right Now 8421 N. Evergreen Ave. Indianapolis, IN 46240-2335.

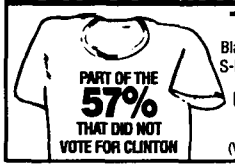
"IMPEACH HILLARY!," "INHALE TO THE CHIEF!," "DON'T BLAME ME, I DIDN'T VOTE FOR HILLARY" bumper stickers — $3 each or choice with a **Clinton Quarterly** subscription for only $10/yr. Unabashed jokes, documented facts, and substantive ammunition for conservative sanity under Hill/Billy. Distributech, P.O. Box 3073-B, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

PORK BARREL TRADING CARDS. 15 card set, $5.95 + $1.00 S+H. Fat Sow Productions, Box 149, Ripley WV 25271.

I voted for CHANGE and all I got was this lousy T-SHIRT

White Tee w/ Black logo 100% preshrunk cotton. $12 includes p&h. Sizes S-XXL, XXL add $1. Send check or M.O. to: Right Influence, Dept. A, 4925 181st PL SW, Lynnwood, WA 98037

WHAT MANDATE?



T-SHIRTS
Black on White *or* White on Black
S-M-L-XL $12.00 +2.00 shipping
Check or Money Order To:
Little Princess Fashions
P.O. Box 4736
Arlington, VA 22204
(Virginia residents add .54 sales tax)

EXPRESS YOURSELF

T's (100% cotton) $15.95 (ppd)
Sweats (50/50) $24.95 (ppd)
Black w/White or White w/Black
Specify color, size (XXL Add $2.00)
D.D.I.
P.O. Box 340155 • Dept AS
Milwaukee, WI 53234

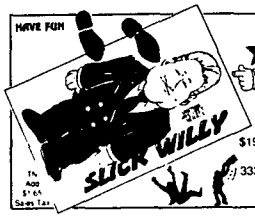
Clinocchio
Red, blue, gold and black on white 50/50 T-shirt

T-shirt — S,M,L,XL $12.50 plus $2.50 shipping
2X $13.50 plus $2.50 shipping

Check/M.O. to:
T.R. Productions
P.O. Box 112
New Cumberland
PA 17070

MERCHANDISE

"I GOT WET WHEN CLINTON SOAKED THE RICH" Bumper Stickers 2 for $5.00, Sweat Shirts $24.50. Specify Item, Quantity, Size (L/XL). ECI, P.O. Box 1944, Groton, CT 06340.



SLICK WILLY
DOOR MATS
Reads "Wipe Feet Liberally"
Get one: Invest in America
Black, White, Blue, Red, Flesh
18 x 27" Gray Pile Olefin Mat
$19.99 +$4.00 Shipping and Handling
Check or M.O. to **Bubba**
3333 Buchanan, Memphis, TN 38122
AND PULL A CLINTON

ORDER QUALITY WIGWAM SOCKS FROM HOME

Cameron Woolens features Wigwam Socks at competitive prices. Numerous styles available. Choose from cotton, woolen, and wicking socks. Call toll free 24 hours a day for your brochure.

1-800-628-5821
624 Columbus Avenue
P.O. Box 472
Sheboygan, WI 53082-0472
CAMERON WOOLENS
Wigwam
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

THE TRUTH TRACKER

THE BUSH / QUAYLE LEGACY		CLINTONOMIC INDICATOR (Pencil in the NEW numbers)				
Election Day 11/92		100 Days	11/93	11/94	11/95	Labor Day 96
Prime Interest Rate	6%					
Inflation Rate	3%					
30 Yr. Mortgage	8%					
Unemployment	7.2%					
Dow Industrials	3262					
National Debt	3.9 Trill.					

The DemoGREEDic party is now totally in control.
GOD BLESS AMERICA (and PLEASE HURRY)
Copywrite Dexter 1992

BLUE & RED ON WHITE PLASTIC 6"x9"
CHECK, CASH OR M.O. TO: DEXTER, P.O. BOX 747 OREGON CITY, OR 97045.
1..$3, 2..$5, 5..$10 — (S&H INC.)

BUMPER STICKERS

"BUMPER STICKERS"

A — **IS IT "1996" YET?** 410-944-0128

B — 410-944-0128 **"I CAN NOT TELL A LIE"** (WASHINGTON) **HE CAN'T TELL THE TRUTH** (CLINTON)

C — **HO CHI MINH TRAIL LED TO THE WHITE HOUSE** 410-944-0128

D — 410-944-0128 **FROM A CHICKEN IN EVERY POT TO A CHICKEN SMOKIN' POT**

$2.50 ea. 4/$8.00 12/$20.00
To Order, Call or Write:
W.C. Reading • P.O. BOX 32547 • Balto., MD 21208
410-944-0128 (Credit card orders)
VISA, M/C, CHECKS, or MONEY ORDERS

BUMPER STICKERS

1) IF YOU VOTED FOR CLINTON, YOU MUST HAVE INHALED 2) WHO THE HELL ELECTED HILLARY? 3) MY GOAL IS TO MAKE UNDER $30,000 THIS YEAR 4) SENIORS HAVE PAID ENOUGH, NO NEW "CONTRIBUTIONS." Quality bumper stickers. $3.00 ea. or all four $10.00. Send cash, check or M.O. w/SASE to: J.V. Marketing P.O. Box 3023, Mission Viejo, CA 92690.

"BILL LIED" Bumper Sticker $2. Caleb Gluck, P.O. Box 24066, Los Angeles, CA 90024.

"I SUPPORT A STRONG, MORAL MILITARY" and "I'M BEGINNING TO MISS THE CARTER ADMINISTRATION" bumper stickers, $3 each, 3 or more $2 each. Ben Pendleton, 310 West Burke St., Martinsburg, W.V. 25401.

"REAGAN — THE GREAT COMMUNICATOR, CLINTON — THE GREAT FABRICATOR" $3.00, 2/$5.00, 5/$10.00. Check, cash, or MO to Clinochio, 728 Stonebridge Way, Pleasant Hill, CA 94523.

"IMPEACH CLINTON" or **"IMPEACH HILLARY"** bumper stickers. $3.00 Each or 10 for $20.00. Cash or Check + SASE to Performance Packaging, 3705 Norma, Garland, TX 75042-7058.

"A RELIABLE SOURCE HAS JUST CONFIRMED THE NEWS MEDIA SUCKS!" $3.00 each or 6 for $10.00, Island Sign Service, 875 Waimanu St. #319, Honolulu, HI 96813-5264.

IF CLINTON IS THE ANSWER, IT MUST BE A REAL STUPID QUESTION Bumper sticker printed on removable stock. Send $2 cash check or MO + SASE to Success Graphics 876 Tower Road, Mundelein, IL 60060.

DON'T BLAME ME!
I DIDN'T VOTE FOR HIM (OR HER)

For Sparlin's 1993 Bumper Sticker #1, Send $3.50 to:
SPARLIN AGENCY INC.
2405 East 7th Street (Suite A) • JOPLIN, MO 64801

GOD Help US

Bumper Stickers!
Red, white & blue!
$2 ea./$1.50 ea. 10 or more. Send check or money order payable to:
Psalm 2 Ministries
P.O. Box 200
Woden, TX 75978

BUMPER STICKER!

DON'T BLAME ME! I VOTED FOR BUSH

Printed in Red, White & Blue

Send $3 per sticker or 4 stickers for $10.
Flex-Pro P.O. Box 498947 Cincinnati, OH 45249

Advertise in Classifieds and **get results!**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIEDS

BUMPER STICKERS

BUMPER STICKERS

DON'T BLAME ME, I VOTED FOR BUSH

$2.50 EA. 2 FOR $4.00 6 FOR $10
25 or more $1.50 EA 100 or more $1.10 EA
Politix Grafix
15505 Bull Run Road, Suite 201
Miami Lakes, FL. 33014

I'd rather be "stuck with Bush" than Gored by Clinton	Famous House Recipe: Start pork by needing dough
with this kind of *change* in the air I'm not inhaling either.	fixing Bill's mess will take *12 more years*
Keep the Space Station Clintons need a home in '96	"Contribution" = *Taxes* "Investment" = *Spending* "1996" = *Republican*

2/$5 + SASE to PKB, PO Box 31264, Mesa, AZ 85275-1264

BUMPER STICKERS: Bright & Colorful Yet Poignant!

RECALL HILLARY

ONE TERM OR LESS

$2.50 each, 3 for $6 Texas residents add 7¾% sales tax

Pair AdWorks
P.O.Box 180113
Dallas,TX 75218

BUMPER STICKER!

HE'S YOUR *"PRESIDENT"* NOT MINE I'M A VETERAN

BRANCH _____ DATE _____

Red, white & blue w/ "President" in pink. Just fill in your branch & dates w/ magic marker. $2.50 ea. OR: 5 for $10, 10 for $18, 50 for $75 Send SASE to:
Fed-Up P.O. Box 923, Seaford, DE 19973

BUMPER STICKER

IMPEACH CLINTON NOW

$2 each; 3 for $5; write for quantity price. White on red background. **Right Stickers,** P.O. Box 386, Dept. AS, Franklin, TN 37065.

"We Need Change!" -Lenin, 1917
"We Need Change!" -Hitler, 1936
"We Need Change!" -Clinton, 1992

Bumperstickers $2.95 each, 2 for $5.00
Send check or money order to:
HRP, 4336 Forest Hill Blvd, Suite 160
West Palm Beach, FL 33406

DON'T BLAME ME I didn't vote for Hillary

New!! Bumper sticker designed in red, white & blue - $1.00 each. Send $1.00 per bumper sticker (check or money order) and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: RH Communications-DBM; P.O. Box 301177; Escondido, CA 92030-1177.

Advertise and **get results** in *The American Spectator* Classifieds!

PERSONALS

BEAUTIFUL, INTELLIGENT, GREEN-EYED BRUNETTE-39, Manhattan, business professional, honest, witty and feminine, passionate in interests and nature, seeks conservative-minded, marriage-minded, honorable, successful gentleman, in 40's, to cherish. Your interests might include politics, running, jazz, islands, but good character primary qualification. Informative note and photo please, will exchange. Reply to: Box DA, c/o TAS Classifieds, P.O. Box 549, Arlington, VA 22216-0549.

MEET WOMEN WORLD-WIDE

FREE 32 page photo catalog from America's most respected correspondence service since 1974.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS
190AN Rainbow Ridge
Kapaau, Hawaii 96755
1-408-980-7488

MOVING?

Don't forget TAS Address Changes Made Easy!

1. Please write your new address in the space provided.
2. Attach the mailing label from your most recent issue.
3. Return this form to us at the address listed below.

That's all there is to it. Just be sure to allow six weeks for your change to take effect.

The American Spectator
Circulation Department,
P.O. Box 549
Arlington, VA 22216-0549

(Please attach address label here.)
IMPORTANT
Allow six weeks for address change.

❒ Renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$35)
❒ Payment enclosed
❒ Bill me later

Name: _____
(Please Print)

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Date of change: _____

PERSONALS

THAI/ASIAN LADIES DESIRE lifemates. Free brochure. TAL, Box 937 (AN) Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745-0937 (808) 329-5559.

ASIAN LADIES DESIRE CORRESPONDENCE! Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's #1 Service! Free details, photos! SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL Dept. HE, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

JAPANESE WOMEN seek friendship! Free information. Pacific Century, 110 Pacific #208-JX, San Francisco, CA 94111. (816) 942-1668.

ATTRACTIVE ORIENTAL LADIES seeking correspondence, marriage. Dignified presentations since 1984. Asian Experience, Box 1214TR, Novato, CA 94948. (415) 897-2742.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $2.70 per word
(+$14 per ad for *TAS* box number if desired.)
- $105 per column inch for classified display ads (max. 3").
- Pre-payment required for all ads. (Other restrictions may apply.)

Special Discount Offer:
Pre-pay for 3 ads get a 4th ad free.

Enclosed is: $_____ for _____ insertions.

Ad Classification: _____

Name: _____
Please Print

Address: _____

_____

City: _____

State: _____

Zip: _____

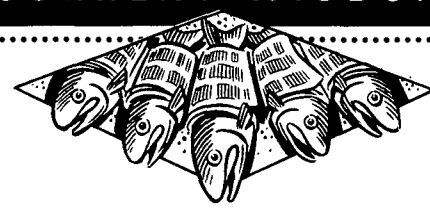
Your ad(s) will begin with the first available issue.

Send ad copy with payment and this form to:
The American Spectator
Classified Department, P.O. Box 549
Arlington, Virginia 22216-0549

9305

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM



New York Times

Arkansas chic sweeps Manhattan:

Judge Patricia M. Wald and Robert L. Wald of Washington have announced the engagement of their daughter Frederica Nora Wald to Roger Sherman, a son of Justice and Mrs. Burton Sherman of New York. A September wedding is planned.

Ms. Wald, 35, is a senior marketing manager at Time Warner Inc. in New York. She graduated cum laude from Wesleyan University. She and her fiancé received MBA degrees from the University of Pennsylvania.

Her mother, who was President Clinton's first choice for Attorney General but declined the appointment, is a judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia and was the first woman to serve as chief judge of that court. Ms. Wald's father . . .

[February 28, 1993]

APA Newsletters

(American Philosophical Association)

A typical university cosmopolitan, one who knows the ways of the French gourmand, brings her merkin to the barricades:

I am a white lesbian, forty-eight years old and I have a beard. Sort of a double goatee affair that grows on either side of my chin. I have had it for about sixteen years. When I first realized I was growing a beard, not just a few chin hairs, I was shocked. I identified strongly as a feminist, but was not ready for this test of my will and resolve not to appear at least moderately feminine in this world of strict masculine/feminine dichotomies. Besides, until the beard came, I did not realize what deep recesses of desire to be "pretty" in a traditionally feminine way I harbored. The beard, if let grow, would certainly end the possibility of a purely feminine appearance for me. It took me over a year to stop shaving it altogether. By then I had moved to liking it a lot and putting some effort into seeing to it that it appeared neat and not unkempt by, for instance, keeping crumbs out of it when I ate croissants.

[Fall 1992]

News-Leader

(Springfield, Missouri)

Miss June McGaughey—apparently a political scientist or historian at some small college—pipes up on behalf of National Salvation:

The almighty God has lifted up William Clinton to lead this country through the most perilous times in its history. Every one of us must help our courageous young president with everything he wants done.

The vision he unveiled to America the night of Feb. 17 must never be forgotten. It will become a reality. We have been called to take up arms. We dare not fail in the terrible battle that has begun.

President Clinton is America's last hope for liberation from its cruel bondage.

[February 24, 1993]

Harvard

The official house organ of Harvard gets another puritanical bull from the morally incontinent Thurston Smith:

I feel obliged to respond to the full-page photograph on page 76 of the January-February issue, showing Thomas Kershaw, M.B.A. '62, tailgating before the Harvard-Yale football game, eating a chicken leg and holding out his Bloody Mary glass for a refill.

. . . As one who is concerned with educating Harvard-Radcliffe men and women about responsibility in drinking, I find the glorification of Kershaw as a "partygoer *par excellence*" extremely distressing. As long as he does not break the law (and I hope he was not driving that day), Kershaw of course has the right to behave as he wishes. Your magazine, however, should refrain from presenting this picture as the ultimate way to enjoy "The Game."

I will leave my other reactions to the fur coat and to the overall promotion of Harvard's unfortunate and incorrect image as an elite and snobbish institution for another time.

—Thurston Smith, C.A.S. '71
Associate Registrar,
Faculty of Arts and Sciences
Harvard University
[April 1993]

Federal News Service

In the aftermath of the bombing of the World Trade Center, the Hon. Mario Cuomo suffers a gruesome case of logorrhea right there in the "safest" city in the world—safer even than Beirut or Washington, D.C.:

As far as apprehension is concerned, we all have that feeling—that feeling of being violated. It is still true that this is the safest place in the world, that you have the best law enforcement people, the best fire service people, the best public employees, the best federal investigative unit in the whole world. All of them working together. You will have now a heightened security in every way that it can be heightened. You have on the state side—I assume this will happen with other governments as well—all state officials working harder to enforce codes, working more diligently at every security measure that you can take. All of that will be done.

And so, what used to be the safest place in the world will be safer still. . . .

[February 27, 1993]

San Francisco Chronicle

Beyond the devilry of R. Limbaugh! With poetry and svelte syllogism Miss Susan Margolis (author of *Fame*!) exhorts all Americans to follow Him:

Remember, near the end of *Casablanca*, when Ingrid Bergman and her husband ask Humphrey Bogart to give them exit visas so they can escape to safety and keep working to defeat the Nazis?

. . . Right now, according to recent polls, three quarters of Americans are Ingrid Bergman and her husband. We've all got our personal fights and fortunes to consider, but Bill Clinton, our Bogart, holds everybody's exit visas—his economic plan—which could free us from dictatorship of the deficit and possibly lead to a happy ending. . . .

Maybe, just maybe, Clinton is everything he seems to be: a man disciplined and smart enough to have figured out what he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thinks will work and strong enough to be able to take that plan to the people and admit that without their support, he'll fail. In other words, a man comfortable enough with his own power to share his power with the rest of us.

But is he powerful enough to overcome our cynicism? It will be tempting for us to adopt Russ [sic] Limbaugh's glibness, focusing on what's wrong with him and how we don't like the way his plan will touch our lives. Or we can take that leap of faith.

Remember how *Casablanca* ends? Bogart's power over Bergman and her husband ennobles him. He surprises everybody by deciding to send them off together. He even recommits himself to fighting the good fight. And why? Because as he says at the movie's end, otherwise, his life doesn't amount to a hill of beans.

Well, we're living in the '90s and not the '40s. Clinton is Bogart, minus the cigaret and trench coat. Times have changed, Styles have changed. But only one man holds the exit visas. And unless we're willing to sacrifice, his presidency won't amount to a hill of beans.

[March 1, 1993]

Letter of Invitation
Communist Party of Nepal
(Unified Marxist-Leninist)

Good News and Bad News for profs at the Harvard Law School making their summer travel plans:

Dear Friend,

It is our pleasure to inform you that the Communist Party of Nepal (Unified Marxist-Leninist) has decided to hold its historic National Congress from 27th January to 2nd February 1993.

At a time when world communist movement has met with setbacks following the collapse of the Soviet Union, it should be a matter of significant interest to all that this Congress of our Party is going to address important theoretical and practical issues of the movement. . . . Hoping that our discussions in the above line will be of interest to you, we extend our cordial invitation to you to cover the proceedings of our congress.

We regret to mention that because of our financial constraints, we are not in a position to provide travel subsidy. . . .

Yours sincerely,

Bharat Mohan Adhikari
Polit Bureaue Member
CPN (UML)

[January 14, 1993]

SF Weekly
(San Francisco, California)

A moral inquiry into crank calling from Mr. John Trubee, rock singer and crank caller, as recorded in a New Age Journal for the catatonically entranced:

Trubee has tapered off his pranking activities in recent years, saying he feels "a little uncomfortable" with engaging in a juvenile activity into his late 30s. But he still believes pranking is educational and—yes, this is the '90s—empowering for America's youth.

"I think it's healthy sometimes for kids and teenagers to do prank phone calls, in order to realize that they can exert some control over their lives," Trubee asserts. "When you prank people, what you're doing is using words to create this false reality for the person on the other end of the phone. When you learn to do that, you realize that this juggernaut that we call society is just a construction of words that is very tenuous and illusory sometimes.

"When you finally find out that you can use words to convince people of things that are untrue, then you realize, conversely, that you've been fooled a lot yourself—through advertisements, business, governments—by institutions that use words to lie all the time, and use untruths to jerk us around, and bully us, and keep us under their thumbs. When you do prank phone calls, it's a way of fighting back."

[March 10, 1993]

Health

In a *Washington Post* supplement written for those with the blues, the sagacious and sightly Miss Abigail Trafford discourses upon yet another area of American life in need of the salutary magic of Affirmative Action:

Debbie, Diane, Janet. What do these women have in common?

Answer: They all turned to doctors to help them die. . . .

But why are there so many women on this list of patients who made medical history with their dying? Where are the examples of Tom, Dick and Harry in the debate on assisted suicide?

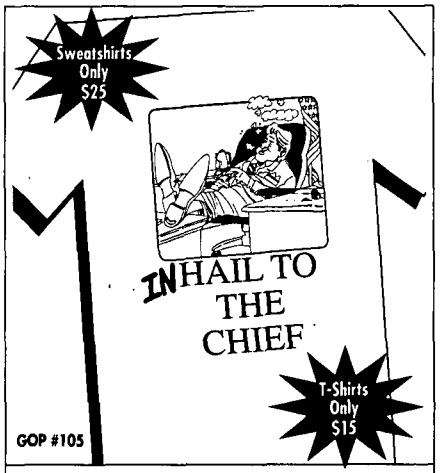
The numbers are still too small to be statistically valid, but as *JAMA* editor George D. Lundberg points out: "There is a pattern that's beginning to emerge." . . .

The apparent gender gap in physician-assisted suicides can also be explained by the differences between men and women in the methods they choose to kill themselves. "Men's methods are active and physical," says *JAMA* editor Lundberg, a forensic pathologist. They commit suicide by gunshot, hanging or jumping off a bridge. They also kill themselves four times more frequently than women. "Women's methods are more passive," he says. They use drugs, which usually require a doctor's prescription.

But there could be other factors at work. The shortage of men on the list may reflect a more subtle and inherent form of sexism in medicine. Lundberg suggests that male patients may also ask physicians to help them die, but doctors are more comfortable writing about women who seek help because it fits the profession's stereotype of the weak, needy patient-female. Given the paternalism of the medical establishment, "men would be more likely to describe a woman requesting assistance than other men," says Lundberg.

Undoubtedly there have been Daves, Dicks and Johns, but it fits cultural stereotyping to publicize Debbie, Diane and Janet.

[March 3, 1993]



T-Shirt: 100% Cotton • Style = T • S,M,L,XL ($15) 2X ($17)
Sweatshirt: 50/50% • Style = S • S,M,L,XL ($25) 2X ($30)
Postage and Handling: $3.50 for 1st shirt, $1.50 each for 2nd and up. 8.25% Sales Tax TN Residents Only.
When ordering, specify: Code #, Shirt #, Quantity, Size, Style, Name, Address & Phone. VISA & MC accepted.
CODE: 1211

FAST FAX ORDERLINE: 615-242-7509
24-HOUR ORDERLINE: 615-259-3298

Pellican Promotions Incorporated

Mail Order: P.O. Box 158141, Nashville, TN 37215-8141
Call for wholesale or fundraising pricing: 615-242-7456.
Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
Designs © 1993, 1990 Owned or licensed by Pellican Promotions, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boom Town

by Brit Hume

At a black-tie dinner recently, I was introduced to Pamela Harriman, grande dame of the Democratic Party and soon-to-be ambassador to Paris. We were seated, by chance, at the same table. I told her we are neighbors, both living in Georgetown. She smiled, sort of, and looked as if she found it curious that she and I should live in the same hemisphere.

In a sense, we don't. Although her townhouse is just a few doors from my condominium (so near and yet so far), she has been quoted as saying she doesn't know what it's like in Georgetown on Friday and Saturday nights because she's never in town on weekends. She told the same interviewer that hers is one of the "bigger houses. . . . with deep gardens. In the summer, you sit out there and never know you are in a city."

At my place, you know you're in a city. There's a lot of distinctly urban noise: sirens, car theft alarms, screeching tires, drunken, bellicose shouting. The most common sound, though, is the thunderous, rhythmic boom of automobile stereo systems with the volume and bass cranked up all the way. I live three floors up, but I sometimes feel those car stereos before I actually hear them. When I put in storm windows last year, there was immediate improvement—not in the fuel bill, but the noise level.

Long before it became famous for its brick sidewalks, cobblestoned streets, and picturesque rows of federal and colonial townhouses, Georgetown was a thriving harbor. Its commercial center still has much of the raffish character of a waterfront. Along the busy corridors of Wisconsin Avenue and M Street are such trendy emporia as a Polo Store, a Banana Republic, and an Abercrombie and Fitch. There are antique stores and small bookshops. There are many good restaurants, and several excellent ones. There are also, however, numerous rough-and-tumble bars and night clubs, and some peculiar shops that specialize in the fancy athletic footwear and designer warm-up suits that seem to attract the people with the boom boxes in their cars.

The standard view in the neighborhood is that these people are drug dealers who venture into Georgetown to shop for clothes and gold jewelry. I don't know where they get their money, but they seem to have a lot of it. What they don't have a lot of is regard for the local ordinances, such as those against jaywalking and public urination. If you honk your horn at those doing the former, you are likely to be answered with threats and racial epithets. If you complain about the latter, as I did to the man watering my front steps recently, you will get the threats and the epithets, as well as a slurred explanation that "it's biodegradable."

Mrs. Harriman and I reside about a block from both Wisconsin and M streets, very near the commercial heart of things. Just down the street, on the corner of Wisconsin and N, an immigrant businessman named George Stoupakis has spent $700,000 of his own money to turn a defunct Little Tavern hamburger stand into a bright, comfortable restaurant he calls "Stoupsy's Diner." It serves a variety of Greek and American dishes at moderate prices. The food is quite good. Even the decaffeinated coffee is good. What an asset: a good, cheap restaurant that supplanted a crummy one. Business is brisk.

Stoupakis, though, says he is living a nightmare. "I came here because I thought this is the best neighborhood," he said. "But it's like the Third World. I get drunks, homeless people, drug dealers. You should see what this homeless guy did in my bathroom this morning. I can't tell you. I try to keep people who are not my customers out, but a guy opened his coat the other day to show me his gun. I let him use the bathroom. What could I do?" He says the police don't do much except issue parking tickets (a major source of city revenue).

As we spoke, there was a tall man outside, who would have looked distinguished in his beard and plaid overcoat except for two things: he had a scarf wrapped around his head and was wandering around in the middle of the intersection. First he strode purposefully in one direction, then another. "What's he doing?" I asked. "Oh, him, " said a waitress. "He's a regular. He's out there every day."

Georgetowners are used to putting up with a lot. The university has always generated its share of noise, traffic and drunks, and some M-street bars of years past would make today's rowdier saloons seem elegant. As an under-age teenager, I used to ride the streetcar to a place called "Julie's" where no ID was required and beer was served even to a friend of mine who ordered a draught one night and pronounced it "drawt."

Georgetown has long been an odd mix of the stylish and the seedy, but some residents now fear that the decay and disorder that afflict much of urban America have caught up with their neighborhood. I'm not ready to say as much, yet, but I'm glad that I live three floors up, that I have a parking space that's not on the street, and that Mrs. Harriman, who could live anywhere, still lives just a few doors away. ❐

Brit Hume is the ABC News White House correspondent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Call for American Volunteers

. . . to support the political and economic transition in Central and Eastern Europe

A message from President Vaclav Havel, AVID Chairman:

"The democratic transition requires new knowledge and skills, and one of the best ways for us to develop those skills and acquire that knowledge is to dramatically increase the number and range of contacts between our citizens and Americans from all walks of life... The National Forum Foundation and the AVID program have made valuable contributions to that process."

Americans with managerial experience in public administration, economic development, and journalism are needed to volunteer to work with their professional counterparts in the emerging democracies. Travel and basic living expenses are provided to selected volunteers by the American Volunteers for International Development (AVID) program, sponsored by the National Forum Foundation.

Local language skills are desired but not always required. Two years professional experience necessary. Volunteers must commit a minimum of three months service in the host country.

Expertise in the following areas is especially needed:

legislative process	budgeting and finance
tax policy and systems	city and municipal planning
media and constituency relations	business development strategies
defense industry conversion	advertising and marketing
political organization	television production
constitutional law	public relations

The National Forum Foundation, a non-profit, 501(c)(3) organization, promotes political and economic freedom. Major supporters of the foundation's democratization programs include: The Lynde and Harry Bradley Foundation, The German Marshall Fund of the United States, F. M. Kirby Foundation, Inc., National Endowment for Democracy, John M. Olin Foundation, The Pew Charitable Trusts, The Rockefeller Brothers Fund, The Soros Foundation, and the Office of Citizen Exchanges of the United States Information Agency.

Make a difference. Volunteer today.

For an AVID application, send a self-addressed envelope to:

National Forum Foundation, AVID Volunteer Application
511 C Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002
or call: (202)543-3515 / (1-800)622-3388

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

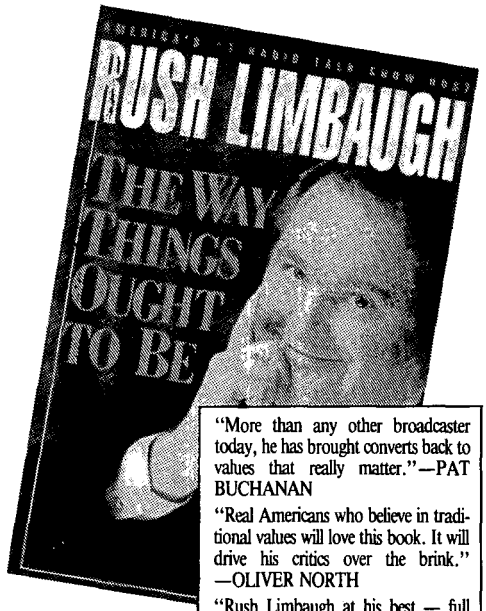
2 conservative bestsellers worth $29.99 — yours FREE

Most popular talk show host now delivers the fastest-selling conservative book ever published

Rush Limbaugh is not only right. Rib-achingly funny, this master satirist makes liberal idiocies look as ridiculous — well, as ridiculous as they are. No liberal myth survives Rush's laughter. But this book is more than a barrel of good laughs. It's a conservative call to action. The message:

This is the way things ought to be . . . the way things used to be . . . the way they can be again.

#1 bestseller

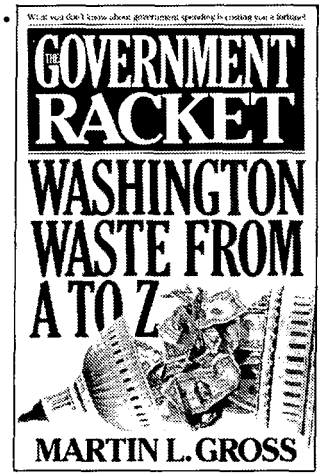


"More than any other broadcaster today, he has brought converts back to values that really matter."—PAT BUCHANAN

"Real Americans who believe in traditional values will love this book. It will drive his critics over the brink."—OLIVER NORTH

"Rush Limbaugh at his best — full of verve, humor and insight."—WILLIAM J. BENNETT

This man sat down and read the entire 2,000-page federal budget. And lived



Then Martin Gross put it all down, in sickening detail: how Congress and the President waste hundreds of billions every year, *mostly on themselves, their cronies, and the voters they bribe*.

The hundreds of outrages documented in this book are just the tip of the iceberg. That's because the con artists who run America these days are so cute about hiding their raids on your money. But Martin Gross now turns over the federal rock. Take a peek at the worms underneath.

But this is more than a catalog of thievery. All 26 chapters conclude with practical suggestions for *eliminating* the waste and fraud—*suggestions which, if followed, would be enough to erase the runaway deficit*. More important, he spells out the unconstitutional usurpation of power on which our decrepit system rests — and how the electorate can help restore limited government. You remember limited government, don't you?

Mail coupon below to get your 2 bestsellers FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing; it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books are offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send, free and postpaid, my two conservative bestsellers: Rush Limbaugh's $22 *The Way Things Ought to Be* PLUS the $7.99 quality paperback by Martin Gross, *The Government Racket*. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club bargain prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon. AS-111

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED